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KOREA'S REBELLION

THE PART PLAYED BY CHRISTIANS

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS MADE IN KOREA BY C. LE ROY BALDRIDGE

SEOUL, KOREA.

TO be in Korea now is to see unroll before you melodrama with human realities for its complications and living beings for its figures. This is a revolution such as men in back-parlors-to-let reconstruct for lurid literature. It is compound of the one-time Russian nihilist plottings and Oriental mystery. And always it lives before you. The "jickie-coolie" who carries your bags on his back from the railway station to the sumptuous hotel which the Japanese have built here may be district magistrate in the subterranean "Provisional Government of the Republic of Korea." The Japanese boy who obsequiously brings you your soup in the same hotel may be an executive in the omnipresent Japanese secret service. Probably they are not, but the fact that they might be and that even stranger things have been revealed to you gives interest to them and thrill to everything. Underground plottings, hidden rendezvous, buried printing-presses, passwords and codes and trap-doors, midnight gen-

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darmerie raids, solitary confinement and the torture-chamber, unexplained suicides, sudden disappearances, spies and counter-spies, emissaries in disguise and wild pursuits in the night—here are all the conventional elements of the shilling shocker.

Life moves now in Korea with swiftness and primitive force, for all the surface of Eastern lethargy that gives it the appearance of calm. Under the surface you feel it always throbbing. Suddenly and dramatically it breaks up from below. There is the incident of the Eui Hwa Kun, Prince Eui, brother of the last Korean emperor, the semi-imbecile Yi. Prince Eui is Western-educated and well travelled in Western lands. Like all the survivors of the royal family and all the old nobility, he lives here in one of the former royal palaces, to all intents and purposes a prisoner. But the tidings of Korea's rising have been brought to him through properly placed servants and messages sent to him asking him to make his escape and go to Shanghai and then to America and Europe, there to lay Korea's case before the West with his prestige of position. A few nights ago he did. With two leaders of the independence movement who had smuggled themselves into the palace he escaped over its wall and was driven in an automobile to an outlying village. There in the home of a farmer the three men changed their clothes to coolie costumes and went on donkeys to a railway station, where they boarded the train as fourth-class passengers. They went north in safety as far as Hsin Wiju, the last town on the Korean side of the Korean-Chinese border, where they planned to get off and make their way along the Yalu River and then board a junk to take them safely across to the Chinese side. They alighted from the train. A party of Japanese detectives met them. They had been betrayed by a Korean, a spy in the service of the Japanese. And Prince Eui is back in his palace to-day under a doubled guard. He will not escape again.

A Ki-Saeng of the capital.

The Japanese have made of this a triumph, exulting over it in their official organ. The Koreans, knowing it was by the treachery of one of their own he was

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captured, are the more bitterly chagrined.

In these last few days also all the schools have gone on strike. The pupils, refusing to continue the study of Japanese forced on them to the exclusion of their own language, have "walked out." In one school youngsters of ten and eleven drew up before the Japanese principal in the military formation that the Japanese educational regulations prescribe and came to attention. A young spokesman stepped out of the ranks and crisply informed the principal that they demanded the discontinuance of the study of the Japanese language and the exclusive use of Japanese text-books—which also is prescribed. The principal, amazed, explained that he had no authority to change the system and that in these "dizzy times"—as the Japanese always put it—the government could not make any changes. The boys marched with military precision to a corner of the schoolroom, tore their text-books into small bits, and marched back before the principal. Their spokesman again stepped forth and informed the principal that they would return when they could study their own language. The line smartly saluted and marched out. It has not returned. The same scene substantially was being enacted in other schools, and with the exception of a few Christian

Her husband is serving a long sentence in a Japanese prison; her eldest son died as a result of tortures; her youngest is in jail for participating in the independence movements.

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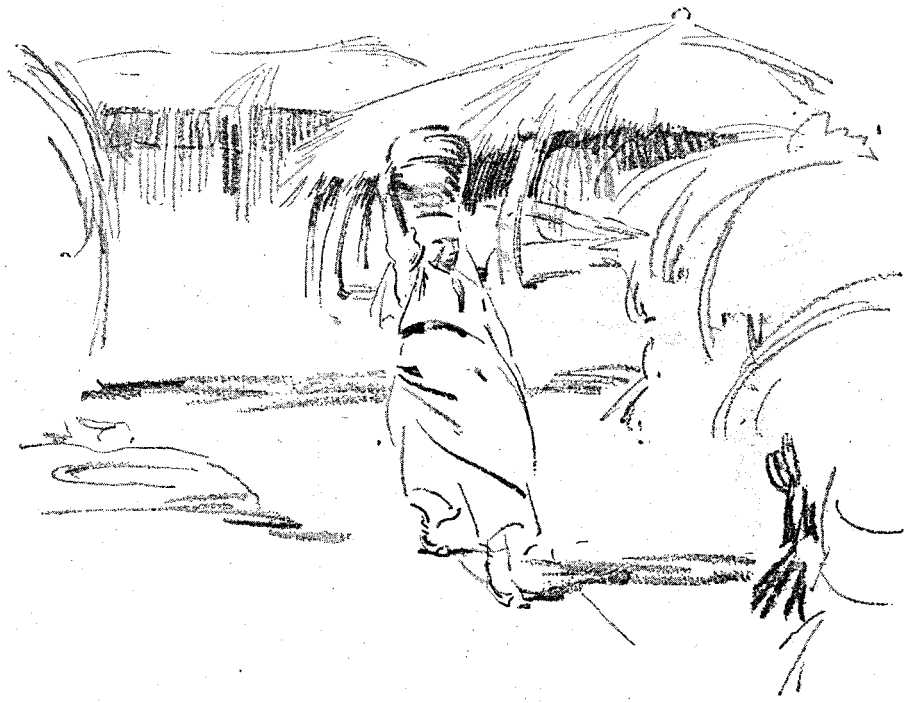
institutions where the regulations are allowed to be winked at the schools are still closed.

Shortly before that a national wailing day had been set. It was to be a day of public mourning all over the country for the loss of Korea's liberty. In all cities the public was to gather at noon at stated places and sharp at the stroke of twelve begin the traditional Korean funeral wail



The farmyard—going to the well.

—*Ai-go, Ai-go, Ai-go—Ai-go, Ai-go, Ai-go*—rising always higher and higher, faster and faster, to a crescendo that tightens the heart of them who hear it. Thus runs an almost literal translation of the instructions secretly transmitted:

"Our beloved fellow-countrymen: If we desire to shake off the oppression of the enemy and become a free people, three things must necessarily be done; blood and money and tears must all be spent. In the days following the demonstrations beginning with the first day of the third moon the necessary blood and money were freely offered by our comrades, but there are those who say that tears are better than money, better than shouting 'Mansei' (Hurrah, or Long Live Korea), better than fighting, and we the undersigned think so, too. Therefore we are making this arrangement: On the seventh day of the eleventh moon in every central place in each province there is to be a great mourning. In regard to the capital, Seoul, let volunteers to the number of ten be prepared and sent thither. Those who compose this Band of Lamentation are not to wait for one another's initiative in the matter, neither are they to reply to any interrogations of the enemy, but at the sound of the noon gun they are to come out into the Great Bell Road and make a great wailing. Let them weep in any way they choose. Grief will be turned to joy. Great mourning will be transformed into glory. Do not be afraid even though the enemy afflict you. The very measures of force which they employ are a fortunate thing for our cause. Moreover, let all, even the

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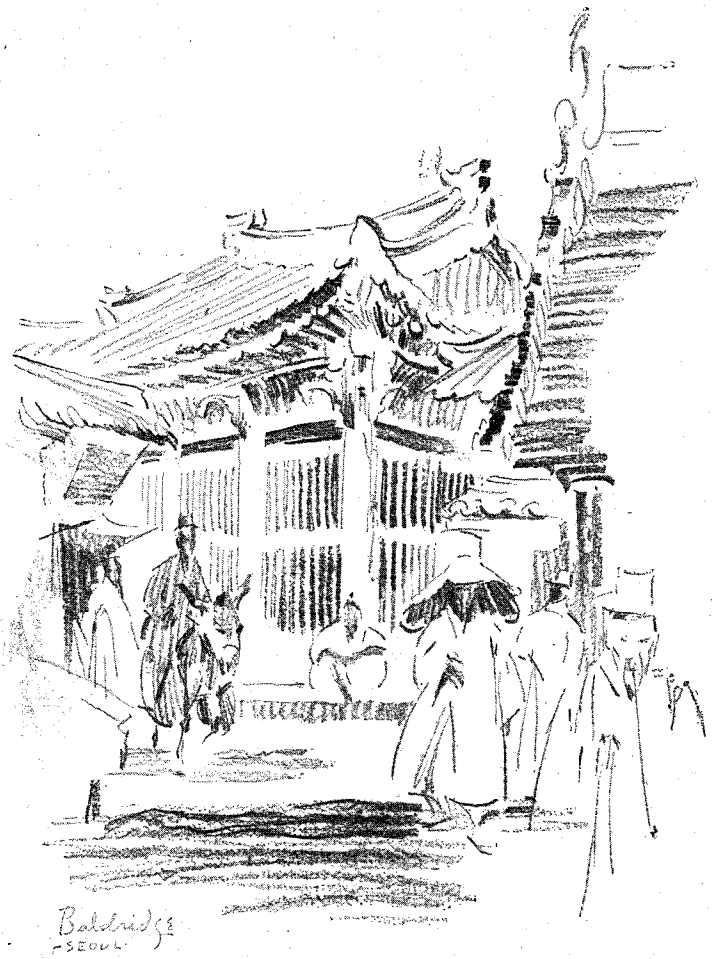
young persons and the women, take part and give a weeping. Do not make use of words, merely weep audibly. This communication will be followed by another."

But for one time—and it does not happen often—the Japanese intelligence service obtained a copy of the instructions. The day before the appointed day of lamentation troops were brought out into the main streets, machine guns were conspicuously posted, police searched houses for suspected leaders, and at the last moment the demonstration was called off. But others have taken place here and elsewhere, before and since. The processions have gathered crying "Mansei," there have been the usual baton charges by police and more forceful measures by troops, and young men and as many young women dragged off to police stations in groups. And in the evening there have been the usual police squads making house-to-house search of whole districts, and emerging now and then with suspected plotters—sometimes a middle-school boy of fifteen, sometimes a young girl brought up in the strict seclusion of the Korean upper-class home, sometimes a middle-aged pastor, sometimes an aged woman. And in the night, dropped into



The ancient bell-tower of Seoul, where students hammered the bell and cried "Mansei" till beaten senseless by police.

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the doors of offices, shops, and homes—how and by whom nobody knows—mimeographed flimsy sheets of Korean writing. It is the *Tong Nip Sin Men*, the *Independence Newspaper*, the Korean counterpart of *La Libre Belgique*, its counterpart also in the romantic and daring accompaniments of its production. Police sergeants in the corner sentry-boxes find copies on their benches, prison guards find them distributed in the cells. Hundreds have been caught in distributing the paper and far more arrested on suspicion of connection with its publication, but if among these have been its editors, that has not prevented its continued appearance. No sooner is one group satisfactorily found guilty of responsibility for it than it again appears on the table of the procurator who conducted the prosecution.

I have said that this is a revolution. By all the laws of political conflict it would be more accurate to say it was one, for by those tests it is over. It was crushed, swiftly and terribly, a few days after its outburst in March. But even a tourist can see that, so far from being over, it is in full struggle, the more intense for being repressed. It is the first concern of all Koreans, the dominant fact that controls their every-day existence, even if it lacks the public spectacular elements, the clashes of arms, that get place in press cables. The extent to which it not only influences life but has disorganized it is almost incredible. In all strata of Korean society, from the peasant and coolie to the Confucian scholar and the nobility, the families are few that have not been represented on the Japanese prison rolls. Schools have been left with one-third of their pupils and perhaps none of their teachers, shops have been left without owner or clerk, churches without pastors and almost without congregations.

On my first day in Korea I went to the old Methodist church here in Seoul where the annual conference was in session.

A Bible class.

There, I was told, I could find Korean Christians and foreign-missionary workers from every province in the country, and thus get at once a national picture of existing conditions. Squat, of dark-red brick and with a cube of a tower over its entrance, it is the conventional church of any small Middle Western American town—a stone's throw from the former imperial palace, now empty of concubines and singing-girls, eunuchs and yang ban, pomp and intriguery; and on all sides the thatched roofs and mud walls of the Korean houses and the half-Eastern half-Western nondescript of the new Japanese wishes. It is fantastic or incongruous, as you wish, but also typical of the "new" Korea—of the new East, in fact.

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The church auditorium was a similar mixture of times and manners and civilizations. There was a sprinkling of foreigners, a yet larger sprinkling of Koreans in ill-fitting Western clothes—rare is he of Eastern blood who wears Western clothes well—and the others all in the flowing white native garments and the small inverted flower-pot hats of transparent bamboo thread, the distinguishing mark of their people. On the proscenium were an American bishop, a Korean secretary, and an American minister as interpreter, who spoke the two languages with equal fluency.

A scholar who also has served his term in prison for Korea.

It seemed a tame enough gathering and I wondered what it could tell me of revolutions. Then a Korean pastor arose to speak. The old resident who was escorting me whispered that he was one of the men involved in the independence movement in March and that he had just been released from prison. I showed my surprise and expressed a desire to meet him. A converted Korean now a minister of the gospel, who has been in prison as political agitator, ought at least to give me an interesting view, I said. My companion laughed.

"In this room," he said, "there are sixty Koreans, all pastors or evangelists. About forty of them have been in prison. There are some twenty-five more who ought to be here who are still in prison serving out their sentences."

It is a representative picture of Korea, a good introduction to the nature of its uprising. Surely no man can say a revolt so expressed is the work of "professional agitators." To this at least no man can cry the familiar "Bolshevik." It is simpler than that. It is a purely political

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movement, a struggle for liberty as we knew that word and such struggles a hundred years ago. Now, my desire here is not to deal primarily with the political aspects of that struggle or to argue the merits of the issues raised; it is not they that give this national rising its unique character, and, also, they have already been economically exploited for another people's profit; sentence of death is slowly being executed on their race culture and their four-thousand-year-old civilization. One need not stay here long or seek long for concrete evidence. No Korean is permitted to go to Europe or America to study. No Korean who has been

A business man.

been made clear by much statement. It is affirmed by Korea, and not denied by Japan, and plain to anybody who has ever been in Korea, that Korea has been ruled by Japan purely as a possession, in the old imperialistic conception of that relationship.

The Koreans have had no political rights, no freedom of speech, no press, free or restricted; they have been denied the right to use their own language in their own schools, they have been denied the right to learn their own history or even to read it; they and their land have abroad for more than five years can reenter the country. Japanese teachers in the schools—nine out of ten teachers of Korean children are Japanese—wear clanking swords and military uniforms. A publication, even a religious weekly, that deals even by inference with contemporary events, that mentions even inadvertently that the war is over, is suppressed. A pastor who admonishes his flock to purge their souls of the devils within them is arrested, the Japanese holding that to be a reference to them and an incitation to rebellion. All the

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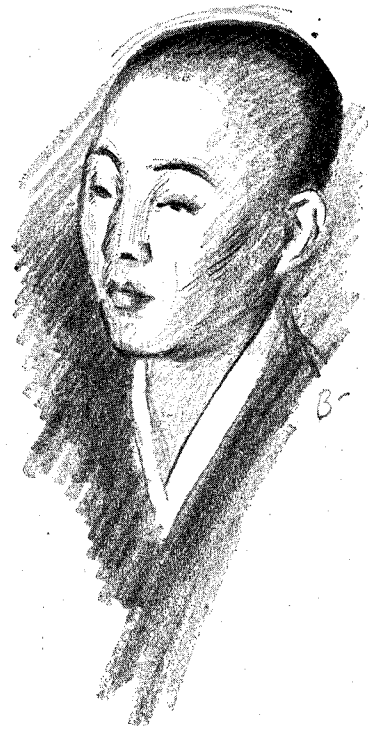
wealth and the sources of wealth in the country are in the hands of Japanese. These are matters of written record and beyond challenge. I state them without animus and without desire to fix blame, recognizing them to be the inevitable accompaniment of the old imperialism and to have characterized the colonial rule of other powers. But it must be remembered also that that does not make them any the more endurable to the Koreans. Philosophical justifications and the truths of comparative history make small consolation for a people burdened under oppression. The natural, logical result, in conformance with all the laws of history, has been revolt.

Nor do I wish to dwell at any length on the early history of that revolt and the method by which it was put down last March. That, too, has been dealt with sufficiently. The brutality exercised by the Japanese police and gendarmerie on unarmed demonstrators merely venting their patriotism by cheering, the terrible

A schoolboy.



Three months in jail for crying "Mansei."

tortures to which thousands were put to extract evidence or force confessions, the floggings to unconsciousness and even death with heavy bamboos, the wholesale arrests and imprisonment for long periods without trial, the firing of churches filled with worshippers held in by rings of bayonets and slowly burning to death—all that is now a familiar tale. And Japan has made public acknowledgment of its wrongdoing—at least by implication—in the removal of the governor and the higher officials around him. For charity's sake, in the hope that it might be an isolated and accidental error, let it be forgotten. But obviously it cannot so soon be forgotten by those whose bodies still bear the mark of the rack, and that constitutes a factor in the situation that must be given emphasis if the situation is to be understood.

The Koreans are irreconcilable, come what may.

As I have said, these are not the things

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that distinguish this rising from many another, from other surgings upward of nationalism in other parts of the world even now. What makes it unique is the combination of passive resistance as a weapon and its use with all that sense of the histrionic that characterizes all Orientals, even the least emotional outwardly of the Orientals, the Korean. The elements of the situation are in themselves dramatic—a people held down in rigid oppression, proud, humiliated, unarmed, without instruments for action or outlet for expression, arrayed against a powerful military empire standing over it with set bayonet—and they have been disposed with a fine feeling for effect, an instinct for the tableau.

"Sunday."

The last night in February thirty-three men who had drawn up a declaration of independence gathered in a private room of Seoul's most famous restaurant. It was the same room in which ten years before had met the cabal of Korean officials who were making final plans to manœuvre control of the government into the hands of Japan. Among the thirty-three men were some who had incurred Japanese displeasure before, and had suffered tortures and long imprisonment. They gathered in the restaurant, had a last feast together, and then notified the police by telephone of their action. They were found seated around the table when police automobiles filled with armed men arrived. They entered the automobiles without resistance and were driven off to the big prison here, where they have been kept in solitary confinement ever since.

In the days of the Korean kingdom watch-fires were lit nightly on the hills that ring this city and the neighboring country, each signalling to the other that the guards were posted over the land. It is a pretty legend that at each nightfall the emperor looked from the window of his palace, and as he saw the last fire lit on the hill behind the Nandaimon, the Great South Gate of the capital, he said to himself, "All is well within my em-

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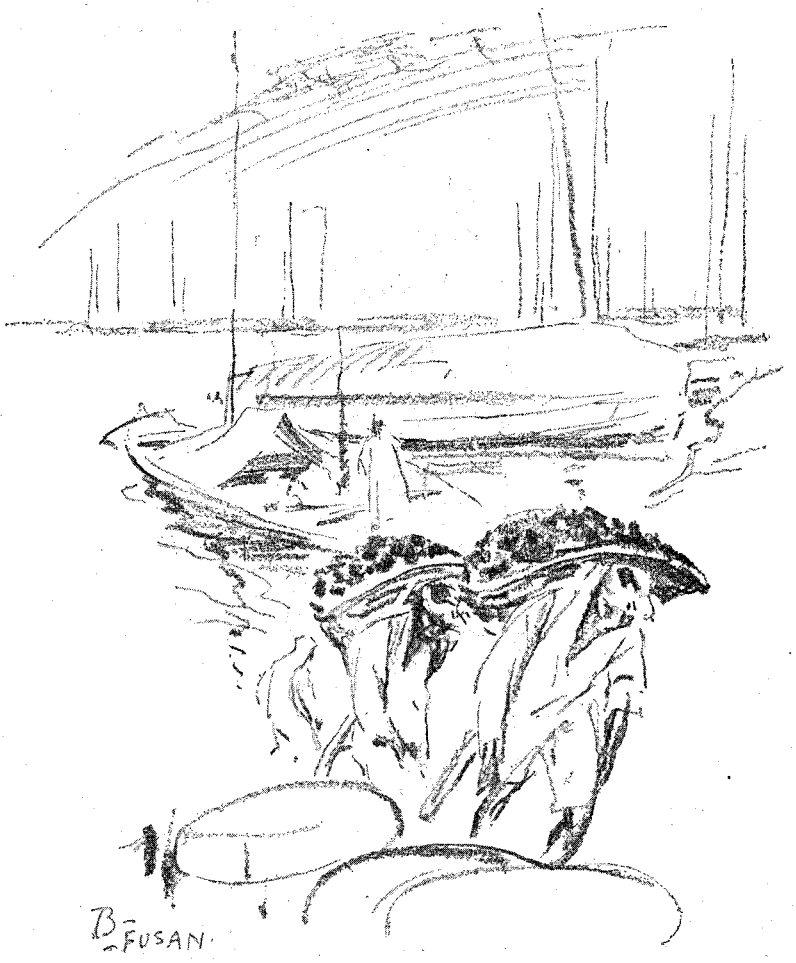
pire," and turned away to the evening's pleasures. In the last few decades of Korea's fading greatness, with the coming of the foreigner and his railways and his telegraphs and the entrance of the



Fusan.

conqueror, the custom had become only a memory. But a few days after the first demonstrations that heralded Korea's revolt the fires were lit again as of old, and as the flames arose, first above one village and then another, the whole countryside echoed to the cries of "Mansei."

It was a thrilling night, that night in Seoul when the fire blazed up again behind the Nandaimon. It had been a day of terrible scenes. There had been unending demonstrations. Procession after procession had formed, marching straight into the clubbed rifles, bayonets, and sabres of the solid ranks of police, gendarmes, and troops. Then charges, hundreds cut down and beaten down and hundreds more taken off to prison. And then more processions, more charges, more bloodshed and more arrests, and yet more throughout the day. High tension hung over the city at sunset when the last procession had been broken up, and unnatural quiet. And then, as if all Seoul had known and was only awaiting the

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moment, there was a glow in the southwest, a curl of smoke and a dart of flames on the hill, and the city's suppressed passion spent itself in a triumphant cry as the ancient fire flared up in sight of the palace. Seoul will long remember that night.

If there is much talk of processions in what I have called a revolution, it is because such has been Korea's strategy of combat. Its people, remember, are unarmed; to have even the mildest form of a weapon in one's possession has been a serious offense since the Japanese annexation. Their communications, their movements, their very words have been under the closest restriction and supervision. If they have chosen passive resistance as their method of warfare, it is not only by design but by force of circumstances. So they merely parade—parade and cry their national cheer. And let him who sneers that the Oriental has no physical courage picture to himself such a parade—hastily gathered groups of men and women, boys and girls, all in their sedate white garb, marching defenseless against those bayonets and batons. They are under no self-deception as to what will be theirs; they have seen what has happened to those like them who have gone before. And as each group is mowed down and scattered, another is formed and follows in its steps to the same end. No greater courage is that which fights trench to trench and bayonet to bayonet. If it is heroic, it is also effective. It may prove more effective than cannon, as the Japanese have discovered. For military science knows no defence to oppose

A teacher.

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against men who merely fold their arms and no offense against men who merely close up their shops for weeks and refuse to open them. There is nothing but extermination, and even world public opinion sets a check against that.

The Koreans are not only folding their arms, however. Only their resistance to armed force is passive. The Land of the Morning Calm that you find described in books exists now almost exclusively in the books. You may still see little groups of elderly gentlemen in their quaint hats squatting in drowsy sunshine and exchanging gossip over their long pipes. You still find here a soft detachment, movement at a slow and gentle pace, voices at a lower pitch, all the dreamy languor that fits Korea to our connotation of the word Oriental better than any other Far Eastern land. But also you find in almost any issue of the *Seoul Press*, the Japanese Government's English-language organ, announcements of the arrest of political offenders here and in every other city. And in the rumors that fly thick over the city you hear strange tales of sensational captures, more sensational escapes, new risings to come and others frustrated in the planning, uncoverings of caves beneath innocent-seeming peasant houses, fleeing nobility and fortunes transmitted by coppers from village to village, documents smuggled over the border, word by word inscribed on grains of rice. These are what lie beneath the Morning Calm.

A student.

A coolie.

In yesterday's *Seoul Press* was a meagre paragraph reporting the arrest of two men on the Yalu River bridge, the boundary between Korea and China, the scene of the historic battle between Japanese and Russian forces for mastery of Korea in 1904, the scene also of the duel of Japanese and Korean wits for mastery of Korea in 1919. The story of that arrest is this. Ten days ago three youths in the independence movement set out for the border disguised as coolies, making the six-hundred-mile journey in short stages from town to town. There they were to await a large sum of money which would be brought them to be taken across the border and down to Shanghai, where sits what is known as the provisional cabinet, the public arm of the secret government that functions in Korea—of which more later. The money was to be brought to them in small sums by women coming

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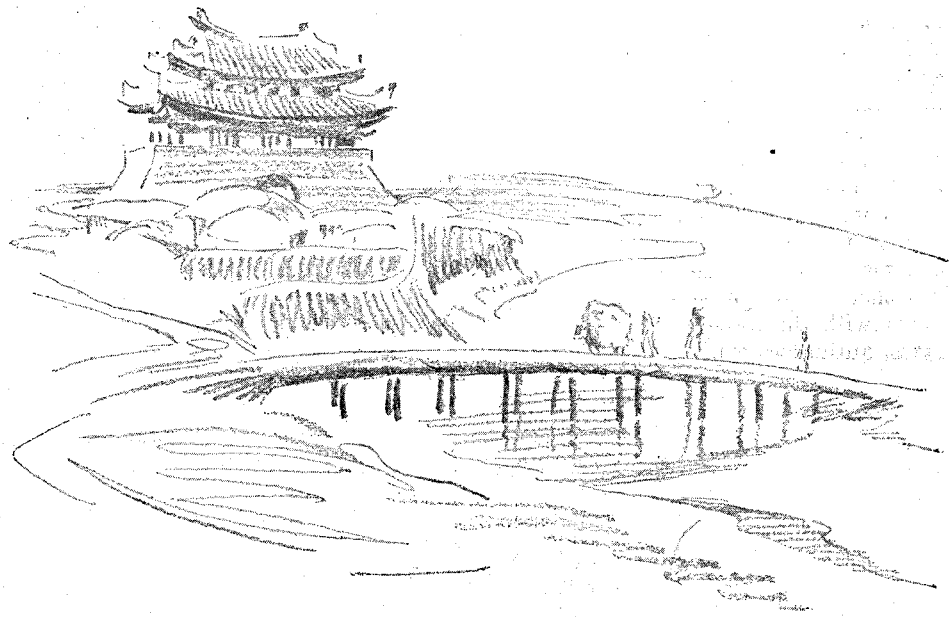
from various directions: the communications service of the independence movement is largely the work of women—young girls and grandmothers—who carry copies of the *Independence* newspaper, documents, and instructions in the numerous folds of their numerous garments. The money arrived and was turned over to the three messengers. For a day and a night they lay in hiding near the bridge to calculate a favorable time for the crossing; river, but the body was washed up on the Chinese side and the eighty thousand yen is now held by the Chinese customs. Such is one story that is known; there are hundreds that are not known of the mysterious transactions on the Yalu.

Of the duel of spies and counter-spies this incident is illustrative. For years a Korean of an old official family had been in the Japanese service. He was one of their confidential men here in Seoul. For



Pyeng-Yang.

the approach to the bridge and the bridge itself are heavily guarded by the Japanese. Early in the morning they started. One carried eighty thousand yen (forty thousand dollars), another forty thousand yen, the third thirty thousand. They started across separately to divert suspicion, still garbed as coolies. The first, who had the largest sum, was nearly across when he looked back and saw that the other two were already in the hands of Japanese police and that others were coming after him. He ran to the rail of the bridge and leaped. As he struck the water fifty feet below, one shoulder crashed on one of the bridge supports. He went to the bottom. Japanese police feverishly dragged the months after the outbreak of the revolt he had been one of the most active of all in Japan's employ in uncovering the revolutionists' plans and hunting down rebel leaders. And then the Japanese by a freak of chance caught him at a meeting of those leaders. He was one of them, and had been, long before the revolt broke out. His part was to win the confidence of the Japanese, and thereby keep the Koreans informed of Japanese activities and intentions. He was caught at the meeting, but he never came to justice. He killed himself in his cell. He had told his Korean associates before that if ever the choice had to be made, death would come by his own hand. Of such as he

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there are many. The Koreans who are still in the employ of the Japanese as spies are admittedly numerous and it behooves even a foreigner to walk and talk with caution in Korea, but of those also there are not a few who are in the Japanese service as reporters to the Korean rebels.

Behind all these activities is what is really the inner government of Korea today. This is the organization that planned and carried out the original uprising and now directs the independence movement that has grown out of it. What constitutes that government—where its ramifications touch, how it functions—that nobody knows, least of all the Japanese; I am told that not even the Koreans in it know, to each being revealed only his own part. It has its national officials, its provincial departments, its district magistrates, and its village headmen, and in Shanghai it has the "cabinet" through which it maintains touch with the foreign world. It levies taxes, authorizes expenditures, issues orders and executes them. And it does so notwithstanding that it has no permanent headquarters, must do its work in secret, with spies at every turn, is denied means of communication, and has always hanging over its members the peril of discovery and heavy punishment. Millions of yen have been raised and expended the last six months: coppers from peasants and coolies, gold from rich merchants and landholders, and more of the former than the latter, because the Japanese supervision over the affairs of wealthy men prevents their giving much financial help to the movement. In part, this money is the realized value of old rings, silver trinkets, family jewels and heirlooms that have been smuggled into China and there sold. There is a steady traffic of this kind, young girls collecting the jewels and relaying them to the border at their own peril. Communications are carried on with equal effectiveness. Orders issued in Seoul are delivered in provinces four hundred miles away in forty-eight hours and spread abroad in less to all

A young nurse.

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whom they concern, by means the Japanese, with all their spies, have been unable to fathom. Only last week another demonstration was planned to be held and instructions had been sent out weeks acted. For the Yalu is the only means of egress from the country, except into Japanese soil. And over the bridge that spans the broad river is a daily stream of men and women in peasant clothes with con-

A sketch.

in advance. At the last moment it was deemed best to postpone it. New instructions were issued. That word was carried from one end of the country to the other in ample time to forestall the demonstration, except in one remote village, which had its procession in splendid isolation.

It is in the maintenance of regular communications with the Shanghai representatives that the drama on the Yalu is enacted. For the Yalu is the only means of egress from the country, except into Japanese soil. And over the bridge that spans the broad river is a daily stream of men and women in peasant clothes with concealed packets of letters, documents, money, and jewelry. But the guards that line that bridge are numerous and active, and there is also a stream that feeds back from it into the prisons. And the money that has been confiscated there runs into the hundreds of thousands.

The underground means of communication carries even through prison walls and from cell to cell. Tales of secret church services in prison, with each cell a

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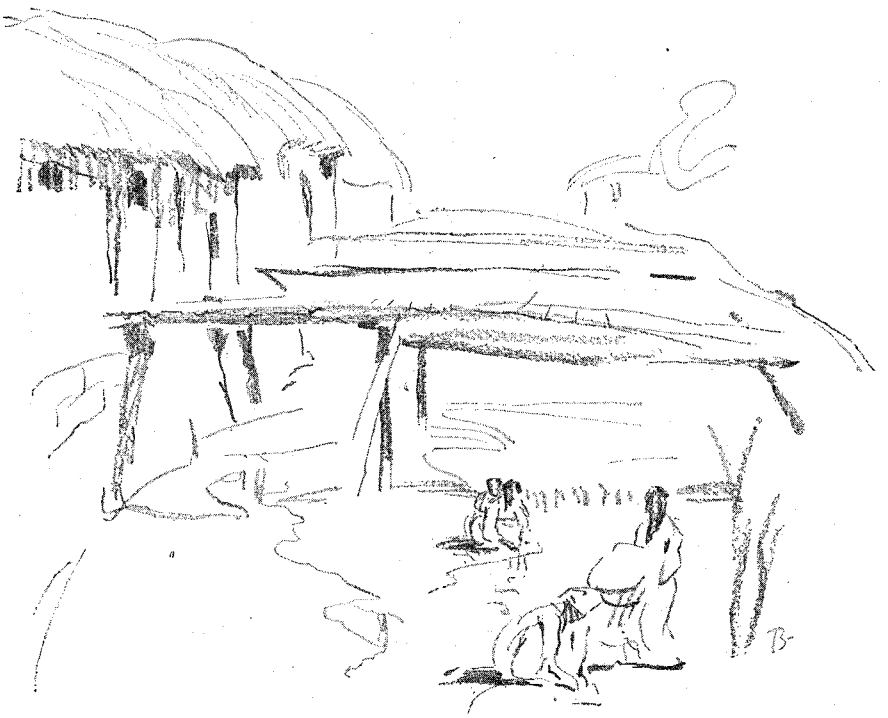
pew, have been brought to missionaries by released Christian prisoners, and amply vouched for. The Korean Christian takes his religion and its rites seriously, especially the offering up of prayer. But the Japanese bureaucracy has not been oversympathetic to Christianity in Korea—a missionary would wax wroth at the mildness of that statement—and group meets, each member in his own cell. At that time all the men and women in the class are sitting in their cells reading a designated chapter, and at the close of the meeting they are in prayer together. In one prison the leader of the class, a Methodist pastor, is in solitary confinement, but yet he leads it. In this prison there are even hymnal devotions. From



Washing clothes in the ancient way.

religious worship is forbidden in practically all of the prisons. Yet group religious worship is held nevertheless—without any group. A minister is designated, a time for service is set, and the service is held—the minister in his cell, each worshipper in his. And at the appointed time for the close of the service the minister leads in prayer, and every head is bent in prayer. There is even Bible study. At regular intervals a chapter is decided on for study over a certain period and "announced" to the class by whatever telegraphic system has been evolved in each prison. At a stated time the class the cell from which he has never emerged since he entered it and in which he has never been seen by one of his own kind the Methodist pastor selects and "gives out" a hymn for each service. And at the designated time his whole flock is singing it, each in his own cell, silently and in unison, under the eye of the prison guards, who see not nor hear.

I have already touched on the part the Christian Koreans have played—it would be more accurate to say the leadership they have taken. No picture of the independence movement or of Korean life in any aspect is adequate that does not

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include the church as one of its high lights. Now, even the Japanese have withdrawn the charge that the movement is exclusively Christian and that it was instigated by American missionaries for American political purposes. But it is true that the Korean Christians are a unit in its support, that the majority of its leaders are Christian, and that the originating impulse is largely Christian. And that is only natural: first, because the Christians are the most influential class in Korea, and, second, because conversion to the church necessarily means contact with Western ideas and Western thought. And those necessarily mean the development of a spirit that cannot and will not endure subjection to the iron military rule of an alien conqueror. In that sense Christianity is responsible for the unrest in Korea and in that sense the Christian church is the enemy the Japanese have to fight. And that will be increasingly true as time goes on, for Christianity is making rapid strides in Korea, the more rapid for the part the Christians have played in the rebellion.

But what fundamentally is responsible for the unrest and what ultimately must be conquered is that which the Japanese have themselves created, that which stands out most conspicuous and most important in the events now moving in Korea. That is the spirit of new Korea. A change has been wrought in these last ten years past the wildest imaginings of those who knew the Koreans best ten years ago. Korea's own sloth, its corruption, and its decadence cost it its national integrity then. And it has learned the price now and is paying it. But the bitter lesson is being learned, especially by the younger generation. There is patriotism in Korea now, for the first time in centuries. Love of country has been learned in the losing of it, and the value of liberty in the deprivation of it. A stir has gone through the traditional sluggishness of Korea. Men have not only enrolled themselves in a disinterested cause but are really working for it; and that, too, is new in Korea. In Korea's awakening and its first practical signs lies the highest drama of the rebellion. The awakening and a vital nationalism, these undoubtedly Japanese rule has given the Koreans. And the Koreans say it has given them nothing else. But they may be enough. I sat in a courtroom here when prisoners, being released under suspended and reduced sentences, were brought before the judge. To each of them the question was put, "Will you shout 'Mansei' for independence again?" And each in turn answered "Yes," most of them adding, "Until we are independent." It was no idle vaunting or bravado. Some of them have already been rearrested for resuming their part in the movement. Many others are serving their second terms. It may be foolhardy; it may be foredoomed to failure; it may be, in the light of hard military facts, suicidal, but the spirit exists. In any event, so long as it does exist there will be warfare in Korea, under the surface or in the open.

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WHAT FOCH REALLY SAID

THE HISTORIC SCENE WHEN THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED IN A RAILWAY CAR

BY RAYMOND RECOULY (CAPTAIN X)

Author of "Foch: the Winner of the War," "General Joffre and His Battles"

IN the early days of November, 1918, the Germans, thoroughly worn out by the Allies' continual attacks, giving them no rest from Flanders to Toul, were in full retreat, a retreat that nothing could save from becoming a complete rout. To avoid that crushing defeat, the greatest, perhaps, that had befallen any nation, the German staff and New Government decided to acknowledge they were beaten, ask for an armistice, and sign it without delay, no matter how hard its conditions.

For weeks past Foch had felt his enemy collapsing. He had an intuition that Germany was hopelessly beaten, and that the war would be over before the winter. That intuition gradually became a certainty. He inspired all those with him with that belief. However terrible the fatigue, wear and tear of the Anglo-French troops, the daily thinning out of their numbers, the great losses just sustained by the Americans in their first attacks; that fatigue, wear and tear, and loss, according to him, were as nothing when compared with those of the enemy.

One after the other Germany had seen her allies give way: Bulgarians, Turks, and Austrians had laid down their arms. Bulgaria had been the first to sue for mercy; Turkey had followed; toward the end of October the Austrians, whose armies were in full flight, asked for an armistice, and seemed fully bent on accepting all our terms.

Meanwhile the Allied armies on the French front, Belgian, English, French, and American, were again attacking, and pressing forward in their final thrust for victory.

Foch, with all the genius of an untiring conductor, led the whole orchestra; those under his orders knew no rest and, it is only fair to add, asked for none.

As early as October 12 he wrote to Pershing: "In our present military situation we may hope for great things, if only the Allied armies will all strike at once, and with ever-increasing vigor."

Under his impetus, that is exactly what the Allies were doing. His rôle lay in directing those attacks, in regulating and co-ordinating them so as to increase incessantly the violence of each successive blow.

As soon as the glorious results of the previous day were known he telegraphed to Pétain and Pershing, on the 2d of November, that it was absolutely necessary to enlarge upon those successes without a moment's loss, and to keep harassing the enemy unmercifully.

On the 6th he sent congratulations to Pershing, urging him to continue.

And now that gigantic attacking front extending from the North Sea to the Meuse had become too small for him. He determined to enlarge it so as to strike the final blow. For several weeks past he had been preparing a formidable offensive in Lorraine in the direction of the Sarre. Foch hurried on this attack with all speed, certain it would be the last of the war. On the 23d of October he asked Pétain to direct the offensive eastward of Metz. Two great French armies, the Tenth, commanded by Mangin, the Eighth, under Gérard, were intrusted with this mission; they were supported by six American divisions. The German staff had no longer any reserve troops to stay this formidable blow, which, were it to succeed, threatened to cut off all hope of retreat for its armies. The Lorraine front was being held with the greatest difficulty by worn-out divisions, thinned-out effectives, utterly incapable of offering any serious resistance. And so, at the beginning of November, the evacuation of Metz and Thionville was decided upon.

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Foch's sole preoccupation was that the attack should take place without delay. On November 3 he wrote to Pétain urging him to hurry forward preparations. On the 5th, writing again, he said: "The chief thing is not to wait until all is ready, but to strike at once!"

At that most critical hour of the war Foch was, in every sense of the word, the inspirer of victory. Led by him, every army in France was pressing forward. More than 200 divisions of Belgian, English, American, Italian, and French troops took part in this gigantic offensive, every detail of which had been carefully planned. How very different from that first attack of July 18, when only twenty divisions were in action! In the short space of fourteen weeks, as in some great orchestra the theme had ascended crescendo, until every instrument was playing its part.

The German staff was at bay. All its communications cut off. Incapable of further resistance, its divisions were everywhere collapsing. It knew only too well that the terrible blow about to be struck in Lorraine would spell final defeat. Then it would be by thousands that their troops would be taken prisoners. Rather than face so appalling a calamity, the enemy had decided, from the very beginning of November, to accept any conditions however terrible.

Soon after midnight on the 7th of November Foch got the radio he had been expecting: the enemy sued for mercy. The radiogram ran thus:

The German Supreme Command, in accordance with orders from the German Government, to Marshal Foch:

The German Government having been informed by the President of the United States that Marshal Foch was invested with full power to receive its accredited representatives, and let them know the conditions of the armistice, informs him of the names of its plenipotentiaries, and asks him to indicate the place where they can reach the French lines. In the name of Humanity they also ask for a cessation of hostilities.

At one twenty-five Foch sent back his answer:

The German plenipotentiaries will have to go to the outpost on the main road from Maubeuge-la-Capelle-Guise.

General Debeney, commanding the army holding that sector, had already been told to expect them.

At a council held on November 4 the Allies had at last come to an understanding over the terms of the armistice, which in reality far more resembled a complete capitulation.

About half-past four on the 7th Foch left his headquarters at Senlis by special train. It was the first journey of the famous railway-carriage bureau in which the armistice was to be signed, one of the restaurant cars of the "Sleeping-Car Company," especially fitted up for that purpose. The generalissimo's train went through Compiègne. At six-thirty it reached the little station of Rethonde, about ten kilometres from Compiègne, situated between that town and Soissons, in the forest of Laïgle.

About a hundred yards from the station was a shunting line that divided into two a little farther on, forming what French technicians call an "épi," a spike, or ear of corn. These rails had been laid down at the beginning of the battle for the services of the A. L. G. P. (Artillerie lourde à grande portée). Foch's train took its place on one of these rails, about 700 yards from the station, right in the forest; the neighboring line being held open for the German plenipotentiaries' train.

The marshal was accompanied by his chief-of-staff General Weygand, Major Redinger, Major de Mièri, Laperche, the interpreter, who in civilian life was a business man at Abbeville, two A. D. C.'s, Captains Boutel and Pupier, interpreting officers.

The English were represented by Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, head of the delegation, and Admiral Hope.

All dined together. The dinner was extremely gay and cordial. The final text of the armistice, that had been slightly altered at the last moment, was typed between Senlis and Rethonde.

During the night radios were received explaining the delay in the arrival of the German plenipotentiaries, owing to the obstruction of all their roads. Due at the advanced posts at five o'clock, it was not until ten that they reached Haudroy, a little hamlet two kilometres from La

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Capelle. They were received at the outposts by a captain of the 171st Regiment, who conducted them to La Capelle, where Major de Bourbon-Busset, chief of General Debeney's 2nd Bureau, took charge of them. A short halt was made at the Villa Paque, in La Capelle. The German cars stopped there, French ones taking the plenipotentiaries to General Debeney's headquarters, at Homblières. A frugal supper was served. At half past one in the morning the Germans regained their motor-cars and proceeded to Tergnier where the special train was waiting to take them to Rethonde.

About seven in the morning, in the dawn of an autumnal day, Foch's officers perceived the red lights of the train bringing the Germans. It proceeded backward along the shunting-lines, the tail-end carriage thus drawing up alongside the marshal's engine. It had rained all night; the weather was dull and misty.

The German delegation was composed of Herr Erzberger, President; Count Oberndorf, plenipotentiary minister; General von Winterfeld, former military attaché in Paris, commanding a division on the front; Commander Vanselow; Captain Geyer, an infantry officer; Captain Helldorf, a cavalry officer, who was to act as interpreter. He had very little to do, however, all the interpreting being done by the marshal's interpreter, Laperche.

The German delegates were conducted to their train by Major Schutz, of Alsatian origin, who spoke German fluently, and who had brought them from Homblières, Debeney's headquarters.

Schutz was the first to leave the carriage, and, going to the marshal's train, asked when he would be willing to receive the enemy plenipotentiaries. Foch sent back word that he would receive them at nine o'clock. Meanwhile the Germans ate a hearty breakfast; the sight of butter seemed to fill them with joy.

They started forth punctually at nine o'clock, following the line to the end carriage. A planked way had been made for going from one train to another. As they passed along, the gendarmes guarding Foch's train presented arms. Heading the cortège were: Von Winterfeld, with the two captains Geyer and Helldorf; then Vanselow; in the rear, chatting together, Herr Erzberger and Oberndorf. They were received in the restaurant-car by Weygand, seconded by Laperche, Admiral Hope, and a British officer.

There was a cold salute; a bow in return; no presentations. The Germans took their places by the table, where their names were written, and remained standing. Von Winterfeld was wearing the undress uniform of a major-general—a "feldgrau" tunic a little shorter than those worn by the French, a "Saxon" collar with the insignia of a general, a plaited cord ending in a comet's tail, a wide band of red on the breeches, yellow gaiters, a short rapier; round his neck the Order of the Red Eagle. He threw off his grey, fur-lined coat on entering. Those who had known him before the war, when he was military attaché in Paris, found him much changed, very aged, white, and thin. He appeared depressed and upset, but bore himself with distinction; he was what the French call "racé," of good old family.

On the other hand, no one could be more common than Commander Vanselow—bald and clean-shaven, a typical German in all his ugliness.

Oberndorf, the diplomatist, well dressed, wearing a bowler hat, a blue suit, a fur coat with a sealskin collar, and gaiters, was not lacking in a certain elegance—a sort of "sleeping-car" elegance that reminded one of the gaitered Germans one used to meet by thousands in pre-war days in the palaces and gaming-houses of the "Côte d'Azur."

Herr Erzberger was a typical sausage-eating, beer-drinking, fat German student. He looked like a beer barrel balancing itself on its legs! He had piercing eyes, an intelligent face somewhat lacking in frankness. He was wearing a common sort of travelling-coat just like those worn by commercial travellers in Germany. He was badly dressed, neglected, like the majority of politicians in all countries, not forgetting those in our own.

The officers seemed embarrassed and upset. Not so the civilians, who did not seem to care at all. They talked familiarly together; it was impossible to believe that their country's fate was hanging in the balance, and that they were there to

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sign the most "Kolossal" capitulation the world had ever seen.

Scarcely had the Germans taken up their places when Weygand went out to fetch the marshal, who was in his private compartment with Admiral Wemyss. There was a short pause. The glass doors opened to admit Foch, a triple row of gold oak leaves on his "képi," carrying a despatch-box. He was wearing his customary iron-grey uniform with its double row of ribbon decorations, breeches, and yellow gaiters. His piercing eyes, gruff voice, and curt manner were impressing.

Admiral Wemyss, a very distinguished-looking man, followed.

Foch paused on the threshold, glanced round, and gave the military salute. He took his place at the centre of the table, bowed slightly, and removed his "képi." At this rectangular table that took up nearly all the available space of the car, the seats had been thus arranged: in the centre Foch, having Weygand on his right, on his left Admiral Wemyss, then Admiral Hope. Opposite Foch, Winterfeld; facing Wemyss, Herr Erzberger; in front of Hope, Oberndorf; opposite Weygand, Vanselow. On one of the smaller sides the two interpreters, Laperche and Helldorf.

In the midst of a dead silence Foch asked in his clear voice: "To whom have I the honor of speaking?"

Erzberger, replying in German: "To the plenipotentiaries sent by the German Government."

He handed his credentials to the marshal, who took them, saying: "I will examine them." Thereupon Foch left the car accompanied by Admiral Wemyss and went to his private compartment. These credentials were in duplicate.

A first radio had designated Von Gundel, an infantry general, commanding part of an army in Alsace, as head of the military mission; but he had declined, unwilling to undertake such a mission; a second letter showed he had been replaced by Winterfeld. There was a short silence, that seemed like hours. Every one remained standing during this embarrassing pause. Returning, Foch went to his place, and, still standing, asked: "What is the object of your visit?"

Erzberger: "We have come to inquire into the terms of an armistice, to be concluded on land, on sea, and in the air."

Laperche translated his reply.

Foch: "I have no terms to submit to you."

Oberndorf, the diplomatist, interceding: "If the marshal prefers, we may say that we are here to learn the conditions on which the Allies would be willing to grant us an armistice."

Foch: "I have no terms."

Erzberger, drawing forth a greasy paper: "President Wilson has informed our government that Marshal Foch has been invested with the power of submitting the Allies' conditions to the German plenipotentiaries."

Foch: "I will let you know the Allies' conditions when you have asked for an armistice. Do you ask for an armistice?"

"Ja!" exclaimed Oberndorf and Erzberger together.

Foch: "In that case I will read you the terms drawn up by the Allied governments."

He sat down, every one following.

Weygand then read the chief clauses of the armistice. It took quite an hour, for the document had to be translated. As the reading continued, Winterfeld seemed more and more depressed, the civilians indifferent.

The German plenipotentiaries listened in silence. A copy had been handed to Erzberger when Weygand began reading.

The reading over, Erzberger put the document into his pocket. Winterfeld then got up and handed a written reply, which he read in the name of the German delegation.

"We have just heard," said he, "the terms on which the Allies are willing to conclude an armistice. Although the German Government will do its utmost to examine these conditions with the shortest delay possible, they will require a certain time. So as to avoid further bloodshed during that time, might we not agree to immediately suspend hostilities?"

Foch: "I am but the mouthpiece of the Allied governments. It is those governments that have drawn up the conditions of the armistice limiting the delay to seventy-two hours' duration. I have

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therefore no power to suspend hostilities without their authorization."

Herr Erzberger then asked whether there was any objection to members of the German delegation conferring with members of the Allied delegation.

Foch and Wemyss informed them that Weygand and Hope were authorized to discuss details with the German delegates.

It was agreed that the three days' limit should end at eleven (French time) on the morning of the 11th of November, and that the Germans must make known their reply before that date.

Herr Erzberger asked permission to send a message to his government. He intrusted Weygand to send it through the intermediary of the German headquarters. The message ran thus: "We have had a first interview with the Allies' delegates. To our request for a temporary suspension of hostilities, Foch opposed a formal refusal. All we could obtain was a delay of seventy-two hours for our reply. Captain Helldorf is sent to Spa, bearer of the conditions that have been given us. Please facilitate his journey to Berlin."

The sitting was over. Foch was the first to leave; then the Germans, Winterfeld staying behind to send off the radio.

Helldorf had to go back by the same way and motor to Spa, the German general headquarters. He left about two, accompanied by Major Bourbon-Busset.

But he was delayed on the road by sundry obstacles, showing the complete disorganization of the German army, its slack discipline, the blocked-up roads, etc. When he reached the German outposts with the white flag, and going through the usual formalities, he was received by a volley. Notwithstanding the waving of the flag, sounding of the bugle regulation calls, etc., etc., the shooting did not cease. This adventure, which in less serious times might have appeared comical, lasted all night. At dawn the next day the situation was unchanged. It was not until the morning that the German delegate was able to penetrate into the German lines. Meanwhile as soon as the incident became known by the marshal's staff, means had been devised to send a German officer by air, and the plane was already equipped and ready.

During the afternoon of the 8th Winterfeld held private intercourse with Weygand and Hope. These conversations were of the highest importance. He drew a most striking picture of the German army; no one could have painted it in blacker colors. According to him, discipline was a thing of the past; orders were disobeyed; roads and railways encumbered. The Germans were now obliged to retreat through a difficult country, hilly and with but scant means of communication. The troops resembled flocks of sheep. The revolution had broken out in Germany. In many towns Bolshevist risings were to be feared. It was absolutely necessary that the Allies should allow Germany to keep part of her army intact, and beware of destroying the only force capable of maintaining order in the country. For that Germany needed her machine guns and railways. In drawing so black a picture of things Winterfeld was not absolutely sincere, and Weygand was not his dupe. He purposely exaggerated German misery, its fear of Bolshevism, so as to soften the Allies' conditions. But other sources amply confirmed the slack discipline and the disorderly retreat.

These conversations continued in the afternoon of the 8th and the morning of the 9th.

On that day Major von Bapst reached Rethonde, coming from the German headquarters, where he was especially intrusted with the organization of the transport service. Received by Weygand, he insisted on what had already been said. The Spartacists, he announced, held all the bridges on the Rhine; not a single munition nor goods train could reach the left bank. The whole army was thus bottled up in Belgium. Talking to Laperche, the interpreter, Bapst said: "Just a year ago we were stationed opposite the Russians at Brest-Litovsk; we were then the victors; and we dictated a victorious peace! 'Bolshevism is among us,' said one of the Russian delegates to me one day. 'Look out! To-morrow it will be amongst you.' When he prophesied that," continued Bapst, "I laughed at him, so absurdly remote did the idea that Bolshevism could ever menace Germany seem. But now that menace has become

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a reality. A year ago, Brest-Litovsk; to-day, Rethonde! What a terrible collapse!"

On the afternoon of the 9th the Germans sent a list of their objections to certain of the armistice clauses. Foch examined them in the evening. On the morning of the 10th he sent back his answer; nearly all the German demands were rejected.

Those two days were most eventful ones for Germany. Prince Max of Baden resigned. Would Germany appoint a government, and with what moral and material power would it be invested? That was the problem the Allies had to face, not without a certain amount of anxiety.

Meanwhile, in the silent forest at Rethonde, the hours flitted one by one, and the delay fixed by Foch was near expiration. On the afternoon of the 10th Foch informed Herr Erzberger that at eleven o'clock the next day hostilities would be renewed; the German delegates being unable to sign without their government's authorization, it was absolutely necessary that the government should let its decision be known at once.

During a conversation with Winterfeld, Oberndorf, and Weygand, as the latter was expressing fears that the change of government might cause delay in the reply, Winterfeld said abruptly to Oberndorf:

"No matter whether the new chancellor be called Haase, Ebert, or whatever name you please, he will be compelled to sign, all the same!"

So as to let the Germans take a little exercise and not remain all day confined to their carriage, a piece of ground had been arranged in the forest so that they could walk about freely, about ten gendarmes, composing their escort, discreetly watching over them.

Every evening the trains went to Compiègne to take on water, the isolated little station of Rethonde having no water supply. The trains generally started at dinner-time; the French one leading, the German following. On that particular evening, just as Foch's train reached the Rethonde station, the military commandant asked for an officer of the commandant's staff.

General Desticker was telephoning from Senlis a German radio, intercepted by our posts:

German Government to German plenipotentiaries.

The plenipotentiaries are authorized to sign the armistice. Signed: *The Chancellor of the Empire.* Then followed a number of three ciphers. It was seven when this radio reached the marshal. In the train, back in the station, another radio came from Senlis with the same wording as the former, but accompanied by a long list of protestations from the German Government at the Allies' harsh treatment, that would reduce the nation, women and children, to starvation. Then came a long radio from Hindenburg. The German train returned to the shunting-lines about nine o'clock.

Weygand immediately asked Herr Erzberger if he were ready to sign. He said yes. The three ciphered figures at the end of the radio was the prearranged signal proving the authenticity of the telegram. But first of all Hindenburg's message had to be deciphered.

At half past twelve that night the Germans announced their readiness to hold a final sitting.

They arrived in the dark of night and took their places in the same carriage as at first. Then the marshal came in. Every one sat down. Foch then read the final conditions of the armistice. The whole of the document was gone through with its two schedules. The reading took a long time. Then it was again discussed. The Germans asked for a certain number of alterations. Foch granted some, but refused the others. All this went on until a quarter past five.

Foch asked the Germans to sign on a blank page before the final clauses agreed to should be typed. They consented. It was decided that, the signatures having been exchanged at five in the morning, it would be six hours later, namely, at eleven o'clock, that operations should cease all along the front.

Two penholders were used for the appending of the signatures: one for the French and English, another for the Germans. The marshal kept the first one for himself, and offered the other one to Mr. Clemenceau. It was half past five when this memorable sitting was over.

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Foch returned to his private compartment and rested a few moments in his armchair, then returned to the bureau carriage. In the meantime the secretaries had finished copying out the whole of the document; the "dossier" was ready. Foch took charge of it. All breakfasted together, then he motored to Paris so as to personally announce the joyous event to M. Poincaré and M. Clemenceau.

Captain Geyer, in the name of the German plenipotentiaries, called about half past nine to fetch the document. It was handed him in exchange for a signed receipt. At twelve the German train left Rethonde. The French one, without the marshal, who had already left, started at a quarter past twelve.

Whilst stopping a few minutes on the bridge near Compiègne, Foch's officers saw in the distance, near Tergnier, the fast-receding train bearing the German plenipotentiaries. Weygand, motoring to Versailles, left the train at Compiègne.

Joyous peals rang from every steeple in the town. The animation and enthusiasm were all the more striking since for the last three days Foch's staff had been living in the depths of a forest, far from every human sound. The station was full of gay young soldiers. Recognizing General Weygand as he was leaving his carriage, they bore him in triumph on their shoulders.

"Here's the marshal's train," they shouted. It was surrounded and taken by storm. They begged for the flowers on his table, which Captain Boutal, the A. D. C., gave them.

Meanwhile, in Paris, toward the end of the morning the news of the signing of the armistice had spread like wild-fire throughout the city. The bells rang out gayly, guns saluted the glad tidings, flags sprang as by magic from every window, merry crowds filled the streets, here and there cortèges lined up, soldiers and civilians, old and young, women, old men, children, all mingled in the same joy, the same wild enthusiasm.

The French, who had so patiently endured and waited through long years of bloodshed, at last found, in this supreme hour of their history, a just reward for all their suffering, marvellous energy, and fortitude.

One often wonders why the conditions of the armistice, however hard, were not made ten times harder, and why the Allies did not exact an unconditional surrender, since they were, after all, wholly victorious and complete masters of the situation.

Germany knew all was up with her. Beaten militarily by the irresistible force of the Allies' attacks, she knew retreat was doomed to disaster, when all her war material and prisoners by thousands would fall into the enemy's hands; beaten politically, also, for she was in the throes of a revolution that added further trouble and anarchy to the general state of depression. The Allies were therefore in a position to exact all they demanded. They could have forced Germany to capitulate, to withdraw her troops, and abandon all her guns, machine guns, ammunition, aeroplanes, etc.

It is quite certain that an unconditional capitulation like the one imposed on the French at Sedan, for example, would have impressed the German mind far more vividly.

They would then have felt they were really beaten, realized the shattering of their great military power. As it was, they did not realize it. The intelligent, thinking part of the people knew how matters stood. They knew the army was defeated, as defeated as it was possible for an army to be. But the bulk of the nation? It saw the troops return to the "Vaterland" with arms and baggage, and believed, and everything was done to stimulate that belief, that the German armies, still intact, had been vanquished, not on the battle-fields of France, but by the revolution at home. Anxious to clear its reputation, the German staff did all it could to spread that popular belief throughout the country.

Ludendorff's vastly interesting "Memoirs" that I am now reading were written with the one object of exonerating the staff from all responsibility and imputing all the blame to the government, statesmen, diplomats, etc.

There was no excuse for the Allies: they knew Germany; France especially

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had paid dearly enough for that knowledge; they knew how German militarism had poisoned the German. Why, then, did they not exact still harder conditions?

I have often discussed the subject with military and political men, who had taken a prominent part in the drawing up of the armistice: the haunting spectre of Bolshevism weighed no doubt heavily on their decision. Germany was threatened on many sides by anarchist risings. Anything might happen in a country in full revolution, where in a few days whole dynasties had crumbled to earth, should it be left without sufficient means of military repression. That would have placed the Allies in a very awkward position; they would have been forced to conclude a treaty with a country having no government, or one scarcely worthy of the name. Whilst crippling her armies and preventing them from doing further harm, it was, therefore, considered prudent to leave her sufficient troops to cope with the situation at home.

Several weeks previously the military and political heads of the Entente had been busy discussing the conditions of the armistice. During the last weeks of October the British staff had urged treating on more lenient terms than those obtained by Foch. The English scarcely realized at the time the real state of the German army. Their own troops, who had been strenuously fighting with the utmost valor for weeks without a rest, were very worn out. Sir Douglas Haig thought that the German staff, by shortening its front and withdrawing as far as the Rhine, might still be capable of considerable resistance and holding out for another year.

Not so Foch, who was of quite another opinion. From the end of July he was convinced the war would be over in 1918. He succeeded in making all the others share that conviction. It was he and his staff who drew up the military clauses of the armistice. His main idea was to cripple the German army without utterly destroying it, so that should events warrant, it would only take a few days for the Allies to completely master it. Was that aim attained? Most emphatically, yes. Deprived of the bulk of its machine guns, artillery, aeroplanes, etc., compelled to retreat to the other side of the Rhine, the German army was utterly incapable of offering any serious resistance. Holding the three main bridges of Cologne, Coblenz, Mayence (Kehl was added to the list later on), the Allies were thus able to command the vital points of the country, the coal-fields of the Ruhr, Essen, the largest cities, etc. Germany was thus bound hand and foot. Had she refused to accept the conditions the Allies imposed on her, it would not have taken them long to force her to cry for mercy.

From a military point of view the armistice had thus fulfilled all expectations. Marshal Foch could not foresee that it would take months and months over the terms of peace. How could he suppose that by their ridiculous methods, or rather want of method, they would delight in muddling up and complicating the simplest of questions?

An armistice—as its name signifies—is a purely military convention. But the French Government, that should have foreseen that the Treaty of Peace would take a long time to compile, would have been fully justified in including a certain number of political, economical, and financial questions of the greatest importance in this military convention. The extradition of German officers accused of crime could and should have been exacted. The Germans would then have handed them over without any difficulty. The question of the Kaiser could likewise have been solved. France would have been perfectly justified in demanding the immediate restitution of all the Germans had stolen in the northern provinces, furniture, machinery, cattle, etc., etc. She could have claimed the immediate payment of several millions, enabling her to start the rebuilding of those provinces the Germans had wantonly destroyed.

All that ought to have been settled as soon as the armistice was signed.

France would have been all the richer, and the rest of the world all the quieter, had those measures been taken.

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ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XV

A STRIKING figure the lad made riding into the old capital one afternoon just before the sun sank behind the western woods. Had it been dusk he might have been thought to be an Indian sprung magically from the wilds and riding into civilization on a stolen thoroughbred. Students no longer wandered through the campus of William and Mary College. Only an occasional maid in silk and lace tripped along the street in high-heeled shoes and clocked stockings, and no coach and four was in sight. The governor's palace, in its great yard amid linden-trees, was closed and deserted. My Lord Dunmore was long in sad flight, as Erskine later learned, and not in his coach with its six milk-white horses. But there was the bust of Sir Walter in front of Raleigh Tavern, and there he drew up, before the steps where he was once nigh to taking Dane Grey's life. A negro servant came forward to care for his horse, but a coal-black young giant leaped around the corner and seized the bridle with a welcoming cry:

"Marse Erskine! But I knowed Firefly fust." It was Ephraim, the groom who had brought out Barbara's ponies, who had turned the horse over to him for the race at the fair.

"I come frum de plantation fer ole Marse," the boy explained. The host of the tavern heard and came down to give his welcome, for any Dale, no matter what his garb, could always have the best in that tavern. More than that, a bewigged solicitor, learning his name, presented himself with the cheerful news that he had quite a little sum of money that had been confided to his keeping by Colonel Dale for his nephew Erskine. A strange deference seemed to be paid him by everybody, which was a grateful change from the suspicion he had left among his pioneer friends. The little tavern was thronged, and the air charged with the spirit of war. Indeed, nothing else was talked. My Lord Dunmore had come to a sad and unbemoaned end. He had stayed afar from the battle-field of Point Pleasant and had left stalwart General Lewis to fight Cornstalk and his braves alone. Later my Lady Dunmore and her sprightly daughters took refuge on a man-of-war—whither my lord soon followed them. His fleet ravaged the banks of the rivers and committed every outrage. His marines set fire to Norfolk, which was in ashes when he weighed anchor and sailed away to more depredations. When he intrenched himself on Gwynn's Island, that same stalwart Lewis opened a heavy cannonade on fleet and island, and sent a ball through the indignant nobleman's flag-ship. Next day he saw a force making for the island in boats, and my lord spread all sail; and so back to merry England, and to Virginia no more. Meanwhile Mr. Washington had reached Boston and started his duties under the Cambridge elm. Several times during the talk Erskine had heard mentioned the name of Dane Grey. Young Grey had been with Dunmore and not with Lewis at Point Pleasant, and had been conspicuous at the palace through much of the succeeding turmoil—the hint being his devotion to one of the daughters, since he was now an unquestioned loyalist.

Next morning Erskine rode forth along a sandy road, amidst the singing of birds and through a forest of tiny upshooting leaves, for Red Oaks on the James. He had foresworn Colonel Dale to secrecy as to the note he had left behind giving his birthright to his little cousin Barbara,

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and he knew the confidence would be kept inviolate. He could recall the road—every turn of it, for the woodsman's memory is faultless—and he could see the merry cavalcade and hear the gay quips and laughter of that other spring day long ago, for to youth even the space of a year is very long ago. But among the faces that blossomed within the old coach, and nodded and danced like flowers in a wind, his mind's eye was fixed on one alone. At the boat-landing he hitched his horse to the low-swung branch of an oak and took the path through tangled rose-bushes and undergrowth along the bank of the river, halting where it would give him forth on the great, broad, grassy way that led to the house among the oaks. There was the sun-dial that had marked every sunny hour since he had been away. For a moment he stood there, and when he stepped into the open he shrank back hastily—a girl was coming through the opening of boxwood from the house—coming slowly, bareheaded, her hands clasped behind her, her eyes downward. His heart throbbed as he waited, throbbed the more when his ears caught even the soft tread of her little feet, and seemed to stop when she paused at the sun-dial, and as before searched the river with her eyes. And as before the song of negro oarsmen came over the yellow flood, growing stronger as they neared. Soon the girl fluttered a handkerchief and from the single passenger in the stern came an answering flutter of white and a glad cry. At the bend of the river the boat disappeared from Erskine's sight under the bank, and he watched the girl. How she had grown! Her slim figure had rounded and shot upward, and her white gown had dropped to her dainty ankles. Now her face was flushed and her eye flashed with excitement—it was no mere kinsman in that boat, and the boy's heart began to throb again—throb fiercely and with racking emotions that he had never known before. A fiery-looking youth sprang up the landing-steps, bowed gallantly over the girl's hand, and the two turned up the path, the girl rosy with smiles and the youth bending over her with a most protecting and tender air. It was Dane Grey, and the heart of the watcher turned mortal sick.

XVI

A LONG time Erskine sat motionless, wondering what ailed him. He had never liked nor trusted Grey; he believed he would have trouble with him some day, but he had other enemies and he did not feel toward them as he did toward this dandy mincing up that beautiful broad path. With a little grunt he turned back along the path. Firefly whinnied to him and nipped at him with playful restlessness as though eager to be on his way to the barn, and he stood awhile with one arm across his saddle. Once he reached upward to untie the reins, and with another grunt strode back and went rapidly up the path. Grey and Barbara had disappeared, but a tall youth who sat behind one of the big pillars saw him coming and rose, bewildered but not for long. Each recognized the other swiftly, and Hugh came with stiff courtesy forward. Erskine smiled:

"You don't know me?" Hugh bowed:

"Quite well." The woodsman drew himself up with quick breath—paling without, flaming within—but before he could speak there was a quick step and an astonished cry within the hall and Harry sprang out.

"Erskine! Erskine!" he shouted, and he leaped down the steps with both hands outstretched. "You here! You—you old Indian—how did you get here?" He caught Erskine by both hands and then fell to shaking him by the shoulders. "Where's your horse?" And then he noticed the boy's pale and embarrassed face and his eyes shifting to Hugh, who stood, still cold, still courteous, and he checked some hot outburst at his lips.

"I'm glad you've come, and I'm glad you've come right now—where's your horse?"

"I left him hitched at the landing," Erskine had to answer, and Harry looked puzzled:

"The landing! Why, what—" He wheeled and shouted to a darkey:

"Put Master Erskine's horse in the barn and feed him." And he led Erskine within—to the same room where he had slept before, and poured out some water in a bowl.

"Take your time," he said, and he

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went back to the porch. Erskine could hear and see him through the latticed blinds.

"Hugh," said the lad in a low, cold voice, "I am host here, and if you don't like this you can take that path."

"You are right," was the answer; "but you wait until Uncle Harry gets home."

The matter was quite plain to Erskine within. The presence of Dane Grey made it plain, and as Erskine dipped both hands into the cold water he made up his mind to an understanding with that young gentleman that would be complete and final. And so he was ready when he and Harry were on the porch again and Barbara and Grey emerged from the rose-bushes and came slowly up the path. Harry looked worried, but Erskine sat still, with a faint smile at his mouth and in his eyes. Barbara saw him first and she did not rush forward. Instead she stopped, with wide eyes, a stifled cry, and a lifting of one hand toward her heart. Grey saw too, flushed rather painfully, and calmed himself. Erskine had sprung down the steps.

"Why, have I changed so much?" he cried. "Hugh didn't seem to know me, either." His voice was gay, friendly, even affectionate, but his eyes danced with strange lights that puzzled the girl.

"Of course I knew you," she faltered, paling a little, but gathering herself rather haughtily—a fact that Erskine seemed not to notice. "You took me by surprise and you have changed—but I don't know how much." The significance of this too seemed to pass Erskine by, for he bent over Barbara's hand and kissed it.

"Never to you, my dear cousin," he said gallantly, and then he bowed to Dane Grey, not offering to shake hands.

"Of course I know Mr. Grey." To say that the gentleman was dumfounded is to put it mildly—this wild Indian playing the courtier with exquisite impudence and doing it well! Harry seemed like to burst with restrained merriment, and Barbara was sorely put to it to keep her poise. The great dinner-bell from behind the house boomed its summons to the woods and fields.

"Come on," called Harry. "I imagine you're hungry, cousin."

"I am," said Erskine. "I've had nothing to eat since—since early morn." Barbara's eyes flashed upward and Grey was plainly startled. Was there a slight stress on those two words? Erskine's face was as expressionless as bronze. Harry had bolted into the hall.

Mrs. Dale was visiting down the river, so Barbara sat in her mother's place, with Erskine at her right, Grey to her left, Hugh next to him, and Harry at the head. Harry did not wait long.

"Now, you White Arrow, you Big Chief, tell us the story. Where have you been, what have you been doing, and what do you mean to do? I've heard a good deal, but I want it all."

Grey began to look uncomfortable, and so, in truth, did Barbara.

"What have you heard?" asked Erskine quietly.

"Never mind," interposed Barbara quickly; "you tell us."

"Well," began Erskine slowly, "you remember that day we met some Indians who told me that old Kahtoo, my foster-father, was ill, and that he wanted to see me before he died? I went exactly as I would have gone had white men given the same message from Colonel Dale, and even for better reasons. A bad prophet was stirring up trouble in the tribe against the old chief. An enemy of mine, Crooked Lightning, was helping him. He wanted his son, Black Wolf, as chief, and the old chief wanted me. I heard the Indians were going to join the British. I didn't want to be chief, but I did want influence in the tribe, so I stayed. There was a white woman in the camp, and an Indian girl named Early Morn. I told the old chief that I would fight with the whites against the Indians and with the whites against them both. Crooked Lightning overheard me, and you can imagine what use he made of what I said. I took the wampum belt for the old chief to the powwow between the Indians and the British, and I found I could do nothing. I met Mr. Grey there." He bowed slightly to Dane and then looked at him steadily. "I was told that he was there in the interest of an English fur company. When I found I could do nothing with the Indians I told the council what I had told the old chief." He paused. Barbara's face was pale and she

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was breathing hard. She had not looked at Grey, but Harry had been watching him covertly and he did not look comfortable. Erskine paused.

"What!" shouted Harry. "You told both that you would fight with the whites against both! What'd they do to you?"

Erskine smiled.

"Well, here I am. I jumped over the heads of the outer ring and ran. Firefly heard me calling him. I had left his halter loose. He broke away. I jumped on him and you know nothing can catch Firefly."

"Didn't they shoot at you?"

"Of course." Again he paused.

"Well," said Harry impatiently, "that isn't the end."

"I went back to the camp. Crooked Lightning followed me and they tied me and were going to burn me at the stake."

"Good heavens!" breathed Barbara.

"How'd you get away?"

"The Indian girl, Early Morn, slipped under the tent and cut me loose. The white woman got my gun and Firefly—you know nothing can catch Firefly." The silence was intense. Hugh looked dazed, Barbara was on the point of tears, Harry was triumphant, and Grey was painfully flushed.

"And you want to know what I am going to do now?" Erskine went on. "I'm going with General George Rogers Clark—with what command are you, Mr. Grey?"

"That's a secret," he smiled coolly. "I'll let you know later," and Barbara, with an inward sigh of relief, rose quickly, but would not leave them behind.

"But the white woman?" questioned Harry. "Why doesn't she leave the Indians?"

"Early Morn—a half-breed—is her daughter," said Erskine simply.

"Oh!" and Harry questioned no farther.

"Early Morn was the best-looking Indian girl I ever saw," said Erskine, "and the bravest." For the first time Grey glanced at Barbara. "She saved my life," Erskine went on gravely, "and mine is hers whenever she needs it." Harry reached over and gripped his hand.

As yet not one word had been said of Grey's misdoing, but Barbara's cool disdain made him shamed and hot, and in her eyes was the sorrow of her injustice to Erskine. In the hallway she excused herself with a courtesy, Hugh went to the stables, Harry disappeared for a moment, and the two were left alone. With smouldering fire Erskine turned to Grey.

"It seems you have been amusing yourself with my kinspeople at my expense." Grey drew himself up in haughty silence—Erskine went on:

"I have known some liars who were not cowards."

"You forget yourself."

"No—nor you."

"You remember a promise I made you once?"

"Twice," corrected Erskine. Grey's eyes flashed upward to the crossed rapiers on the wall.

"Precisely," answered Erskine, "and when?"

"At the first opportunity."

"From this moment I shall be waiting for nothing else."

Barbara, reappearing, heard their last words, and she came forward pale and with piercing eyes:

"Cousin Erskine, I want to apologize to you for my little faith. I hope you will forgive me. Mr. Grey, your horse will be at the door at once. I wish you a safe journey—to your command." Grey bowed and turned—furious.

Erskine was on the porch when Grey came out to mount his horse.

"You will want seconds?" asked Grey.

"They might try to stop us—no!"

"I shall ride slowly," Grey said. Erskine bowed.

"I shall not."

XVII

Nor did he. Within half an hour Barbara, passing through the hall, saw that the rapiers were gone from the wall and she stopped, with the color fled from her face and her hand on her heart. At that moment Ephraim dashed in from the kitchen.

"Miss Barbary, somebody gwine to git killed. I was wukkin' in de ole field an' Marse Grey rid by cussin' to hisself. Jist now Marse Erskine went tearin' by de landin' wid a couple o' swords under his arm." His eyes too went to the wall.

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"Yes, bless Gawd, dey's gone!" Barbara flew out the door.

In a few moments she had found Harry and Hugh. Even while their horses were being saddled her father rode up.

"It's murder," cried Harry, "and Grey knows it. Erskine knows nothing about a rapier."

Without a word Colonel Dale wheeled his tired horse and soon Harry and Hugh dashed after him. Barbara walked back to the house, wringing her hands, but on the porch she sat quietly in the agony of waiting that was the rôle of women in those days.

Meanwhile, at a swift gallop Firefly was skimming along the river road. Grey had kept his word and more: he had not only ridden slowly but he had stopped and was waiting at an oak-tree that was a corner-stone between two plantations.

"That I may not kill you on your own land," he said.

Erskine started. "The consideration is deeper than you know."

They hitched their horses, and Erskine followed into a pleasant glade—a grassy glade through which murmured a little stream. Erskine dropped the rapiers on the sward.

"Take your choice," he said.

"There is none," said Grey, picking up the one nearer to him. "I know them both." Grey took off his coat while Erskine waited. Grey made the usual moves of courtesy and still Erskine waited, wonderingly, with the point of the rapier on the ground.

"When you are ready," he said, "will you please let me know?"

"Ready!" answered Grey, and he lunged forward. Erskine merely whipped at his blade so that the clang of it whined on the air to the breaking-point and sprang backward. He was as quick as an eyelash and lithe as a panther, and yet Grey almost laughed aloud. All Erskine did was to whip the thrusting blade aside and leap out of danger like a flash of light. It was like an inexpert boxer flailing according to rules unknown—and Grey's face flamed and actually turned anxious. Then, as a kindly fate would have it, Erskine's blade caught in Grey's guard by accident, and the powerful wrist behind it seeking merely to wrench the weapon loose tore Grey's rapier from his grasp and hurled it ten feet away. There is no greater humiliation for the expert swordsman, and not for nothing had Erskine suffered the shame of that long-ago day when a primitive instinct had led him to thrusting his knife into this same enemy's breast. Now, with his sword's point on the earth, he waited courteously for Grey to recover his weapon.

Again a kindly fate intervened. Even as Grey rushed for his sword, Erskine heard the beat of horses' hoofs. As he snatched it from the ground and turned, with a wicked smile over his grinding teeth, came Harry's shout, and as he rushed for Erskine Colonel Dale swung from his horse. The steel blades clashed, Erskine whipping back and forth in a way to make a swordsman groan—and Colonel Dale had Erskine by the wrist and was between them.

"How dare you, sir?" cried Grey hotly.

"Just a moment, young gentleman," said Colonel Dale calmly.

"Let us alone, Uncle Harry—I——"

"Just a moment," repeated the colonel sternly. "Mr. Grey, do you think it quite fair that you with your skill should fight a man who knows nothing about foils?"

"There was no other way," Grey said sullenly.

"And you could not wait, I presume?" Grey did not answer.

"Now, hear what I have to say, and if you both do not agree the matter will be arranged to your entire satisfaction, Mr. Grey. I have but one question to ask. Your country is at war. She needs every man for her defense. Do you not both think your lives belong to your country and that it is selfish and unpatriotic just now to risk them in any other cause?" He waited for his meaning to sink in and sink it did.

"Colonel Dale, your nephew grossly insulted me, and your daughter showed me the door. I made no defense to him nor to her, but I will to you. I merely repeated what I had been told and I believed it true. Now that I hear it is not true I agree with you, sir, and I am willing to express my regrets and apologies."

"That is better," said Colonel Dale heartily, and he turned to Erskine, but Erskine was crying hotly:

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"And I express neither."

"Very well," sneered Grey coldly. "Perhaps we may meet when your relatives are not present to protect you."

"Uncle Harry—" Erskine implored, but Grey was turning toward his horse.

"After all, Colonel Dale is right."

"Yes," assented Erskine helplessly, and then—"it is possible that we shall not always be on the same side."

"So I thought," returned Grey with lifted eyebrows, "when I heard what I did about you!" Both Harry and Hugh had to catch Erskine by an arm then, and they led him struggling away. Grey mounted his horse, lifted his hat, and was gone. Colonel Dale picked up the swords.

"Now," he said, "enough of all this—let it be forgotten."

And he laughed.

"You'll have to confess, Erskine—he has a quick tongue and you must think only of his temptation to use it."

Erskine did not answer.

As they rode back Colonel Dale spoke of the war. It was about to move into Virginia, he said, and when it did—both Harry and Hugh interrupted him with a glad shout:

"We can go!" Colonel Dale nodded sadly.

Suddenly all pulled their horses in simultaneously and raised their eyes, for all heard the coming of a horse in a dead run. Around a thicketed curve of the road came Barbara, with her face white and her hair streaming behind her. She pulled her pony in but a few feet in front of them, with her burning eyes on Erskine alone.

"Have you killed him—have you killed him? If you have—" She stopped helpless, and all were so amazed that none could answer. Erskine shook his head. There was a flash of relief in the girl's white face, its recklessness gave way to sudden shame, and, without a word, she wheeled and was away again—Harry flying after her. No one spoke. Colonel Dale looked aghast and Erskine's heart again turned sick.

XVIII

THE sun was close to the uneven sweep of the wilderness. Through its slanting rays the river poured like a flood of gold. The negroes were on the way singing from the fields. Cries, chaffing, and the musical clanking of trace-chains came from the barnyard. Hungry cattle were lowing and full-uddered mothers were mooing answers to bawling calves. A peacock screamed from a distant tree and sailed forth, full-spread—a great gleaming winged jewel of the air. In crises the nerves tighten like violin strings, the memory-plates turn abnormally sensitive—and Erskine was not to forget that hour.

The house was still and not a soul was in sight as the three, still silent, walked up the great path. When they were near the portico Harry came out. He looked worried and anxious.

"Where's Barbara?" asked her father.

"Locked in her room."

"Let her alone," said Colonel Dale gently. Like brother and cousin, Harry and Hugh were merely irritated by the late revelation, but the father was shocked that his child was no longer a child. Erskine remembered the girl as she waited for Grey's coming at the sun-dial, her face as she walked with him up the path. For a moment the two boys stood in moody silence. Harry took the rapiers in and put them in their place on the wall. Hugh quietly disappeared. Erskine, with a word of apology, went to his room, and Colonel Dale sat down on the porch alone.

As the dusk gathered, Erskine, looking gloomily through his window, saw the girl flutter like a white moth past the box-hedge and down the path. A moment later he saw the tall form of Colonel Dale follow her—and both passed from sight. On the thick turf the colonel's feet too were noiseless, and when Barbara stopped at the sun-dial he too paused. Her hands were caught tight and her drawn young face was lifted to the yellow disk just rising from the far forest gloom. She was unhappy, and the colonel's heart ached sorely, for any unhappiness of hers always trebled his own.

"Little girl!" he called, and no lover's voice could have been more gentle. "Come here!"

She turned and saw him, with arms outstretched, the low moon lighting all the

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The steel blades clashed, Erskine whipping back and forth in a way to make a swordsman groan.
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tenderness in his fine old face, and she flew to him and fell to weeping on his breast. In wise silence he stroked her hair until she grew a little calmer.

"What's the matter, little daughter?"

"I—I—don't know."

"I understand. You were quite right to send him away, but you did not want him harmed."

"I—I—didn't want anybody harmed."

"I know. It's too bad, but none of us seem quite to trust him."

"That's it," she sobbed; "I don't either, and yet——"

"I know. I know. My little girl must be wise and brave, and maybe it will all pass and she will be glad. But she must be brave. Mother is not well and she must not be made unhappy too. She must not know. Can't my little girl come back to the house now? She must be hostess and this is Erskine's last night." She looked up, brushing away her tears.

"His last night?" Ah, wise old colonel!

"Yes—he goes to-morrow to join Colonel Clark at Williamsburg on his foolish campaign in the Northwest. We might never see him again."

"Oh, father!"

"Well, it isn't that bad, but my little girl must be very nice to him. He seems to be very unhappy too."

Barbara looked thoughtful, but there was no pretense of not understanding.

"I'm sorry," she said. She took her father's arm, and when they reached the steps Erskine saw her smiling. And smiling, almost gay, she was at supper, sitting with exquisite dignity in her mother's place. Harry and Hugh looked amazed, and her father, who knew the bit of tempered steel she was, smiled his encouragement proudly. Of Erskine, who sat at her right, she asked many questions about the coming campaign. Colonel Clark had said he would go with a hundred men if he could get no more. The rallying-point would be the fort in Kentucky where he had first come back to his own people, and Dave Yandell would be captain of a company. He himself was going as guide, though he hoped to act as soldier as well. Perhaps they might bring back the Hair-Buyer, General Hamilton, a prisoner to Williamsburg, and then he would join Harry and Hugh in the militia if the war came south and Virginia were invaded, as some prophesied, by Tarleton's White Rangers, who had been ravaging the Carolinas. After supper the little lady excused herself with a smiling courtesy to go to her mother, and Erskine found himself in the moonlight on the big portico with Colonel Dale alone.

"Erskine," he said, "you make it very difficult for me to keep your secret. Hugh alone seems to suspect—he must have got the idea from Grey, but I have warned him to say nothing. The others seem not to have thought of the matter at all. It was a boyish impulse of generosity which you may regret——"

"Never," interrupted the boy. "I have no use—less than ever now."

"Nevertheless," the colonel went on, "I regard myself as merely your steward, and I must tell you one thing. Mr. Jefferson, as you know, is always at open war with people like us. His hand is against coach and four, silver plate, and aristocrat. He is fighting now against the law that gives property to the eldest son, and he will pass the bill. His argument is rather amusing. He says if you will show him that the eldest son eats more, wears more, and does more work than his brothers, he will grant that that son is entitled to more. He wants to blot out all distinctions of class. He can't do that, but he will pass this bill."

"I hope he will," muttered Erskine.

"Barbara would not accept your sacrifice nor would any of us, and it is only fair that I should warn you that some day, if you should change your mind, and I were no longer living, you might be too late."

"Please don't, Uncle Harry. It is done—done. Of course, it wasn't fair for me to consider Barbara alone, but she will be fair and you understand. I wish you would regard the whole matter as though I didn't exist."

"I can't do that, my boy. I am your steward and when you want anything you have only to let me know!" Erskine shook his head.

"I don't want anything—I need very little, and when I'm in the woods, as I expect to be most of the time, I need nothing at all." Colonel Dale rose.

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"I wish you would go to college at Williamsburg for a year or two to better fit yourself—in case——"

"I'd like to go—to learn to fence," smiled the boy, and the colonel smiled too.

"You'll certainly need to know that, if you are going to be as reckless as you were to-day." Erskine's eyes darkened.

"Uncle Harry, you may think me foolish, but I don't like or trust Grey. What was he doing with those British traders out in the northwest?—he was not buying furs. It's absurd. Why was he hand in glove with Lord Dunmore?"

"Lord Dunmore had a daughter," was the dry reply, and Erskine flung out a gesture that made words unnecessary. Colonel Dale crossed the porch and put his hand on the lad's shoulders.

"Erskine," he said, "don't worry—and—don't give up hope. Be patient, wait, come back to us. Go to William and Mary. Fit yourself to be one of us in all ways. Then everything may yet come out in the only way that would be fitting and right." The boy blushed, and the colonel went on earnestly:

"I can think of nothing in the world that would make me quite so happy."

"It's no use," the boy said tremblingly, "but I'll never forget what you have just said as long as I live, and, no matter what becomes of me, I'll love Barbara as long as I live. But, even if things were otherwise, I'd never risk making her unhappy even by trying. I'm not fit for her nor for this life. I'll never forget the goodness of all of you to me—I can't explain—but I can't get over my life in the woods and among the Indians. Why, but for all of you I might have gone back to them—I would yet. I can't explain, but I get choked and I can't breathe—such a longing for the woods comes over me and I can't help me. I must *go*—and nothing can hold me."

"Your father was that way," said Colonel Dale sadly. "You may get over it, but he never did. And it must be harder for you because of your early associations. Blow out the lights in the hall. You needn't bolt the door. Good night, and God bless you." And the kindly gentleman was gone.

Erskine sat where he was. The house was still and there were no noises from the horses and cattle in the barn—none from roosting peacock, turkey, and hen. From the far-away quarters came faintly the merry, mellow notes of a fiddle, and farther still the song of some courting negro returning home. A drowsy bird twittered in an ancient elm at the corner of the house. The flowers drooped in the moonlight which bathed the great path, streamed across the great river, and on up to its source in the great yellow disk floating in majestic serenity high in the cloudless sky. And that path, those flowers, that house, the barn, the cattle, sheep, and hogs, those grain-fields and grassy acres, even those singing black folk, were all—all his if he but said the words. The thought was no temptation—it was a mighty wonder that such a thing could be. And that was all it was—a wonder—to him, but to them it was the world. Without it all, what would they do? Perhaps Mr. Jefferson might soon solve the problem for him. Perhaps he might not return from that wild campaign against the British and the Indians—he might get killed. And then a thought gripped him and held him fast—*he need not come back*. That mighty wilderness beyond the mountains was his real home—out there was his real life. He need not come back, and they would never know. Then came a thought that almost made him groan. There was a light step in the hall, and Barbara came swiftly out and dropped on the topmost step with her chin in both hands. Almost at once she seemed to feel his presence, for she turned her head quickly.

"Erskine!" As quickly he rose, embarrassed beyond speech.

"Come here! Why, you look guilty—what have you been thinking?" He was startled by her intuition, but he recovered himself swiftly.

"I suppose I will always feel guilty if I have made you unhappy."

"You haven't made me unhappy. I don't know what you have made me. Papa says a girl does not understand and no man can, but he does better than anybody. You saw how I felt if you had killed him, but you don't know how I would have felt if he had killed you. I don't myself."

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She began patting her hands gently and helplessly together, and again she dropped her chin into them with her eyes lifted to the moon.

"I shall be very unhappy when you are gone. I wish you were not going, but I know that you are—you can't help it." Again he was startled.

"Whenever you look at that moon over in that dark wilderness, I wish you would please think of your little cousin—will you?" She turned eagerly and he was too moved to speak—he only bowed his head as for a prayer or a benediction.

"You don't know how often our thoughts will cross, and that will be a great comfort to me. Sometimes I am afraid. There is a wild strain on my mother's side, and it is in me. Papa knows it and he is wise—so wise—I am afraid I may sometimes do something very foolish, and it won't be *me* at all. It will be somebody that died long ago." She put both her hands over both his and held them tight.

"I never, never distrusted you. I trust you more than anybody else in the whole world except my father, and he might be away or"—she gave a little sob—"he might get killed. I want you to make me a promise."

"Anything," said the boy huskily.

"I want you to promise me that, no matter when, no matter where you are, if I need you and send for you you will come." And Indian-like he put his forehead on both her little hands.

"Thank you. I must go now." Bewildered and dazed, the boy rose and awkwardly put out his hand.

"Kiss me good-by." She put her arms about his neck, and for the first time in his life the boy's lips met a woman's. For a moment she put her face against his and at his ear was a whisper.

"Good-by, Erskine!" And she was gone—swiftly—leaving the boy in a dizzy world of falling stars through which a white light leaped to heights his soul had never dreamed.

(To be continued.)

HENRY JAMES

BY EDMUND GOSSE, C. B.

[SECOND ARTICLE]

THE abrupt change in Henry James' outlook on life, which was the result of his violent disillusion with regard to theatrical hopes and ambitions, took the form of a distaste for London and a determination, vague enough at first, to breathe for the future in a home of his own by the sea. He thought of Bournemouth, more definitely of Torquay, but finally his fate was sealed by his being offered, for the early summer months of 1896, a small house on the cliff at Point Hill, Playden, whence he could look down, as from "an eagle's nest," on the exquisite little red-roofed town of Rye, and over the wide floor of the marsh of Sussex. When the time came for his being turned out of this retreat, he positively could not face the problem of returning to the breathless heat of London in August, and he secured the vicarage in the heart of Rye itself, for two months more. Here, as earlier at Point Hill, I was his guest, and it was wonderful to observe how his whole moral and intellectual nature seemed to burgeon and expand in the new and delicious liberty of country life. We were incessantly in the open air, on the terrace (for the vicarage, though musty and dim, possessed, like the fresher Point Hill, a sea-looking terrace), sauntering round the little town, or roving for miles and miles over the illimitable flats, to Winchelsea, to Lydd, to the recesses of Walland Marsh, even, on one peerless occasion, so far afield as to Midley Chapel and the Romseys.

Never had I known Henry James so radiant, so cheerful or so self-assured. During the earlier London years there

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had hung over him a sort of canopy, a mixture of reserve and deprecation, faintly darkening the fulness of communion with his character; there always had seemed to be something indefinably non-conductive between him and those in whom he had most confidence. While the play-writing fit was on him, this had deepened almost into fretfulness; the complete freedom of intercourse which is the charm of friendship had been made more and more difficult by an excess of sensibility. Henry James had become almost what the French call a *buisson d'épines*. It was therefore surprising, and highly delightful, to find that this cloud had ceased to brood over him, and had floated away, leaving behind it a laughing azure in which quite a new and charming Henry James stood revealed. The summer of 1896, when by a succession of happy chances I was much alone with him at Rye, rests in my recollection as made exquisite by his serene and even playful uniformity of temper, by the removal of everything which had made intercourse occasionally difficult and by the addition of forms of amenity that had scarcely been foreshadowed.

On reflection, however, I find that I am mixing up memories of June at Point Hill and of September at the vicarage with the final Rye adventure, which must now be chronicled. When he was obliged to turn out of his second refuge, he returned to London, but with an ever-deepening nostalgia for the little Sussex town where he had been happy. In the following summer, the voice of Venice called him so loudly that he stayed in London longer than usual, meaning to spend the autumn and winter in Italy. He thought meanwhile of Bournemouth and of Saxmundham, he went on his bicycle round the desolate ghost of Dunwich, but his heart was whispering "Rye" to him all the while. Nothing then seemed available, however, when suddenly the unexpected vacancy of the most eligible residence conceivable settled, in the course of a couple of days, the whole future earthly pilgrimage of Henry James. The huge fact was immediately announced in a letter of the 25th of September, 1897:

"I am just drawing a long breath from having signed—a few moments since—a most portentous parchment: the lease of a smallish, charming, cheap old house in the country—down at Rye—for 21 years."

"(It was built about 1705.)"

"It is exactly what I want and secretly and hopelessly coveted (since knowing it) without dreaming it would ever fall. But it *has* fallen—and has a beautiful room for you (the King's Room—George II's—who slept there); together with every promise of yielding me an indispensable retreat from May to October (every year). I hope you are not more sorry to take up the load of life that awaits, these days, the hunch of one's shoulders than *I* am. You'll ask me what I mean by 'life.' Come down to Lamb House and I'll tell you."

There were the most delightful possibilities in the property, which included a small garden and lawn, the whole hemmed in by a peaceful old red wall, plentifully tapestried with espaliers. The noble tower of Rye church looked down into it, and Henry James felt that the chimes sounded sweetly to him as he faced his garden in monastic quiet, the little market-town packed tightly about him, yet wholly out of sight.

Meanwhile the intellectual release had been none the less marked than the physical. The earliest result of his final escape from the lures of the Vivian of the stage had been the composition of a novel, "The Spoils of Poynton," in a manner entirely different from that of his earlier long romances. This was published in 1897, and in the meantime he had set to work on a longer and more ambitious romance, "What Maisie Knew." In these he began the exercise of what has been called his "later manner," which it would be out of proportion to attempt to attempt to define in a study which purports to be biographical rather than critical. It is enough to remind the reader familiar with Henry James's writings that in abandoning the more popular and conventional method of composition he aimed at nothing less than a revolution in the art of the novelist.

While thus actively engaged in a new scheme of life, he found it more and more difficult to break "the spell of immobility" which enveloped him. He who had been so ready to start on any call of impulse in any direction, found it impossible to bring himself to respond, at

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Christmas, 1897, to the appeal of Madame Alphonse Daudet to come over to Paris to grace the obsequies of her illustrious husband. The friends—and the author of "Jack" was the most intimate of James's Parisian acquaintances—had not met after 1895, when Daudet had spent a month in London mainly under the charge of Henry James, since which time the French novelist's life had been sapped and drained from him by a disease the symptoms of which were beginning to be painfully manifest when he was with us in London. The old French friends were now disappearing. Their places in Henry James's affection were partly filled by Paul Bourget and by Maurice Barrès, whose remarkable and rather "gruesome" book, "Les Déracinés," now supplied James with an endless subject of talk and reflection.

The first novel actually completed at Lamb House was "The Awkward Age," which was ready for the printers early in 1898. The ecstasy with which he settled down to appreciate his new surroundings is reflected in that novel, where the abode of Mr. Longdon is neither more nor less than a picture of Lamb House. It was a wonderful summer and autumn, and, as Henry James said, "the air of the place thrilled all the while with the bliss of birds, the hum of little lives unseen, and the flicker of white butterflies." The MS. of "The Awkward Age" was no sooner finished, than he took up the germ of an incident dimly related to him years before at Addington, by Archbishop Benson, and wove it into "The Turn of the Screw," a sort of moral (or immoral) ghost-story which not a few readers consider to be the most powerful of all his writings, and which others again peculiarly detest. I admit myself to be a hanger-on of the former group, and I have very vivid recollections of the period when "The Turn of the Screw" was being composed. The author discussed it with a freedom not usual with him. I remember that when he had finished it, he said to me one day: "I had to correct the proofs of my ghost-story last night, and when I had finished them I was so frightened that I was afraid to go upstairs to bed!"

By the close of 1898 he had got rid of the flat in De Vere Gardens, which had become a mere burden to him, and had taken what he called an "invaluable south-looking Carlton-Gardens-sweeping bedroom" at the Reform Club in Pall Mall, which served his brief and sudden pilgrimages to town for many seasons. Lamb House, in the course of this year, became his almost exclusive residence, and it is to be noted that at the same time a remarkable change came over the nature of his correspondence. He had been a meticulous, but not very inspired letter-writer in early youth; his capacity for epistolary composition and his appetite for it had developed remarkably in the middle years (1882–1890). During the hectic period of his theatrical ambition it had dwindled again. But when he settled finally at Rye, spreading himself in luxurious contentment within the protection of his old brick garden-wall, the pink and purple surface of which stood in his fancy as a sort of body-guard of security passed down for that particular purpose through mild ages of restfulness—as soon as he sat, with his household gods about him, in the almost cotton-woolly hush of Lamb House, he began to blossom out into a correspondent of a new and splendid class. The finest and most characteristic letters of Henry James start with his fifty-fifth year, and they continue to expand in volume, in richness and in self-revelation almost to the close of his life. On this subject, Mr. Percy Lubbock, than whom no one has known better the idiosyncracies of Henry James, has described his method of correspondence in a passage which could not be bettered:

"The rich apologies for silence and backwardness that preface so many of his letters must be interpreted in the light, partly indeed of his natural luxuriance of phraseology, but much more of his generous conception of the humblest correspondent's claim on him for response. He could not answer a brief note of friendliness but with pages of abounding eloquence. He never dealt in the mere small change of intercourse; the post-card and the half-sheet did not exist for him; a few lines of inquiry would bring from him a bulging packet of manuscript, overwhelming in its disproportion. No wonder that with this standard of the meaning of a letter he often groaned under

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his postal burden. He discharged himself of it, in general, very late at night; the morning's work left him too much exhausted for more composition until then. At midnight he would sit down to his letter-writing and cover sheet after sheet, sometimes for hours, with his dashing and not very readable script. Occasionally he would give up a day to the working off of arrears by dictation, seldom omitting to excuse himself to each correspondent in turn for the infliction of the 'fierce legibility' of type."

This amplitude of correspondence was the outcome of an affectionate solicitude for his friends, which led him in another direction, namely in that of exercising a hospitality toward them for which he had never found an opportunity before. He did not, however, choose to collect anything which might remotely be called "a party"; what he really preferred was the presence of a single friend at a time, of a companion who would look after himself in the morning, and be prepared for a stroll with his host in the afternoon, and for a banquet of untrammelled conversation under the lamp or on the expanse of the lawn after the comfortable descent of nightfall.

His practice in regard to such a visitor was always to descend to the railway station below the town to welcome the guest, who would instantly recognize his remarkable figure hurrying along the platform. Under the large soft hat would be visible the large pale face, anxiously scanning the carriage-windows and breaking into smiles of sunshine when the newcomer was discovered. Welcome was signified by both hands waved aloft, lifting the skirts of the customary cloak, like wings. Then, luggage attended to, and the arm of the guest securely seized, as though even now there might be an attempt at escape, a slow ascent on foot would begin up the steep streets, the last and steepest of all leading to a discreet door, which admitted directly to the broad hall of Lamb House. Within were, to right and left, the pleasant old rooms, with low windows opening straight into the garden, which was so sheltered and economized as to seem actually spacious. Further to the left was a lofty detached room, full of books and lights, where in summer Henry James usually wrote, secluded from all possible disturbance.

The ascent of arrival from the railway grew to be more and more interesting as time went on; and as the novelist became more and more a familiar and respected citizen, it was much interrupted at last by bows from ladies and salaams from shopkeepers; many little boys and girls, the latter having often curtsied, had to be greeted, and sometimes patted on the head. These social movements used to inspire in me the inquiry: "Well, how soon are you to be the mayor-elect of Rye?" a pleasantry which was always well received. So obviously did Henry James, in the process of years, become the Leading Inhabitant, that it grew to seem no impossibility. Stranger things had happened! No civic authority would have been more conscientious and few less efficient.

His outward appearance developed in accordance with his moral and intellectual expansion. I have said that in early life Henry James was not "impressive"; as time went on his appearance became, on the contrary, excessively noticeable and arresting. He removed the beard which had long disguised his face, and so revealed the strong lines of mouth and chin, which responded to the majesty of the skull. In the breadth and smoothness of the head—Henry James became almost wholly bald early in life—there was at length something sacerdotal. As time went on he grew less and less Anglo-Saxon in appearance and more Latin. I remember once seeing a canon preaching in the Cathedral of Toulouse who was the picture of Henry James in his unction, his gravity, and his vehemence. Sometimes there could be noted—what Henry would have hated to think existing—a theatrical look which struck the eye, as though he might be some retired *jeune premier* of the Français, *jeune* no longer; and often the prelatical expression faded into a fleeting likeness to one or other celebrated Frenchman of letters (never to any Englishman or American), somewhat of Lacordaire in the intolerable scrutiny of the eyes, somewhat of Sainte-Beuve, too, in all except the mouth, which, though mobile and elastic, gave the impression in rest of being small. All these comparisons and suggestions, however, must be

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taken as the barest hints, intended to mark the tendency of Henry James's radically powerful and unique outer appearance. The beautiful modelling of the brows, waxing and waning under the stress of excitement, is a point which singularly dwells in the memory.

It is very difficult to give an impression of his manner, which was complex in the extreme, now restrained with a deep reserve, now suddenly expanding, so as to leave the auditor breathless, into a flood of exuberance. He had the habit of keeping his friends apart from one another; his intimacies were contained in many water-tight compartments. He disliked to think that he was the subject of an interchange of impressions, and, though he who discussed everybody and everything with the most penetrating and analyzing curiosity must have known perfectly well that he also, in his turn, was the theme of endless discussion, he liked to ignore it and to feign to be a bodiless spectator. Accordingly, he was not apt to pay for the revelations, confidences, guesses, and what-not which he so eagerly demanded and enjoyed by any coin of a similar species. He begged the human race to plunge into experiences, but he proposed to take no plunge himself, or at least to have no audience when he plunged.

So discreet was he, and so like a fountain sealed, that many of those who were well acquainted with him have supposed that he was mainly a creature of observation and fancy, and that life stirred his intellect while leaving his senses untouched. But every now and then he disclosed to a friend, or rather admitted such a friend to, a flash or glimpse of deeper things. The glimpse was never prolonged or illuminated—it was like peering down for a moment through some chasm in the rocks dimmed by the vapor of a clash of waves. One such flash will always leave my memory dazzled. I was staying alone with Henry James at Rye one summer, and as twilight deepened we walked together in the garden. I forget by what meanders we approached the subject, but I suddenly found that in profuse and enigmatic language he was recounting to me an experience, something that had happened, not something repeated or imagined. He spoke of standing on the pavement of a city, in the dusk, and of gazing upward across the misty street, watching, watching for the lighting of a lamp in a window on the third story. And the lamp blazed out, and through bursting tears he strained to see what was behind it, the unapproachable face. And for hours he stood there, wet with the rain, brushed by the phantom hurrying figures of the scene, and never from behind the lamp was for one moment visible the face. The mysterious and poignant revelation closed, and one could make no comment, ask no question, being throttled one's self by an overpowering emotion. And for a long time Henry James shuffled beside me in the darkness, shaking the dew off the laurels, and still there was no sound at all in the garden but what our heels made crunching the gravel, nor was the silence broken when suddenly we entered the house and he disappeared for an hour.

But the gossamer thread of narrative must be picked up once more, slight as it is. Into so cloistered a life the news of the sudden loss of Edward Burne-Jones, in June, 1898, fell with a sensation; he had "seen the dear man, to my great joy, only a few hours before his death." In the early spring of the next year, Henry James actually summoned resolution to go abroad again, visiting at Hyères Paul Bourget and the Vicomte Melchior de Vogué (of whose "Le Roman Russe" and other essays he was a sturdy admirer), and proceeding to Rome, whence he was "whirled by irresistible Marion Crawford off to Sorrento, Capri, Naples," some of these now seen for the first time. He came back to England and to Lamb House at the end of June, to find that his novel of "The Awkward Age," which was just published, was being received with a little more intelligence and sympathetic comprehension than had been the habit of greeting his productions; what he haughtily, but quite justly, called "the lurid asininity" of the press in his regard now beginning to be sensibly affected by the loyalty of the little clan of those who saw what he was "driving at" in the new romances, and who valued it as a pearl of price. Nevertheless there was still enough thick-witted denunciation of his novels to fill his own "clan" with anger, while some even of those who loved him best admitted themselves bewildered by

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"The Awkward Age." Nothing is more steadily cleared away by time than the impression of obscurity that hangs over a really fine work of imagination when it is new. Twenty years have now passed, and no candid reader any longer pretends to find this admirable story "bewildering."

The passing of old friends was partly healed by the coming of new friends, and it was about this time that Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. W. E. Norris began to be visited and corresponded with. In 1900 and 1901 Henry James was slowly engaged with luxurious throes of prolonged composition, in dictating "The Ambassadors," which he "tackled and, for various reasons, laid aside," only to attack it again "with intensity and on the basis of a simplification that made it easier" until he brought it successfully through its voluminous career. In the summer of 1902 Mrs. Wharton, who had dedicated to him, as a stranger, her novel of "The Valley of Decision," became a personal acquaintance, and soon, and till the end, one of the most valued and intimate of his friends. This event synchronized with the publication of his own great book, "The Wings of a Dove." It was followed by "The Golden Bowl." He now turned from such huge schemes as this—which in his fatigue he described as "too inordinately drawn out and too inordinately rubbed in"—to the composition of short stories, in which he found both rest and refreshment.

On this subject, the capabilities of the *conte* as a form of peculiarly polished and finished literature, he regaled me—and doubtless other friends—at this time with priceless observations. I recall a radiant August afternoon, when we sallied from his high abode and descended to the mud of the winding waters of the Brede, where, on the shaky bridge across the river, leaning perilously above the flood, Henry James held forth on the extraordinary skill of Guy de Maupassant, whose posthumous collection, "Le Colporteur," had just reached him, and on the importance of securing, as that inimitable artist so constantly secured, one straight, intelligible action which must be the source of all vitality in what, without it, became a mere wandering anecdote, more or less vaguely ornamented. Henry James was at this time, I think, himself engaged upon the series of short stories which ultimately appeared under the title of "The Better Sort," each one, as he said, being the exhibition of a case of experience or conduct. He collected and published in these years several such volumes of short compositions, in which he endeavored, and admirably effected his endeavor, to combine neatness of handling with that beauty of conception which became more and more the object of his passionate desire. The reader naturally recalls such perfect specimens of his craft as "The Real Right Thing" and "The Beast in the Jungle."

For many years he had let his fancy toy with the idea of returning, on a visit only, to America. In 1904 this project really took shape, and the long-debated journey actually took place. In August he set sail for New York, ostensibly for the purpose of writing a book of American impressions. The volume called "The American Scene," published in 1906, gives his account of the adventure, or rather of certain parts of it. He lived through the first autumn with his family, in the mountains of New Hampshire, and, after a sojourn in Cambridge, spent Christmas in New York. He then went south, in search of warmth, which he found at last in Florida. By way of Chicago, St. Louis, and Indianapolis he reached California in April, 1905. He delivered in various American colleges two lectures, specially written for the purpose, which came out as a little volume in the United States, but have not yet appeared in England. His impressions of America, in the volume which he published after his return, stop with Florida, and give therefore no record of the extreme pleasure which he experienced in California, of which his private letters were full. He declared, writing on April 5, 1905, from Coronado Beach—that "California has completely bowled me over. . . . The flowers, the wild flowers, just now in particular, which fairly *rage* with radiance over the land, are worthy of some purer planet than this. . . . It breaks my heart to have so stinted myself here," but return eastward was imperative, and in August, 1905, he was back again, safe in the silence of Lamb House.

Throughout the following autumn and

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winter he was, as he said, "squeezing out" his American impressions, which did not flow so easily as he had hoped they would. Many other enterprises hung temptingly before him, and distracted his thoughts from that particular occupation. Moreover, just before his plan for visiting the United States had taken shape, he had promised to write for a leading firm of English publishers "a romantical-psychological-pictorial-social" book about London, and in November, 1905, he returned to this project with vivacity. There is a peculiar interest about works that great writers mean to compose and never succeed in producing, and this scheme of a great picturesque book about London is like a ghost among the realities of Henry James's invention. He spoke about it more often and more freely than he did about his solid creations; I feel as though I had handled and almost as though I had read it. Westminster was to have been the core of the matter, which was to circle out concentrically to the city and the suburbs. Henry James put me under gratified contribution by coming frequently to the House of Lords in quest of "local color," and I took him through the corridors and up into garrets of the palace where never foreign foot had stepped before. There was not, to make a clean breast of it, much "local color" to be wrung out, but Henry James was indefatigable in curiosity. What really did thrill him was to stand looking down from one of the windows of the library on the terrace crowded with its motley afternoon crew of members of both houses and their guests of both sexes. He liked that better than to mingle with the throng itself, and he should have written a superb page on the scene, with its background of shining river and misty towers. Alas! it will not be read until we know what songs the Sirens sang.

All through the quiet autumn and winter of 1906 he was busy preparing the collective and definite, but far from complete, edition of his novels and tales which began to appear some twelve months later. This involved a labor which some of his friends ventured to disapprove of, since it included a rewriting into his latest style of the early stories which possessed a charm in their unaffected immaturity. Henry James was conscious, I think, of the arguments which might be brought against this reckless revision, but he rejected them with violence. I was spending a day or two with him at Lamb House when "Roderick Hudson" was undergoing, or rather had just undergone, the terrible trial; so the revised copy, darkened and swelled with MS. alterations, was put into my hands. I thought—I dare say I was quite mistaken—that the whole perspective of Henry James's work, the evidence of his development and evolution, his historical growth, were confused and belied by this wholesale tampering with the original text. Accordingly I exclaimed against this dribbling of new wine into the old bottles. This was after dinner, as we sat alone in the garden-room. All that Henry James—though I confess, with a darkened countenance—said at the time was "the only alternative would have been to put the vile thing"—that is to say the graceful tale of Roderick Hudson—"behind the fire and have done with it!" Then we passed to other subjects, and at length we parted for the night in unruffled cheerfulness. But what was my dismay, on reaching the breakfast-table next morning, to see my host sombre and taciturn, with gloom thrown across his frowning features like a veil. I inquired rather anxiously whether he had slept well? "Slept!" he answered with dreary emphasis. "Was I likely to sleep when my brain was tortured with all the cruel and—to put it plainly to you—monstrous insinuations which you had brought forward against my proper, my necessary, my absolutely inevitable corrections of the disgraceful and disreputable style of 'Roderick Hudson'?" I withered, like a guilty thing ashamed, before the eyes that glared at me over the coffee-pot, and I inly resolved that not one word of question should ever escape my lips on this subject again.

Early in 1907 he was tempted once more, after so long absence, to revisit France. While in America he had acquired the habit of motoring, which he learned to enjoy so much that it became the greatest physical pleasure of his life, and one which seemed definitely to benefit his health. He motored through a great part of France, and then proceeded to his beloved Italy, where he spent some

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radiant summer days under the pines near Vallombrosa, and later some more with his lifelong friend, Mrs. Curtis, in her wonderful Palazzo Barbaro in Venice. Ten weeks in Paris must be added to the foreign record of this year, which was the last of those which Henry James was able to dedicate to that Latin world which he loved so well and comprehended so acutely. The "nightmare," as he called it, of his collected edition kept him closely engaged for months after his return—it ultimately ran into a range of twenty-four volumes—but he was also sketching a novel, "The Ivory Tower," which was to embody some of his American recollections; this was never finished. He met new friends of the youngest generation, such as Hugh Walpole and Rupert Brooke, and they gave him great happiness.

He seemed to be approaching old age in placidity and satisfaction, when, toward the end of 1909, he was seized by a mysterious group of illnesses which "deprived him of all power to work and caused him immeasurable suffering of mind." Unfortunately his beloved brother William was also failing in health and had come to Europe in the vain search for recovery; their conditions painfully interacted. The whole year 1910 was one of almost unmitigated distress. Henry accompanied Mr. and Mrs. William back to their home in New Hampshire, where in the autumn not only the eminent philosopher but a third brother, Robertson James, died, leaving Henry solitary indeed, and weighed upon by a cloud of melancholy which forbade him to write or almost to speak. Out of this he passed, in the spring of 1911, and returned to Lamb House, where he had another sharp attack of illness in the autumn of 1912. It was now felt that the long, pale winters over the marsh at Rye were impossible for him and the bedroom at the Reform Club insufficient. He therefore rented a small flat, high up over the Thames in Cheyne Walk, where he was henceforth to spend half of each year, and died. He sat, on occasion of his seventieth birthday, to Mr. Sargent for the picture which is now one of the treasures of the National Portrait Gallery; this was surprisingly mutilated, while being exhibited at the Royal Academy, by a "militant suffragette"; Henry James was extraordinarily exhilarated by having been thus "impaired by the tomahawk of the savage," and displayed himself as "breasting a wondrous high-tide of postal condolence in this doubly-damaged state." This was his latest excitement before the war with Germany drowned every other consideration.

The record of the last months of Henry James's life is told in the wonderful letters that he wrote between the beginning of August, 1914, and the close of November, 1915. He was at Rye when the war broke out, but he found it absolutely impossible to stay there without daily communication with friends in person, and, contrary to his lifelong habit, he came posting up to London in the midst of the burning August weather. He was transfigured by the events of those early weeks, overpowered, and yet, in his vast and generous excitement, himself overpowering. He threw off all the languor and melancholy of the recent years, and he appeared actually grown in size, as he stalked the streets, amazingly moved by the unexpected nightmare, "the huge horror of blackness" which he saw before him. "The plunge of civilization into the abyss of blood and darkness by the wanton feat of these two infamous autocrats" made him suddenly realize that the quiet years of prosperity which had preceded 1914 had been really, as he put it, "treacherous," and that their perfidy had left us unprotected against the tragic terrors which now faced our world. It was astonishing how great Henry James suddenly seemed to become; he positively loomed above us in his splendid and disinterested faith. His first instinct had been horror at the prospect; his second anger and indignation against the criminals; but to these succeeded a passion of love and sympathy for England and France, and an unyielding but anxious and straining confidence in their ultimate success. Nothing could express this better than the language of a friend who saw him constantly, and studied his moods with penetrating sympathy. Mr. Percy Lubbock says:

"To all who listened to him in those days it must have seemed that he gave us what we lacked—a voice; there was a trumpet note in it that was heard no-

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where else and that alone rose to the height of the truth."

The impression Henry James gave in these first months of the war could not be reproduced in better terms. To be in his company was to be encouraged, stimulated, and yet filled with a sense of the almost intolerable gravity of the situation; it was to be moved with that "trumpet note" in his voice, as the men fighting in the dark defiles of Roncevaux were moved by the sound of the oliphant of Roland. He drew a long breath of relief in the thought that England had not failed in her manifest duty to France, or "shirked any one of the implications of the Entente." When, as at the end of the first month, things were far from exhilarating for the Allies, Henry James did not give way to despair, but he went back to Rye, possessing his soul in waiting patience, "bracing himself unutterably," as he put it, "and holding on somehow (though to God knows what!) in presence of the perpetrations so gratuitously and infamously hideous as the destruction of Louvain and its accompaniments."

At Lamb House he sat through that gorgeous tawny September, listening to the German guns thundering just across the Channel, while the advance of the enemy through those beautiful lands which he knew and loved so well filled him with anguish. He used to sally forth and stand on the bastions of his little town, gazing over the dim marsh that became sand-dunes, and then sea, and then a mirage of the white cliffs of French Flanders which were actually visible when the atmosphere grew transparent. The anguish of his execration became almost the howl of some animal, of a lion of the forest with the arrow in his flank, when the Germans wrecked Reims Cathedral. He gazed and gazed over the sea southeast, and almost fancied that he saw the flicker of the flames. He ate and drank, he talked and walked and thought, he slept and waked and lived and breathed, only the war. His friends grew anxious; the tension was beyond what his natural powers, transfigured as they were, could be expected to endure; and he was persuaded to come back to Chelsea, although a semblance of summer still made Rye attractive.

During this time his attitude toward America was marked by a peculiar delicacy. His letters expressed no upbraiding, but a yearning, restrained impatience that took the form of a constant celebration of the attitude of England, which he found, in those early months, consistently admirable. In his abundant and eloquent letters to America he dealt incessantly on the shining light which events were throwing on "England's moral position and attitude, her predominantly incurable good nature, the sublimity or the egregious folly, one scarcely knows which to call it, of her innocence in face of the most prodigiously massed and worked-out intentions of aggression." He admitted, with every gesture of courtesy, that America's absence from the feast of allied friendship on an occasion so unexampled, so infinitely momentous, was a bitter grief to him, but he was ready to believe it a necessity. For his own part, almost immediately on his return to London in October, 1914, Henry James began to relieve the mental high pressure by some kinds of practical work for which nothing in his previous life had fitted him, but into which he now threw himself with even exhausting ardor. He had always shrunk from physical contact with miscellaneous strangers, but now nothing seemed unwelcome save an aloofness which would have divided him from the sufferings of others. The sad fate of Belgium particularly moved him, and he found, close to his flat in Cheyne Walk, a centre for the relief of Belgian refugees, and he was active in service there. A little later on, he ardently espoused the work of the American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps. His practical experiences and his anxiety to take part in the great English movement for relief of the Belgians and the French are reflected in the essays which were collected last year under the title of "Within the Rim."

We were, however, made anxious by the effect of all this upon his nerves. The magnificent exaltation of spirit which made him a trumpeter in the sacred progress of the Allies was of a nature to alarm us as much as it inspirited and rejoiced us. When we thought of what he had been in 1911, how sadly he had aged in 1912, it was not credible that in 1915 he could endure to be filled to overflowing by this tide of febrile enthusiasm. Some of

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us, in the hope of diverting his thoughts a little from the obsession of the war, urged him to return to his proper work; and he responded in part to our observations, while not abandoning his charitable service. He was at work on "The Ivory Tower" when the war began, but he could not recover the note of placidity which it demanded, and he abandoned it in favor of a novel begun in 1900, and then laid aside, "The Sense of the Past." He continued, at the same time, his reminiscences, and was writing the fragment published since his death as "The Middle Years." But all this work was forced from him with an effort, very slowly; the old sprightly running of composition was at an end, the fact being that his thoughts were now incessantly distracted by considerations of a far more serious order.

The hesitations of Mr. Wilson, and Henry James's conviction that, in the spring of 1915, the United States Government was "sitting down in meekness and silence under the German repudiation of every engagement she solemnly took with" America, led to his taking a step which he felt to be in many respects painful, but absolutely inevitable. His heart was so passionately united with England in her colossal effort, and he was so dismally discouraged by the unending hesitation of America, that he determined to do what he had always strenuously refused to do before, namely, apply for British naturalization. Mr. Asquith (then prime minister), Doctor George Prothero (the editor of *The Quarterly Review*), and I, had the honor and the gratification of being chosen his sponsors. In the case of so illustrious a claimant the usual formalities were passed over, and on the 26th of July, 1915, Henry James became a British subject. Unhappily he did not live to see America join the Allies, and so missed the joy for which he longed above all others.

But his radiant enthusiasm was burning him out. In August he had a slight breakdown, and his autumn was made miserable by an affection of the heart. He felt, he said, twenty years older, but "still, I cultivate, I at least attempt, a brazen front." He still got about, and I saw him at Westminster on the evening of the 29th of November. This was, I believe, the last time he went out, and two days later, on the night between the 1st and the 2d of December, he had a stroke. He partly rallied and was able to receive comfort from the presence of his sister-in-law, Mrs. William James, who hurried across the Atlantic to nurse him. At the New Year he was awarded the highest honor which the King can confer on a British man of letters, the Order of Merit, the insignia of which were brought to his bedside by Lord Bryce. On the 28th of February, 1916, he died, within two months of his seventy-third birthday. His body was cremated, and the funeral service held at that "altar of the dead" which he had loved so much, Chelsea Old Church, a few yards from his own door.

EVENING

By Louis Dodge

I SHALL not mind—not when the sun rides high
And men too busy are to love or weep;
I think I shall not miss the unsinging sky
As in the silent grave I lie asleep.

But oh, the earth shall throb above my heart
In that soft hour, after the day is done,
When from one river nook, serene, apart,
The spars rise thick against the setting sun.

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DISTRACTING ADELINE

By Harriet Welles

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON C. DEXTER

IF you are the unmarried member of a large family of sisters and brothers, sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law, you will understand, without my going into details, just how unreasonable such a clan can be and will appreciate my position when they insistently blame me because my brother's wife, Adeline, became interested in spiritualism while she was away with me.

I have explained to them many times that, if Adeline had a tendency toward dabbling into that sort of thing, she would have found an opportunity no matter with whom she might have been. And I add that, at the time, it was most inconvenient for me to give up my plans and take Adeline on that journey to distract her mind.

And then I ask why, if I am to be blamed for allowing her to get interested in spiritualism, they shouldn't be equally responsible for letting her go on with it? This question always irritates my oldest sister-in-law and she retaliates by saying——

But let me tell you the whole thing.

My nephew, Jack Malcolm—son of my favorite brother, Ned, and my sister-in-law, Adeline—was the only boy in the family of the age to go to the Great War, and he went at the earliest opportunity.

We have, as a family, "run to girls" in this generation, and Jack was fairly snowed under with socks and sweaters, collapsible wash-basins and drinking-cups, folding combs and mirrors, and other impedimenta donated by his numerous aunts and girl cousins—in fact, at the last, even politely simulated gratitude forsook him and he demanded of my niece, Caroline, that she spread among the family the sad information that he, and his luggage, were not the only things that the *Imperator* was to carry on her voyage to Brest.

"Mother's the worst of all!" growled Jack to me; "she's bought me a folding-bed and a steamer chair! I'll never advise people to 'have a heart,' again—what they need to have is more sense!"

Jack and I have always been chums and, knowing him, I smiled through my tears as I said good-by, for I was sure that he would return. Death was an idle meaningless word that I could not couple with his gay youth and endless vitality.

And so, when the news came loitering in that he was missing, I could not rally from my sense of shocked unbelief and stunned unreality; nor could I comprehend that, never again, would I see the erectly held head or rollic forth with him on some "entirely undignified and unsuitable" outing. Those, and the old, unforgotten days when I waited for tidings of my beloved younger sister—lost, returning from her honeymoon in Italy on a doomed ship—were, for me, the hardest I have ever known. I used, in the night and early morning, to awaken partly and wonder what the horrible thing that was haunting me *could be*. And with consciousness the leaden suffering came back—except that, in Jack's case, I could not make his loss seem real—nor could I weep.

This solace was not denied Adeline. She could and did cry uncontrolledly on every occasion—so much so that, as the weeks dragged into months, the family glanced, with growing apprehension, at Ned, and wondered uneasily how much longer his tautly strung nerves and unnatural calm could stand the strain.

Conditions culminated on the day when Jack's regiment, home-coming, marched up the avenue, and vociferous crowds hailed their safe return. Adeline insisted on seeing them; then, on reaching home, gave way to wild hysterics and wailing.

Ned's face was gray and drawn before it was over, the doctor summoned, and a hastily convened family council were unanimously agreed that the doctor's ad-

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vice should be followed: Adeline must go away on a journey to distract her mind—and at once. But who would go with her? With equal unanimity they decided upon me.

"But I don't want to go!" I cried; "you're always saying that I am flighty and have an unfortunate sense of humor. Why don't one of you steady, sane, sensible ones go? 'Just because I'm not married' isn't any reason. Ned would rather have me here running the house, anyhow!"

My sisters-in-law murmured sternly of pressing duties and adjured me to remember the need of family loyalty and of the necessity of patient kindliness in the present sad crisis. But I refused to be convinced. I rebelled.

Just then my oldest sister-in-law closed her eyes and wearily shook her head. She means by this to signify that the family into which she has married have exhausted her patience and sapped her vitality, and, although I am only too familiar with her methods of procedure, I knew that I was vanquished. I made a few more objections but they talked me down.

In view of our mourning it was arranged as suitable that Adeline and I should visit a certain famous summer encampment an d school where, it was hoped, the lectures on widely differing subjects and the activities of the summer students—gathered from every State of the Union—might prove of interest and diversion.

"Not that anything can make me forget for a minute," quavered Adeline, huddling down in her Pullman chair and feeling for her handkerchief. She was a forlorn figure in deepest black—the only spot of color a small, red-edged, service pin with its golden star; the nearer passengers glanced at her with helpless sympathy and tried, during the long journey before we reached our destination, to do any small kindnesses within their power.

While I never forgot the reason which was responsible for my visit to the summer school I was, during the next few days, increasingly interested in the breadth and scope of the work. The lectures were amazingly varied—the subjects ranging from talks on community kitchens to detailed descriptions on the place of the Indian in the new democracy; from nature plays to concerts; from reviews of current books to an account of American consuls and consulates; from forum debates on everything from bolshevism to foreign missions. I was so interested that, at first, I did not notice that Adeline was increasingly bored until, on the sixth day, I suddenly realized that our visit was not going well. Adeline was definitely restless and dissatisfied and the lectures, as a distraction, were not a success. I felt blue and baffled as I tried to make her reconsider her refusal to go to any more entertainments.

"I'm bored to tears with the forum discussions and that woman who *always* gets up and asks what influence suffrage will have on everything from socialism to rheumatism," reiterated Adeline fretfully; then hesitated. "I've been talking to some people down-stairs, and they told me of the most interesting place less than four hours' ride from here. They say that that *most remarkable* things happen! It's a colony of those sort of psychoanalysis-tis's you were interested in last winter," volunteered Adeline cannily, and paused. "I've decided to go there . . . and see if . . . I can't get some message . . . from Jack," she faltered, and felt for her handkerchief.

"But psychoanalysis couldn't do that!" I cried stupidly; then remembered some chance overheard conversations. "If you are talking about that settlement of spiritualists . . . Surely, Adeline, you *couldn't* allow yourself to *pretend* to be deceived by those dreadful people!"

The next three days were unbearable. Adeline, vacillating between tears and silence, refused to leave her room or to eat until I, nearly frantic, had grudgingly consented to spend two days at the hotel in the spiritists' colony. "I'll do this with the distinct understanding that you never refer to it again," I stipulated grimly. "The family told me to distract Adeline—" I compromised mentally.

"I told the clerk not to forward any mail. We'll be back before it could reach us," I informed her as we climbed into the station omnibus. Having won her point she assented with the utmost cheerfulness.

Have you ever thought about the number of curious settlements and odd little gatherings of fanatical experimenters car-

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rying forward, more or less sincerely, their exotic ideas on art, literature, and religion—and the lesser dilutions that trade on human weakness, ignorance, sorrow, and credulity—all over our big, tolerant country?

Adeline's discovery was one of these.

Hardly had we paid the entrance fee that admitted us inside the high fence which encloses the colony when advertising signs, promising every variety of experiment in the supernatural, came into view. Adeline hurried me, and our luggage, toward the ramshackle hotel and, our rooms secured, we fared forth.

"We'll try this first one," suggested Adeline, knocking excitedly at a beplacarded door. "Not I!" I answered, "I'll wait for you here."

Adeline was gone for about twenty minutes while I, sitting on the steps, had time to ruminate on exactly *what* our combined family would say—or do—if, at the moment, they knew how we were disporting ourselves. The experiment might be a distraction to Adeline but, having a vivid imagination, my mental picture of the adjudging relatives was almost more than I could bear. I groaned sepulchrally.

"What *is* the matter with you?" inquired Adeline from the doorway. "That one wasn't much good," she volunteered discontentedly; "she asked me if I had any children, and when I shook my head and felt for my handkerchief she told me that 'Wild Rose' whispered to her that all my children would have been born dead. She seemed to think that should cheer me!"

"Well, I told you! Let's go home!" I suggested hopefully.

Adeline wheeled and faced me. "Can't you *bear* to see a person trying to find a little comfort—without making it just as hard as you can?" she stormed.

After that I followed her through a nightmare afternoon.

We visited six mediums and attended an open-air gathering. I did not see the first six, but the open-air performance (like the food samples they give you, in shops) was to build up a taste for the goods and thereby encourage trade. Adeline and I sat on the second of forty benches.

A plump girl, seated on a narrow platform, was mistress of ceremonies. "Will some medium volunteer?" she asked.

A slender, very nervous woman answered the appeal and came forward. Selecting a bracelet from among the "personal articles" proffered she demanded: "Who do you want a message from?" "My husband," faltered a showily dressed girl.

The medium swayed unsteadily. "I feel . . . a pointed chin . . . a *rather* pointed chin . . . against my cheek. . . . I have a sense of a . . . beard. . . . No? . . . Then a mus-tache. . . . No? . . . Well, then, eyelashes! (he had eyelashes, I guess—didn't he?) and blue-gray eyes. . . . No? Well, then: *dark* eyes . . . and a voice whispers: 'Tell her it's all right, here. *Everything is all right, here'!*" The medium chanted in a high voice; she twisted the bracelet in her hands while her voice rose to a shrill, hysterical shriek. "He says that everything is all right," she chanted; then, dropping to a normal tone: "Next!"

A woman, asking for her sister, was disposed of; the medium returned to her seat and the plump girl, rising, gave her name and address for the benefit of any who might be interested.

Another medium took her place and selected a nickel wrist-watch from a boy in khaki. If he desired a message from the beyond he was not given a chance to say so. "What *you* need is more push," she told him, "go ahead fer what you want—brush folks aside that gets in yer way. It's a free world! Lots of times the spirits and me lay on our backs and talk it over. 'Folks is too shy! If I had it to do over—' the spirits sez!" She paused, and clasped her head between her hands. "Wait—wait—wait!" she screamed, and added: "A spirit's awful anxious to tell me something! Yes! . . . Yes! . . . Yes!" She faced the audience. "Any one here who's lost some one in an automobile accident?" she questioned.

A pretty young girl arose. "My brother," she answered faintly.

"He's all right! He's here, right now! Says to tell you everything's all right!" exulted the medium.

"Marvellous!" breathed Adeline, writing down the address given out by the plump girl.

"There are over two hundred people here! I don't believe you could gather

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"I've decided to go there . . . and see if . . . I can't get some message . . . from Jack."—Page 559.

that many together, nowadays, and *not* find some one who had lost a relative or friend in an automobile accident—" I commenced.

"Hush!" whispered Adeline fiercely.

The next medium, fixing her eyes on Adeline's pin with the golden star and noting Adeline's youthful face, resurrected a brother, fumbled it into a husband, then, helped by my sister-in-law, decided that the lost one was a son and gave an elaborate and cheering message. I felt faint and sick as I listened, but Adeline's transfigured expression spurred me to action. "If that had *really* been Jack's spirit—and we had hauled it back to perform before these dreadful people—the message he would have given that medium to deliver to us would have put a permanent African kink into every hair on our heads," I muttered with grim sincerity.

Adeline was shocked. "Aren't you *afraid* to be so sacrilegious?" she whispered, turning her back on me.

The medium was continuing: "The spirits crowd about me," she chanted; "ask me for any one you want!"

An elderly woman arose. "Is my . . . dear one . . . here?" she gasped hysterically.

The medium waved her arms. "Sure!

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Sure! Says to tell you everything is grand—just grand!" wailed the spiritualist.

"Neuter gender's a great convenience, isn't it?" I whispered to Adeline, who ignored me.

An old lady was given a message from her grandmother. ("How could the medium know that her grandmother was dead?" Adeline demanded triumphantly. "Because, if she were alive, she'd be one hundred and fifty years old and have a job with Barnum and Bailey," I said, fighting to the last.)

The dreary business dragged to a close. When the open-air meeting was over we, with about twenty others, patronized a knocking medium who answered questions by one, two, or three hollow thumps under the floor. Before the demonstration she gave us a detailed account of the work of the Fox Sisters—"first American spiritualists and knocking mediums"—stopping, as each new person entered, to collect the required fee. "She was, of the lot, the most convincing," I commented, as we walked away; "I'd diagnose her disease as mental autointoxication—although, of course, she undoubtedly needs the money. Curious thing, when you think of it, Adeline, but those Fox females and their spiritualism must have commenced at about the time when the average American began to have a little surplus money beyond what they, and their families, needed for the bare necessities. No money-ee no trance-ee!"

"How, if she's a fake and has an accomplice in the cellar, does the knocking follow her out on the front lawn?" demanded Adeline stubbornly.

"Double-jointed toes have a habit of riding around on some people's feet," I responded with weary patience. After that I lapsed into silence and waited outside, while Adeline patronized three private establishments until it was time to repair to the ramshackle hotel and the worst meal that ever masqueraded as a dinner. Adeline, usually much more critical than I, never noticed the soiled linen, chipped dishes, and messy food, and, almost immediately after the repast, she suggested that we go to bed. I was willing, for I felt tired out.

Adeline had little to say beyond suggesting that we leave the door between our rooms open, and I dropped into uneasy slumber almost as soon as I lay down on the humpy, uncomfortable, old, wooden bed.

I lived through about fifty years and seven thousand heated family councils, in my dreams, that night. Once, partially waking, I realized that Adeline was shaking me and heard her say: "For goodness' sake stop groaning! I'd think that you were being murdered!" To which I replied with dignity: "I couldn't have been groaning, because I wasn't asleep. I was merely telling my oldest sister-in-law—" and lapsed again into slumber.

Toward morning when, after a tussle with a masked medium, I had tumbled from the roof, I was fully awakened by a loud crash and a jolting fall, and found myself and the mattress dumped down on the dirty floor. From the doorway came Adeline's voice: "If you aren't converted by what you've gone through *this night* you're stupider and blinder than even *I* think!"

I arose stiffly and examined the wreckage. "I don't usually get converted by a broken bed-slat," I rejoined, pulling the wafer-like mattress out onto the floor and settling down on it. Later, relenting, I called to her: "Are the mosquitoes bothering you?"

"Are you sure that it isn't prickly heat from getting upset and cross so often?" inquired Adeline sweetly.

"Not unless prickly heat sings around your head before it comes out on you," I answered.

This ended the conversation.

Except that Adeline located the cleverest and most expensive of the mediums—a man, this time—the second day was like the first. And yet, in its after-effects, not like the first, for the man was, in a certain slimy, unhealthy way, *very* clever. I shall always be thankful that she did not hear of him until that last afternoon, for I shall remember the hours spent in the outer office, in company with his clerk and assistant, as one of the most humiliating experiences of my life.

This special dealer in things occult charged one dollar a minute—and his waiting-room was crowded. I commenced my vigil (Adeline withdrew to

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the opposite side of the room while awaiting her turn) by being amused by two ladies from Texas who wished to know whether an oil-well, in which they had invested, would turn out profitably. I heard one ask the medium this question as the door closed on her. Three minutes later she emerged and volunteered: "He's pretty smart! I asked about the oil-wells, and he said they were all right. I'm going to tell my brother-in-law that. He says there's no oil within two hundred miles!" "I wouldn't!" advised her friend nervously; "your brother-in-law might insist on hearing where you got your new tip." "And then I asked him to tell me where I was from, and he answered: 'Why waste my time, and yours, by telling you that you come from Texas?'"

Her friend chimed in: "Emmie, do you remember old Mrs. Dowd who was stricken with one of these religions? Oh, yes, you do remember her! Carrie Foster's aunt? Well, she was so filled with kindness that she used to sit in her window and wish every one who passed a good time. As soon as I heard of it I did my walking on another street because I was sure that her idea of a good time wasn't at all the same as mine. She was forever saying 'everything is all right,' too."

"If you cut those words out of the English language these people would go out of business," I commented, and turned to find the assistant's shifty eyes fixed on me. The Texans laughingly agreed and bade me good-by. After they were gone the assistant lounged over. "What do you want here?" he demanded.

I took up a newspaper, but he stood in front of me. "What are you waitin' for?" he asked.

"I am waiting for a lady who is foolish enough to be having an appointment here," I answered icily.

He stared at me, walked away, and returned. "I heard what you said to those women. If you're wise you'll cut out that sort of criticism around here," he ordered.

"I presume that it pays you to overhear all that you can," I said.

He flushed an ugly red. "You folks with money ain't wanted here. Money don't interest *us! We* don't care a d—— for money!" he snarled.

I thought of the minutes and dollars Adeline was squandering, but, as that was her affair, I made no comment except to ask if he wasn't confusing money with literacy.

This made him angry. "If you don't shut your mouth I'll put you out! It ain't healthy around here for folks that give us sass!" he bellowed.

I turned my back and looked out of the window. I was tired; I was disgusted; I was angry with Adeline and the whole sordid experience and I sat staring fixedly at the patterned shadows of the leaves . . . wavering . . . shifting . . . moving . . . in tiny spots of light and mottled shade . . . and then, quite suddenly, it faded away. Motionless, dumb, I stared. . . .

She came in out of the sunlight through an old doorway festooned with flowering wistaria—my beloved younger sister. The shimmering satin of her wedding-dress made a shining sheath for her slender body; the yellowing folds of our grandmother's lace wedding-veil made a gracious frame for her radiant face. With her, as in my last memory, came the scent of the great bouquet she carried—and the background of an old garden with prim, box-edged flower-beds riotous with blue delphinium and multicolored phlox.

She smiled at me across the shadowy space. Gone—were the gray years; gone—the agonized days of waiting for the ship which never made port. If she had experienced the suffering and terror which I, in my anguish, had so vividly imagined as I pictured the hungry sweep of the icy water, there was, in her serene face, no sign of remembrance, no mark of the ordeal. Gone was my desire to call to her the wistful, pathetic question: "Is it well—is it well with you?"

Even as I hesitated, she passed . . . fading again into the sunlight and unheeding my hasty, pitiful query: "But what of Jack?"

And then I found myself standing in the centre of the waiting-room. Mechanically I lifted my handkerchief and wiped, with a trembling hand, the perspiration from my face while the assistant leered maliciously at me. "Well, what of Jack?" he exulted; "if you're so superior why don't you find out?"

Much later, when Adeline joined me,

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she had to borrow a quite considerable sum of money from me.

"I shall leave here to-morrow morning," I told her, as we walked toward the hotel.

"Our train goes at eleven-fifty," she agreed; "that just gives us time to attend an important meeting at nine." She laid a conciliating hand on my arm. "I've had such a marvellous experience—such a wonderful, comforting message from Jack. Never again can I be so selfish as to grieve or to wish him back. I've been a wicked woman; but now I know better."

I was aghast. "But, Adeline—" I commenced. She stopped me. "*Don't!*" she said.

During dinner she was silent and I, noting her rapt expression, steeled myself for a mighty effort and a stiff tussle.

"Let's sit out here and watch the moon come up," I suggested when the meal was over. She acquiesced without enthusiasm and we went out on the porch; I placed our chairs as far as possible from the omnipresent windows and asked carelessly what she thought of the view. She answered that she hadn't noticed it.

"What impresses you most about the people here?" I questioned. She answered: "Why—really—I don't know. I hadn't noticed them! What impresses you?"

"Their illiteracy, first," I answered soberly; "if one judged by the mediums here one would inevitably decide that the first thing *all* spirits *demanded* of their spokesmen was a lack of education. And as none of the members of my family made friends of such people, I can't imagine their spirits taking orders, or sending messages, through them. Can you?"

She did not answer.

"Then, too, look at the majority of the 'regulars' in the audiences and waiting-rooms. Women, mostly—pathetic women, with dull, vacant expressions and clouded eyes—creatures of infinite pathos and appeal whom you would like to help but, most certainly, *not* to emulate!"

I stopped to watch a child—a curious, twisted, stooping child who was coming up the hill toward us.

"*What is it?*" whispered Adeline.

The little girl came nearer and, seeing us watching her, tossed back her hair, lifted a queer, distorted face, and grimaced at us as she limped crookedly away.

"What was the matter with her?" asked Adeline in a frightened whisper.

"She's the innocent example of the way human sin is paid for by human misery," I answered, and added: "In the old Mosaic Law God *forbade* men to have dealings with spirits. The penalty for men's disobedience was death. There's death—in different cankering forms—all around here, Adeline."

She moved impatiently. "Allegories bore me. Don't preach to me," she said with fretful emphasis. "If there's nothing in—all this—why does it go on?" she asked.

"Because, every year, through loneliness and loss there are a certain number of people who are pitifully beating their heads against the wall of the unknown. During these war years there has been an increasing number. And it pays charlatans like these to cater to them. It *pays them*, Adeline, to trade in suffering and ignorance and helplessness! Does any one ever get a helpful message—a warning against loss or accident or imminent trouble—the kind of message the watchful love of those awaiting us would want to send? No! You'd think that spirits were parrots and 'everything is all right' was the only sentence they'd learned!"

Adeline lifted her hand. "I really can't listen—" she said.

"I'm sorry that I shocked you," I apologized; "and, of course, some of these mediums have hypnotic powers—*if* they can get you to *look* at something and *think* about a certain person; but——"

Adeline stood up. "As an unmarried woman there are, of course, many things that are beyond your understanding, of which I am able to judge," she said; "as I want to have an early breakfast, I will bid you good night."

I am not youthful, but, as I sat there waiting for a moon that never came up, my thoughts were long, long ones!

The next morning's meeting was an elaborate and finished performance. Unopened, written questions were answered;

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advice was given about love-affairs, domestic tangles, business ventures, and money matters; persons in the audience, receiving elaborate and intimate information and messages from departed relatives and friends, arose and testified with warmth that the medium had never seen them before and had no explainable way of getting the information; small clews were quickly grasped and enlarged upon. Every move showed a careful and painstaking attention to details. The sordid ordeal dragged on.

I was sitting—a dejected and heart-sick figure—when a diversion occurred. With a characteristic gesture the medium clasped his head and signalled for silence, then, to my amazement, he said: "Deborah insists on being heard! Yes, Deborah! Yes! I hear! You say that you have an important message for J. C. M.?"

He listened intently, then: "Will J. C. M. please stand up?" he said.

No one stirred. He repeated the initials.

"It's you! *It's you!* Get up!" whispered Adeline.

Mechanically I rose to my feet.

The medium glared at me. Then: "*Jack isn't dead,*" he said; "my control, Deborah, says that Jack is all right. You'll see him in a couple of days," he said.

I caught my breath.

From beside me came a muffled cry. "That message was for me! Jack is mine!" wailed Adeline.

Blind with anger, I took a firm hold of her arm and propelled her toward the door. Something in the look on my face or the determined grasp with which I held her, stifled her attempt at protest or refusal. We spent the hour before the train started, and the two hours of our journey, in absolute silence.

As far as I am concerned, silence is the one boon I crave in connection with every detail of those hideous days.

At the desk of the summer school hotel the clerk beamed a welcome and smiled contagiously as he handed us the mail and a telegram.

"I'm as pleased as if it was one of my own kin!" he said; "when the message was telephoned up, I rushed right to the phone and called up that spooky joint where you were. Their hotel wasn't listed, so I gave the message to two or three people to give to you. May I congratulate you? Must seem like a miracle to get your boy back!" He beamed at Adeline.

I tore open my telegram.

"'Break news to Adeline . . . Jack returns to-morrow. Wounded . . . gassed . . . shell-shock . . . lost record—'" the dancing words wavered unsteadily across the yellow paper.

"*Great Scott!*" ejaculated the clerk, and leaped over the low counter as Adeline, with a little moan, crumpled into a faint beside me.

Later, when the hastily packed trunks were ready, and I had paid the bill, the clerk remorsefully broached the subject. "If I had *dreamed* that my message hadn't reached you, I wouldn't have blurted it out like that! But that last fellow who answered the telephone was so particular about having me repeat the initials and spell out the names! I thought that, of course, you'd received it!" he said.

"Just *whom* did you telephone to?" I asked.

He flipped open the book and ran his finger down the list.

"H'm!" I commented; "I wouldn't worry about that telephone message. We received it! There isn't a doubt about that!"

Jack—lame, thinner, and quieter—is back with us.

Except that I can never see his smile, or hear his voice, without a deep feeling of humility and profound gratitude for the undeserved mercies which have been showered upon us, I have settled prosaically back into the old ways.

And yet—not quite.

Adeline's interest in the occult, fostered by opposition, persists; and, since their disapproval does not concern or affect *her*, my brothers and sisters, my brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law (and especially my oldest sister-in-law), continue not only to blame me but repeatedly to tell me so!

Now really—aren't they more unreasonable than the usual family?

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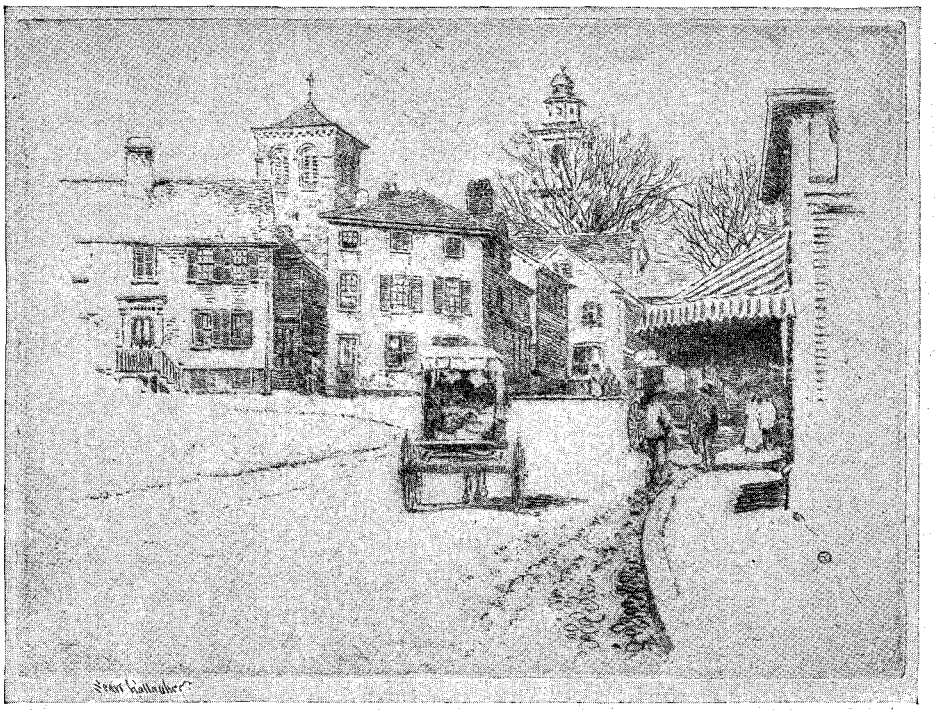

A bit of old Plymouth.

THE TERCENTENARY *of* OLD PLYMOUTH

FIVE ETCHINGS BY
SEARS GALLAGHER

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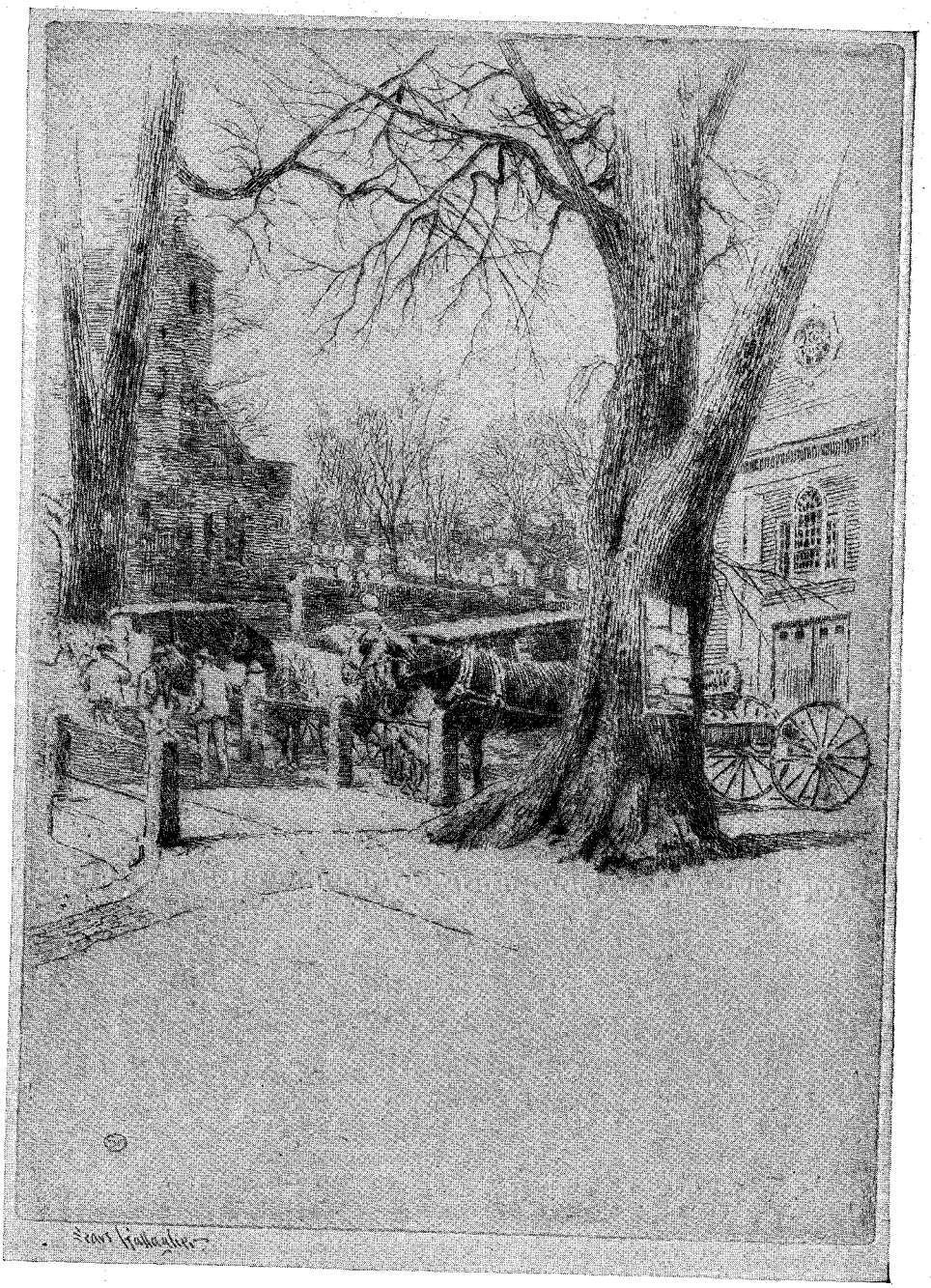

The town square.

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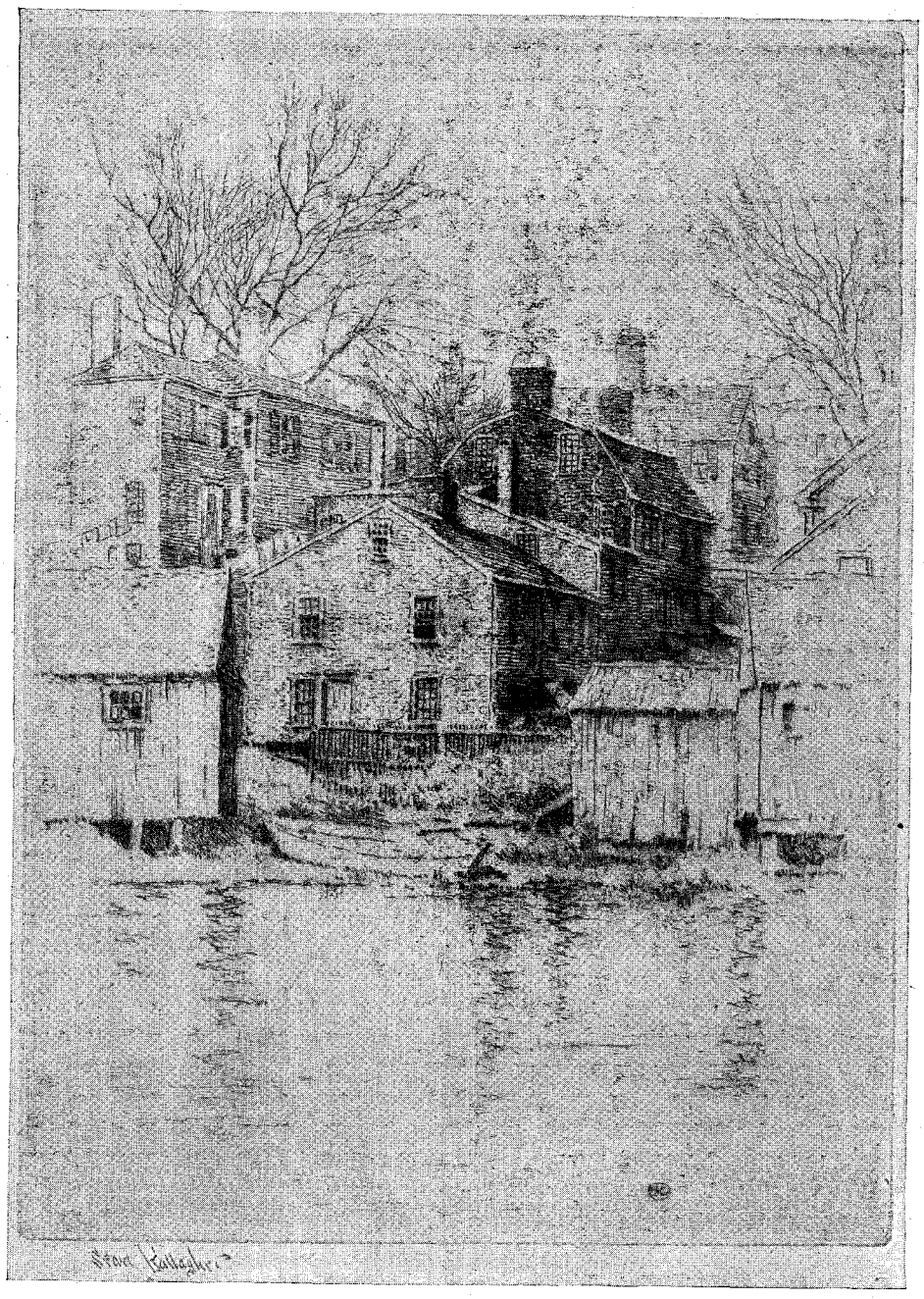

Old Commons House.

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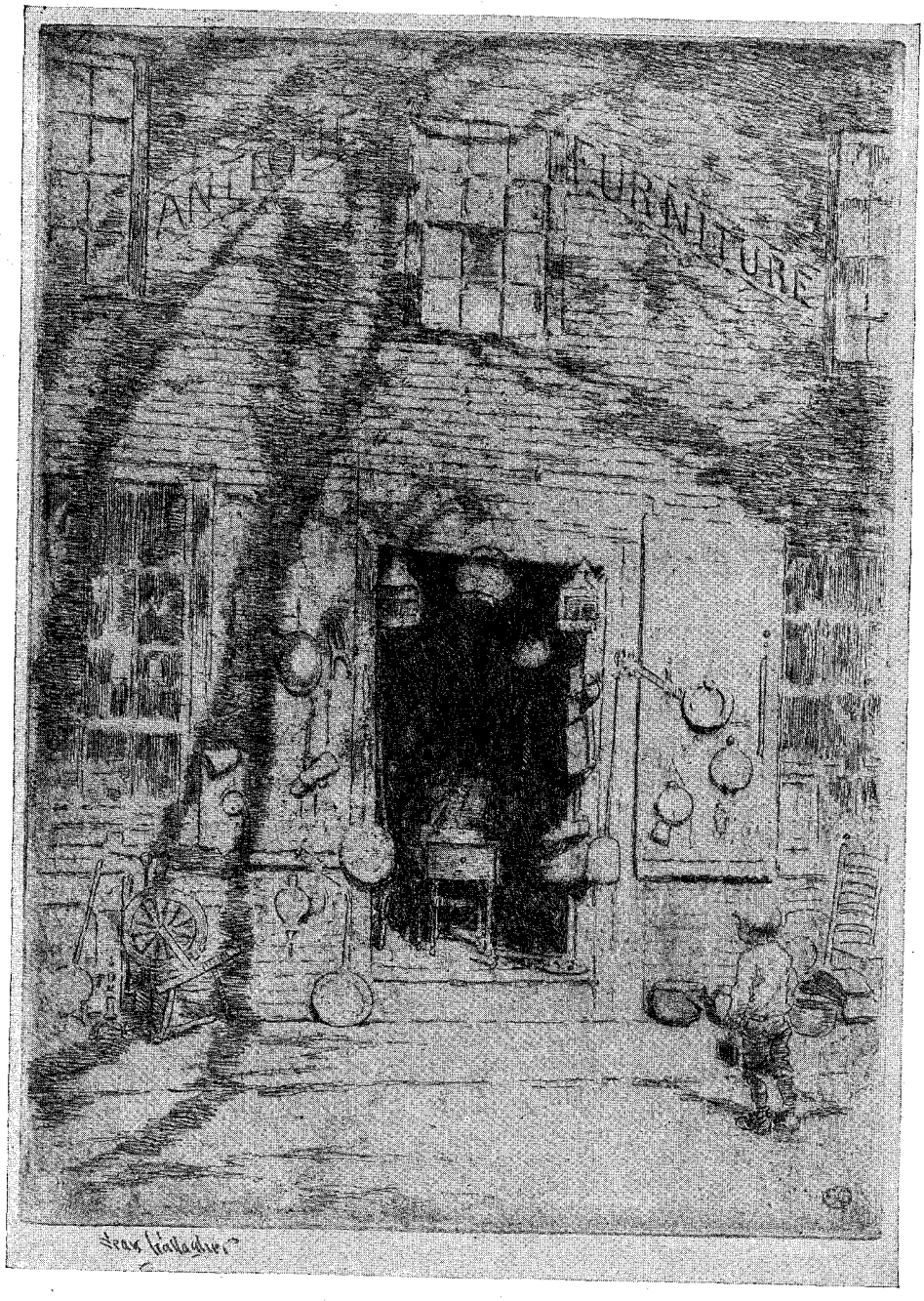

Old curiosity shop.

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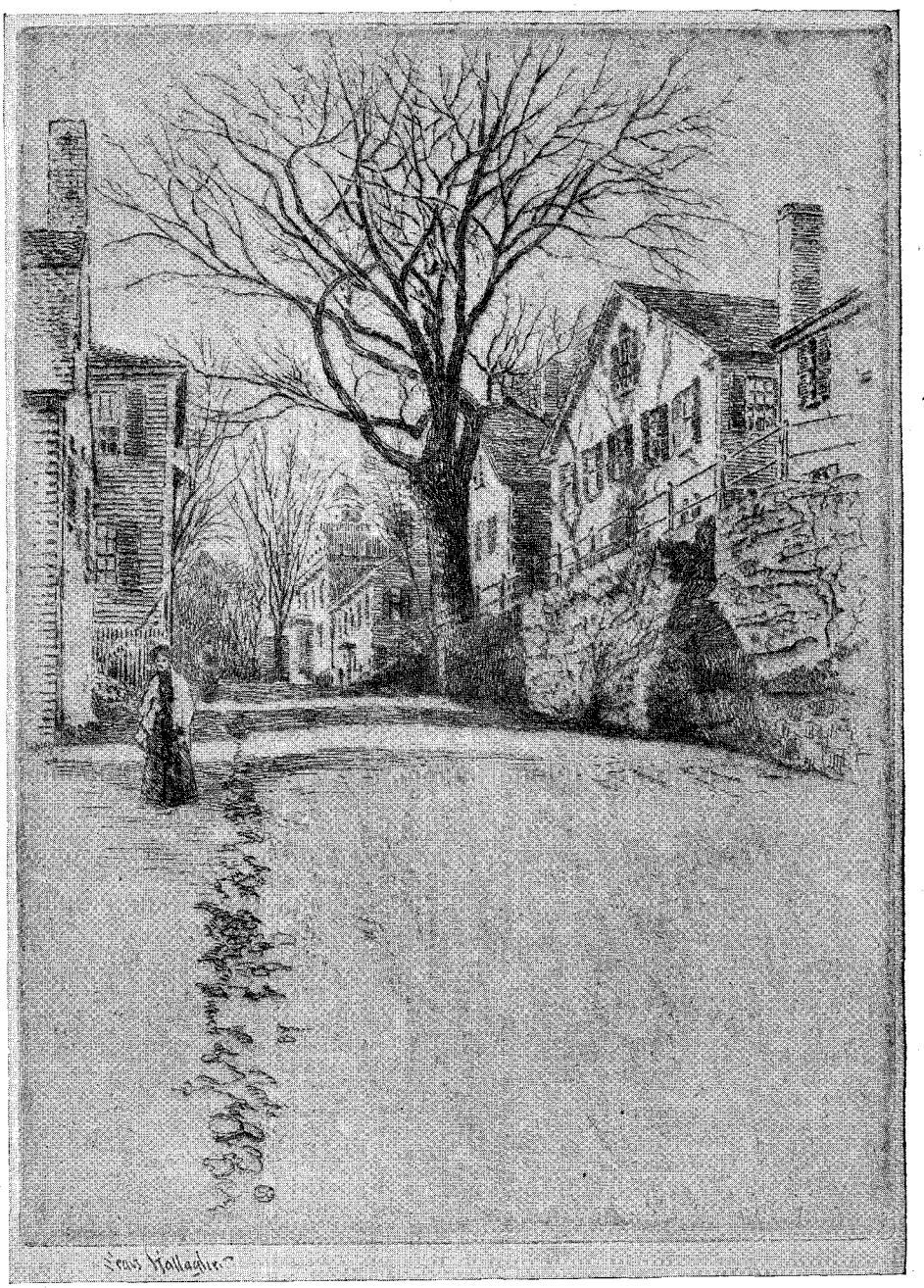

Leyden Street.

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PILGRIM AND PURITAN IN LITERATURE

By Arthur Hobson Quinn
Dean of the College, University of Pennsylvania

IF there was ever a race that knew the value of the written word, it was the Puritan of New England. For the arts of music, drama, and painting he cared little; he connected them with his dearest foe, Antichrist, or as Cotton Mather preferred to call him—"the devil's eldest son." But of the impulse to express himself in the forms permitted by his creed he was perennially conscious. He was not hampered by the conception already shaping itself in the minds of his Cavalier brethren in Virginia that the production of literature was a bit unworthy of the attention of a gentleman. The Puritan had that more democratic view of life which has ever been the prime essential of great creative effort, and his very social constitution provided the stimulus of mind striking fire against mind which makes always for expression. He was not content, either, with describing the things immediately around him. His imagination, vitally concerned with the other world, projected itself into the realm of the supernatural, finding there sometimes horror, sometimes beauty. And if the first-fruits are often repellent to us, it must always be remembered that this impulse, when it ceased to become a motive of life, became a motive of art and produced the supreme creation of "The Scarlet Letter."

Some ingenuity has been expended in the effort to draw a distinction between the social and economic conditions of the Pilgrims at Plymouth and the Puritans at Massachusetts Bay, but from the standpoint of literary expression they are one people. Christened by their enemies in England "Puritans," we find the Pilgrims adopting the name in the first and greatest of their books, William Bradford's account "Of Plimmouth Plantation." These three words comprise the title of the manuscript whose history reads like a romance. Left at his death in 1647 unpublished, it was used freely by other historians like his nephew, Nathaniel Morton, who in 1669 published his "New England's Memorial," which consists mainly of Bradford's History with the charm omitted. Thomas Prince also used it when he wrote his history, for there is a letter, dated 1728, in his handwriting on the manuscript. Cotton Mather had read it when he wrote his "Magnalia Christi Americana." Governor Hutchinson evidently had access to it as late as 1767. Then it disappeared until in 1855 American scholarship discovered that the Bishop of Oxford had been using it in his history of the "Protestant Episcopal Church in America," published in 1844, and that it lay in the library of the Bishop of London, at Fulham. How it reached that place no one knows, but probably some British officer carried it away with him during the Revolutionary War. Unavailing efforts were made for many years to secure its return to this country, but finally, through the diplomatic skill of Ambassador Bayard, the manuscript was presented to the State of Massachusetts and now reposes in the State House in Boston. It is a pleasant incident in the history of international comity that one of the strongest precedents by which the Consistorial Court of London felt itself authorized to return the manuscript was the voluntary action of the Library Company of Philadelphia in returning in 1866 to the British Government manuscripts of great value, forming indeed a vital portion of the national archives of Great Britain, which had come into its hands in 1799.

Bradford's History tells in a clear and forcible style of the wandering of the Pilgrims, first to Holland, then to New England, where, "being thus passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation, they had now no friends to wellcome them, nor inns to entertaine or refresh their weather beaten bodys, no houses or much less townes

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to repaire too, to seeke for succoure." Whether the worthy governor, as he always speaks of himself, had been reading "Hamlet" is not now to be ascertained, but while it is not usual for him to ornament his discourse with metaphors, he had a fine sense of the value of words. Our interest, therefore, is not due entirely to their historical significance as he describes the struggles of the colonists with the natives, with their own consciences and those of their neighbors, or as he tells of the foundation of the form of government and the union of the settlements of Plymouth with those of Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut and New Haven. The journal is not only the record of the colony at Plymouth, it is the revelation of the soul of a man who loved and hated with vigor, who had a keen sense of personal dignity, and who was not afraid of any of his adversaries from the "Archbishop of Counterberies" to the "Narigansets," his independence extending even to the spelling. It is a challenge to the spirit to read in the journal for 1621:

"Sone after this ships departure, the great people of the Narigansets, in a braving maner, sente a messenger unto them with a bundle of arrows tyed aboute with a great sneak-skine; which their interpretours tould them was a threatening and a chaleng. Upon which the Govr, with the advice of others, sente them a round answere, that if they had rather have warre then peace, they might begine when they would; they had done them no wrong, neither did they fear them, or should they find them unprovided. And by another messenger sente the sneake-skine back with bulits in it; but they would not receive it, but sent it back againe."

One of Bradford's productions which did see the light during his lifetime was the journal kept jointly by him and by Edward Winslow, his fellow passenger on the *Mayflower*, from November 9, 1620, until December 11, 1621. It was published in London in 1622. There are passages, it is true, where the language is almost identical with that of Bradford's History, but the general tone is that of an impression received and transmitted rather than of a chronicle. Out of this journal there comes to us, too, the sense of the community. The record of November 27, 1620, contains words that linger in the memory.

"It blowed and did snow all that day and night and froze withal. Some of our people that are dead took the original of their death here."

"Some of our people that are dead!" Even in the life beyond the grave they were still their people. It is this touch of human nature that makes the pages of Winslow's later narrative, published in London in 1624 under the title of "Good News from New England," even more interesting in some ways than Bradford's book. Winslow had a sense of the dramatic, and could stage his scenes with a feeling for climax. This quality is shown in his description of his visit to Massasoit, who lay at the point of death:

"When they had made an end of their charming, one told him that his friends, the English, were come to see him. Having understanding left, but his sight was wholly gone, he asked, who was come? They told him Winsnow, for they cannot pronounce the letter *l*, but ordinarily *n* in the place thereof. He desired to speak with me. When I came to him, and they told him of it, he put forth his hand to me, which I took. Then he said twice, though very inwardly, *Keen Winsnow?* which is to say, 'Art thou Winslow?' I answered, *Ahhe*, that is, 'Yes.' Then he doubled these words; *Matta neen Wonckanet namen, Winsnow!* that is to say, 'O, Winslow, I shall never see thee again.'"

That the old Indian survived was due to the effective medical treatment of his English friend, in whose description of his curative methods both the advocate of Christian Science and the historian of experimental pharmacology might find food for thought.

Winslow's work saw the light soon after its creation, but, as in the case of Bradford's History, the journal of John Winthrop waited for another generation to publish it. Yet its significance is unquestionable, for it does for the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay what the journal of Bradford did for the Pilgrims at Plymouth. It tells in a straightforward style, a bit plainer than Bradford's, of the

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incidents of the journey oversea, and of the important and unimportant events that made up the history of the colony about Boston. It has been called the "History of New England," but it is not that—it is animated too much by a local point of view. The worthy Governor shared, too, with the rest of the colony, who debated solemnly for seven days concerning the stealing of a hog, a lack of sense of proportion. But the human interest is considerable. We read here of the beginnings of representative government in Massachusetts, and of the dramatic cutting out of the cross from the English flag, to be used later by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his story of "Endicott and the Red Cross." We see the rising spirit of independence in the determination to resist the proposed royal governor by force of arms, and out of his pages comes clearly the figure of young Henry Vane, later to be Cromwell's enemy.

It is interesting to read about the first "Hawthorn," who appears to have been a strong opponent of the democratic selection of magistrates, and we see a possible reason for the attitude which his descendant took toward the popular judgments of his time. In the description of the punishment of Mary Latham there is a suggestion which probably resulted in the letter which rested on the bosom of Hester Prynne, for Nathaniel Hawthorne read the literature of the Puritans with avidity, and it was, of course, in them and not in the custom-house of Salem, that he found the "Scarlet Letter."

Sometimes "the governor," as he always calls himself, unconsciously contributed to the gayety of later generations. For example he tells us:

"After much deliberation and serious advice, the Lord directed the teacher, Mr. Cotton, to make it clear by the Scripture that the minister's maintenance, as well as all other charges of the Church, should be defrayed out of a stock, or treasury, which was to be raised out of the weekly contribution."

Again he relates how he was lost in the woods and had to sleep there, and continues:

"It was through God's mercy a warm night; but a little before day it began to rain, and having no cloak he made shift by a long pole to climb up into the house. In the morning there came thither an Indian squaw; but perceiving her before she had opened the door, he barred her out; yet she stayed there a great while, essaying to get in, and at last she went away, and he returned safe home."

The picture of the worthy governor, securing his reputation by dint of keeping the visitor in the rain makes one wish for the squaw's version of the vigil. But usually the impression is of far greater dignity, and in the speech which Winthrop made in 1645, when he was acquitted by the general court of the charge of having exceeded his authority, he presented the following definition of liberty, which is full of significance for us to-day:

"There is a twofold liberty, natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt) and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this, man, as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists; it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and cannot endure the least restraint of the most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty makes men grow more evil, and in time to be worse than brute beasts: omnes sumus licentia deteriores. This is that great enemy of truth and peace, that wild beast, which all the ordinances of God are bent against, to restrain and subdue it. The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal, it may also be termed moral, in reference to the covenant between God and man, in the moral law, and the politic covenants and constitutions, amongst men themselves. This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that only which is good, just and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard, (not only of your goods, but) of your lives, if need be. Whatsoever crosseth this, is not authority; but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained and exercised in a way of subjection to authority; it is of the same kind of liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free."

As was to be expected in a community that felt so keenly the importance of con-

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duct, the element of conflict was not lacking, and in 1637 what may be called the first controversy in print was begun. In 1622 a rollicking person named Thomas Morton came to New England and he remained, a thorn in the side of the Puritans, until his death in 1649. They endeavored to pluck the thorn more than once, sending him to England loaded with chains and charges, but he always returned, unabashed, to trouble them again. In 1637 he published his "New English Canaan," a truly remarkable book, in which he describes the settlers at Plymouth and Boston in vigorous language, and gives an account of his own settlement, "Merrymount," at which he set up a May-pole and also probably drank more than was good for him. He certainly had a pleasant time and he claims that this was the real reason why "Captain Shrimp," as he persists in calling Miles Standish, was sent to attack him. He sets great store also upon his devotion to the Church of England, but one cannot visualize him as a man of real depth of religious feeling. He is more truly an apostle of personal liberty, and when he was sent to England to be tried the King sent him back because Charles could not find he had committed any serious crime. Viewed from an impartial standpoint, Morton's descriptions of his enemies are more highly flavored than Bradford's descriptions of him, and while the modern reader will feel that Merrymount may have been a gayer place to live in than Plymouth, he cannot fail to recognize the greater restraint and dignity on the Puritan side of the dispute. Certainly a comparative study of the two men's work furnishes an excellent opportunity to observe human nature when acting under strong prejudice. And in the history of human error no more enlivening chapter is to be found than Morton's efforts to derive the Indian dialects from the Latin language.

There were not wanting more accurate treatments of the Indian race, the work of Daniel Gookin justly entitling him to the credit of being the first American anthropologist. But his writing, scientific in tone, has much less of the human interest than is to be found in a little book published in 1682, called "The Sovereignty and Goodness of God, Together with the Faithfulness of His Promises Displayed; Being a Narrative of the Captivity and Restauration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson." The vitality of the interest in this production of a Puritan goodwife of Lancaster, Massachusetts, is shown in the thirty editions of the book that have been issued. It is a brief chronicle and Mary Rowlandson confined herself to events and the effects of her terrible experiences upon her own moral and physical being. In fact it is this intensely subjective quality in the narrative that has made it last through the centuries, and it is with a real sympathy that we find her telling her son, Joseph, when she meets him in captivity and he laments the plight of his father, who though in safety is mourning for them, that her own sufferings have dwarfed her ability to feel for others.

Her sufferings were indeed sufficient. The Indians attacked her town, Lancaster, February 10, 1675, and destroyed it. They killed nearly all of the inhabitants and carried her off a prisoner, with her wounded little girl of six. After travelling under the most cruel conditions for several days the child died—but the narrative itself must be heard:

"*This was the comfort I had from them, miserable comforters are ye all, as he said.* Thus nine days I sat upon my knees, with my Babe in my lap, till my flesh was raw again; my Child being even ready to depart this sorrowful world, they bade me carry it out to another Wigwam (I suppose because they would not be troubled with such spectacles). Whither I went with a very heavy heart, and down I sat with the picture of death in my lap. About two houres in the night, my sweet Babe, like a Lambe departed this life, on *Feb.* 18, 1675. It being about *six yeares* and *five months* old. It was *nine dayes* from the first wounding, in this miserable condition, without any refreshing of one nature or other, except a little cold water. I cannot but take notice, how at another time I could not bear to be in the room where any dead person was, but now the case is changed; I must and could ly down by my dead Babe, side by side all the night after. I have thought since of the wonderful goodness of God to me, in preserving me in the use of my reason and

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senses, in that distressed time, that I did not use wicked and violent means to end my own miserable life. In the morning, when they understood that my child was dead, they sent for me home to my Master's Wigwam: (by my Master in this writing, must be understood, *Quanopin* who was a *Saggamore*, and married King *Phillips* wives' Sister; not that he first took me, but I was sold to him by another *Narrhaganset Indian*, who took me when I first came out of the Garison) I went to take up my dead Child in my arms to carry it with me, but they bid me let it alone: there was no resisting, but goe I must and leave it. When I had been at my Master's *wigwam*, I took the first opportunity I could get, to go look after my dead child: when I came I askt them what they had done with it? Then they told me it was upon the hill: then they went and shewed me where it was, where I saw the ground was newly digged, and there they told me they had buried it: *There I left that Child in the Wilderness, and must commit it, and myself also in this wilderness-condition, to him who is above all.*"

Her subsequent adventures, how she met her daughter Mary and her son Joseph only to be separated again from them, how she was finally brought back and ransomed, are all told with the same directness. But most impressive is the real sincerity with which she tells of the help her strong faith in God was to her—the comfort of her Bible—the way in which the steel of her character came out and the strong nature of the woman triumphed over danger, pain, and suffering.

The ending of the narrative is eloquent with faith and dramatic with repressed feeling.

"*I can remember*," she says, "*the time when I used to sleep quietly without workings in my thoughts, whole nights together, but now it is other wayes with me.*"

Even in the midst of our admiration of Mary Rowlandson we cannot help but smile at the following passage, revealing to the social historian the habits of Puritan women of the better class, for she was the wife of a clergyman and her father was one of the most substantial men of the neighborhood.

"Then I went to see *King Phillip*, he bade me come in and sit down, and asked me whether I would smoke it (a usual complement nowadayes amongst Saints and Sinners) but this no way suited me. For though I had formerly used Tobacco, yet I had left it ever since I was first taken. It *seems to be a Bait, the Devil layes to make men loose their precious time:* I remember with shame, how formerly, when I had taken two or three pipes, I was presently ready for another, such a bewitching thing it is: But I thank God, he has now given me power over it: surely there are many who may be better employed than to ly sucking a stinking Tobacco-pipe."

The Puritan spirit was more in evidence than the literary spirit in the work of the seventeenth-century theologians like John Cotton or Thomas Hooker. No one would deny to these early divines both scholarship and industry, but what human interest they possess for us now is usually a by-product. When Cotton tells us in his "New Covenant" that "Agur reckoneth the he-goat among the four things that are comely in going" we feel that a certain lack of a sense of humor was one of the characteristics of the learned grandfather of Cotton Mather. The unconscious humorists of this clerical caste are more refreshing, however, than the one professed satirist of this early period. Nathaniel Ward, who wrote his "Simple Cobbler of Aggawamm" in 1647, is often spoken of as the first American humorist. The book is a tirade against religious toleration, the fashions of women, and in fact anything of which Ward happens to think. It has been highly praised, but really there is little in its humor but the easy distinction that comes from saying outrageous things. It is a far cry from Ward's depressing carnival of exaggeration to the sudden glory that flashes up from the pages of Lowell or Holmes.

The Puritan is more interesting in his prose mood than in his poetic one. He may have had poetry in his soul but he rarely let it escape into his verse. Yet the first book printed in the colonies, in 1640, the "Bay Psalm Book" is an ambitious attempt to translate "the whole Booke of Psalmes" into English metre. It was written by "the chief Divines in

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the Country" and supervised by Richard Mather. As the preface truly states, the translators "have attended Conscience rather than Elegance, fidelity rather than poetry." Almost any portion of the translation would illustrate the danger that lurks in the path of those who paraphrase the splendid English of the Bible. This is one of the gems:

"The earth Jehovah's is
and the fulnesse of it
the habitable world and they
that thereupon do sit."

Such verse, however, was not the work of professed poets, which fact may or may not be pleaded in their behalf. The first professed poet was a woman, Anne Dudley, daughter of Governor Thomas Dudley and wife of Governor Simon Bradstreet. In 1650 her poems were published, apparently without her consent, by her brother-in-law in England under the title "The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America, or Several Poems compiled with great variety of Wit and Learning, full of delight." To do justice to the worthy lady, so intimately connected with two colonial administrations, she seems not to have been responsible for the first part of the title. In the second and posthumous edition of 1678, which had been corrected by her, all reference to the "Tenth Muse" is omitted, but she has been known by that name ever since.

The main bulk of her work consists of didactic verses in rimed couplets, beginning with a controversial treatment of the relative merits of the four elements, the four humors, and the four ages of man, in which the various abstractions urge their respective claims in a way that reminds one of the morality plays modified by the balancing qualities of grand opera. The four seasons are next described; then comes the masterpiece, a long poem on the "Four Monarchies," a chronicle beginning with Nimrod and terminating with an apology at Tarquin the Proud. She seems to have paraphrased this last work from Raleigh's "History of the World" to a considerable extent, and it is impossible to read her longer poems with any real interest now. Some of her shorter attempts are more truly poetic. One of these, "Contemplations," is always mentioned as her best, and it does reflect some real interest in nature. More truly appealing, however, are the verses written to her husband before the birth of one of her children:

"How soon, my Dear, death may my steps attend,
How soon't may be thy Lot to lose thy friend,
We both are ignorant, yet love bids me
These farewell lines to recommend to thee,
That when that knot's untyd that made us one,
I may seem thine, who in effect am none.
And if I see not half my dayes that's due,
What nature would, God grant to yours and you;
The many faults that well you know I have,
Let be interr'd in my oblivions grave;
If any worth or virtue were in me,
Let that live freshly in thy memory
And when thou feelst no grief, as I no harms,
Yet love thy dead, who long lay in thine arms:
And when thy loss shall be repaid with gains
Look to my little babes my dear remains.
And if thou love thyself, or loved'st me
These O protect from step Dames injury."

If Anne Bradstreet's work had the significance of sincerity and the charm that came from real human feeling, the verse of her chief rival can lay claim to the first in large measure but not at all to the latter. Michael Wigglesworth, a Harvard graduate and a clergyman, wrote a great deal of verse, in a jingling metre, always upon theological themes, such as "God's Controversy with New England" and "Meat Out of the Eater, or Meditations Concerning the Necessity, End and Usefulness of Afflictions unto God's Children." The first of these, a warning to New England to depart from her carnal ways and live once more the plain and godly life of the first settlers, begins auspiciously:

"Good Christian Reader, judge me not
As too censorious
For pointing at those faults of thine
Which are notorious."

Wigglesworth preserves the proprieties by having the Deity talk in five and six stress verse, reserving the commoner measure for his own use, until just at the end when the sole human note in the poem is struck in the lines beginning: "Ah, dear New England: dearest land to me:"

His masterpiece, however, was "The

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Day of Doom," a description of the day of Judgment, published in 1662. This is probably the most extreme expression of the doctrine of terror as the moving force of the world. God is pictured as a being without mercy or justice, and with the characteristics of a shrewd lawyer, bent on making the best of a bad case. Wigglesworth draws a pleasing picture of the "goats" that stand at God's left hand, concluding with this group:

"Moreover, there together were
children flagitious,
And Parents who did them undo
by nurture vicious.
False-witness-bearers and self-forswearers,
Murd'rers and Men of Blood,
Witches, Enchanters and Ale-house haunters
beyond account there stood."

Perhaps the most interesting, because the most appalling, is the section devoted to the unbaptized children. Those who have been privileged to view the burying ground on Copp's Hill in Boston where the bones of these infants were thrown together in heaps, can best appreciate the earnestness with which the children plead their cause:

"If for our own transgression,
or disobedience
We here did stand at thy left hand
just were the Recompense:
But Adam's guilt our souls hath spilt
his fault is charged on us;
And that alone hath overthrown,
and utterly undone us."

And they properly urge:

"Not we, but he ate of the Tree
whose fruit was interdicted:
Yet on us all of his sad Fall
the punishment's inflicted.
How could we sin that had not been,
or how is his sin our
Without consent, which to prevent
we never had the pow'r?"

But Wigglesworth is a match for them and he proceeds to demolish their case:

"Then answered the Judge most dread,
God hath such doom forbid,
That men should die eternally
for what they never did.
But what you call old Adam's Fall,
and only his Trespass,
You call amiss to call it his,
both his and yours it was."

Then possibly feeling that this argument was a bit weak he makes the Lord lose his temper:

"Am I alone of what's my own,
no Master or no Lord?
And if I am, how can you claim
what I to some afford?
Will you demand Grace at my hand,
and challenge what is mine?
Will you teach me whom to set free,
and thus my Grace confine?

"You sinners are, and such a share
as sinners, may expect;
Such you shall have; for I do save
none but my own Elect.
Yet to compare your sin with their
who liv'd a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less,
though every sin's a crime.

"A Crime it is, therefore in bliss
you may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I shall allow
the easiest room in Hell."

The poem was vastly popular at the time of its publication, eighteen hundred copies being sold in New England within a year. Considering the population, therefore, "The Day of Doom" was far more widely read than "Evangeline" or "Snowbound" in their day, and even as late as 1800 persons were found in New England who could repeat it verbatim.

Wigglesworth's narrative poems may be looked upon as the epics of theocracy. The social constitution of New England which rested upon the rule of a community by a minister who dominated its thought and life through his ability and the system he represented, found its prose epics in the works of a singularly interesting family who set the tone of thought for almost a century. The first of the line, Richard Mather, who came to New England in 1635 on account of the difficulty he experienced in staying in the mother country and not wearing a surplice at the same time, had a share in the writing of the "Bay Psalm Book." His works, however, are of comparatively slight importance compared with those of his famous son and his still more famous grandson. The former, Increase Mather, was pastor of the North Church of Boston, and was President of Harvard College for sixteen years. His printed works include more than a hundred and sixty titles and range over a wide area, from divinity and ethics to comets and dancing. But

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the most interesting phases of his writing deal with the supernatural. In 1684 he published his "Essay for the Recording of Illustrious Providences," for which he collected many occurrences which tended to prove the reality of the relations of human beings with the other world. He had literally sent a dragnet throughout New England to find instances that suited his purpose, and although one can hardly believe that he credited them all, he certainly gave their relators the benefit of the doubt. He says rather quaintly in the beginning that "He undertakes a difficult province that shall relate all that might be spoken on such a subject, both in that it cannot but be gravaminous to surviving relations when such things are published, also in that men are apt to misapply the unsearchable judgments of God." What a word was lost to the language of criticism when "gravaminous" failed to find a place in it!

This was but a preparation for the "Cases of Conscience Concerning Evil Spirits" which appeared in 1693, when the witchcraft delusion was on in full force, and its companion, "A Further Account of the Tryals of the New England Witches," which amplified his son's longer work on the same subject. They reveal both the sincerity and the blind superstition of the writers, who solemnly debate evidence which would have been laughed out of court in almost any other part of the colonies. Father and son worked together in defense of their position; in fact, Cotton Mather in his "Wonders of the Invisible World" which also appeared in 1693 goes into much more detail than his father and argues with the passion and devotion usually belonging to those who are fighting against the future, for the justice of judges who hanged their fellow creatures on the word of a defective. We who are removed blissfully from those times, can even admire the eloquence of the Mathers and can view their literary crusade against the powers of darkness and common sense with a certain fascination on account of the very horror of the situation and with a feeling that after all these men believed strongly in something and were good fighters who gave and asked no quarter.

There is a certain naïveté in Cotton Mather too that is refreshing. He is best in the fields of imagination and when he says: "But because the people of God would willingly be told whereabouts we are, with reference to the wrath and the time of the devil, you shall give me leave humbly to set before you a few conjectures," we know we are in for a pleasant time. If one doubts Mather's ability to be entertaining let him read "The first conjecture," beginning, "The Devil's eldest Son seems to be toward the end of his last Half-time."

He died in 1728 before his father, but his bibliography far exceeded that of Increase. He published four hundred and seventy-five works, many of which of course are short, and the great production of his life, his "Magnalia Christi Americana," is invaluable as a revelation of the Puritan spirit although as history it is unreliable. In such a section of it as the "Antiquities" we see him in his most interesting phase, that in which the imagination sports with history. It is delightful to find him, after manfully waving aside a temptation to claim that the English discovered America three centuries before Columbus, stating that "if this *New World* were not found out first *by* the *English;* yet in those regards that are of all the greatest, it seems to be found out more *for* them than any other."

If the Mathers represent the extreme development of the Puritan spirit both in its interest in the supernatural and in its spiritual intolerance, it is just as truly represented on the side of its independence and its revolt against injustice by the work of Robert Calef. This sensible merchant of Boston was not afraid to lift his voice in protest against the rule of the ministers who were supporting the witchcraft delusion. As early as 1693 he was writing letters to Cotton Mather in which he showed the absurdity of the testimony on which the belief in witches was based and in 1700 he published his "More Wonders of the Invisible World," of which the most interesting portion is the "Impartial Account of the Most Memorable Matters of Fact touching the Supposed Witchcraft in New England." Here he tells of the trials of those accused of witchcraft and when he is simply re-

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counting events his style is clear and forcible. The interest comes, however, largely from the subject matter. No one can read his pages without a feeling of intense sympathy for those who were condemned to death on the testimony of half insane wretches who liked the notoriety into which their words were bringing them and who, doubtless, felt a professional pride in killing as many as possible. It was a state of frenzy in which no one knew when he might be denounced, and even disbelief in witchcraft was a crime. It is all the more to Calef's credit that he stood against ecclesiastical tyranny just as the earlier Puritans stood against political tyranny. Calef's work is also interesting because we meet here Giles Corey, his wife Martha, Tituba, the Indian witch and other characters used in Longfellow's drama of "Giles Corey," and because we are brought into a scene dramatic enough in itself, but rendered more significant by its relation to Nathaniel Hawthorne. Calef tells us:

"The 30th of June, 1692, the court according to adjournment again sat; five more were tried, viz., Sarah Good and Rebecca Nurse, of Salem Village; Susanna Martin, of Amsbury; Elizabeth How, of Ipswich; and Sarah Wildes, of Topfield: these were all condemned that sessions and were all executed on the 19th of July.

"At the trial of Sarah Good, one of the afflicted fell in a fit; and after coming out of it she cried out of the prisoner, for stabbing her in the breast with a knife, and that she had broken the knife in stabbing of her; accordingly a piece of the blade of a knife was found about her. Immediately information being given to the court, a young man was called, who produced a haft and part of the blade, which the court having viewed and compared, saw it to be the same; and upon inquiry the young man affirmed, that yesterday he happened to break that knife, and that he cast away the upper part, this afflicted person being then present. The young man was dismissed, and she was bidden by the court not to tell lies; and was improved after (as she had been before) to give evidence against the prisoners.

"At execution, Mr. Noyes urged Sarah Good to confess and told her she was a witch, and she knew she was a witch; to which she replied, 'You are a liar; I am no more a witch than you are a wizard; and if you take away my life, God will give you blood to drink.'"

As we read this last phrase, our memories bring up another scene, where in his new House of the Seven Gables, built upon ground that he had fraudulently wrested from an innocent victim of the witchcraft delusion, Colonel Pyncheon sits dead. Then in Hawthorne's words:

"There is a tradition, only worth alluding to as lending a tinge of superstitious awe to a scene gloomy enough without it, that a voice spoke loudly among the guests, the tones of which were like those of old Matthew Maule, the executed wizard, saying—'God hath given him blood to drink!'"

To complete the significance of Hawthorne's use of this material it is only necessary to add that his ancestor, Judge Hawthorn, was sitting at the time on the bench with Judge Noyes and was included in the curse which his descendant has used so artistically in his novel.

A large share in the witchcraft delusion was taken by another striking figure of the time, Samuel Sewall, who was for some years Chief Justice of the Colony. One of the most pathetic documents of the time is his confession, made publicly in 1697, of his sorrow for the share he had taken in the killing of those accused of witchcraft. But of all the chronicles of the time which tell us of the manners and customs of the Puritans and give us a glimpse of their intimate life, his journal is the most fruitful. Especially interesting are his marriages, of which he contracted three. On May 26, 1720, we read in the Journal: "About midnight my dear wife expired to our great astonishment, especially mine." Undaunted by his sixty-eight years, he began in October his courting of Madam Winthrop. His own words tell the story best:

"Oct. 1. Satterday, I dine at Mr. Stoddard's: from thence I went to Madam Winthrop's just at 3. Spake to her, saying my loving wife died so soon and suddenly, 'twas hardly convenient for me to think of Marrying again; however I

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came to this Resolution, that I would not make my Court to any person without first Consulting with her. Had a pleasant discourse about 7 (seven) Single persons sitting in the Fore-seat 7^{r} 29th, viz. Madam Rebekah Dudley, Catharine Winthrop, Bridget Usher, Deliverance Legg, Rebekah Loyd, Lydia Colman, Elizabeth Bellingham. She propounded one and another for me; but none would do, said Mrs. Loyd was about her age."

"Oct. 12. At Madam Winthrop's Steps I took leave of Capt. Hill, etc.

"Mrs. Anne Cotton came to door (twas before 8.) said Madam Winthrop was within, directed me into the little Room, where she was full of work behind a Stand; Mrs. Cotton came in and stood. Madam Winthrop pointed to her to set me a Chair. Madam Winthrop's Countenance was much changed from what 'twas on Monday, look'd dark and lowering. At last, the work, (black stuff or Silk) was taken away, I got my Chair in place, had some Converse, but very Cold and indifferent to what 'twas before. Ask'd her to acquit me of Rudeness if I drew off her Glove. Enquiring the reason, I told her twas great odds between handling a dead Goat, and a living Lady. Got it off."

"Oct. 21. About 6 a-clock I go to Madam Winthrop's; Sarah told me her Mistress was gon out, but did not tell me whither she went. She presently order'd me a Fire; so I went in, having Dr. Sibb's Bowels with me to read. I read the two first Sermons, still no body came in; at last about 9 a-clock Mr. Jn^{o} Eyre came in; I took the opportunity to say to him as I had done to Mrs. Noyes before, that I hoped my Visiting his Mother would not be disagreeable to him; He answered me with much Respect. When 'twas after 9 a-clock He of himself said he would go and call her, she was but at one of his Brothers: A while after I heard Madam Winthrop's voice, enquiring something about John. After a good while and Claping the Garden door twice or thrice, she came in. I mention'd somthing of the lateness; she banter'd me, and said I was later. She receiv'd me Courteously. I ask'd when our proceedings should be made publick: She said They were like to be no more publick than they were already. Offer'd me no Wine that I remember. I rose up at 11 a-clock to come away, saying I would put on my Coat. She offer'd not to help me. I pray'd her that Juno might light me home, she open'd the Shutter, and said twas pretty light abroad; Juno was weary and gon to bed. So I came hôm by Star-Light as well as I could."

"Nov. 2nd. Midweek, went again, and found Mrs. Alden there, who quickly went out. Gave her about ½ pound of Sugar Almonds, cost 3^{s} per £. Carried them on Monday. She seem'd pleas'd with them, ask'd what they cost. Spake of giving her a Hundred pounds per annum if I dy'd before her. Ask'd her what sum she would give me, if she should dy first? Said I would give her time to Consider of it. She said she heard as if I had given all to my Children by Deeds of Gift. I told her 'twas a mistake, Point-Judith was mine etc. That in England, I own'd my Father's desire was that it should go to my eldest Son; 'twas 20£ per annum; she thought 'twas forty. I think when I seem'd to excuse pressing this, she seem'd to think twas best to speak of it; a long winter was coming on. Gave me a Glass or two of Canary."

"Nov. 7th. I went to Mad. Winthrop; found her rocking her little Katee in the Cradle. I excus'd my Coming so late (near Eight.) She set me an arm'd Chair and Cusheon; and so the Cradle was between her Arm'd Chair and mine. Gave her the remnant of my almonds; She did not eat of them as before; but laid them away; I said I came to enquire whether she had alter'd her mind since Friday, or remained of the same mind still. She said, Thereabouts. I told her I loved her, and was so fond as to think that she loved me: She said had a great respect for me. I told her, I had made her an offer, without asking any advice; she had so many to advise with, that 'twas a hindrance. The Fire was come to one short Brand besides the Block, which Brand was set up in end; at last it fell to pieces, and no Recruit was made: She gave me a Glass of Wine. I think I re-

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peated again that I would go home and bewail my Rashness in making more haste than good Speed. I would endeavour to contain myself, and not go on to sollicit her to do that which she could not Consent to. Took leave of her. As came down the steps she bid me have a Care. Treated me Courteously. Told her she had enter'd the 4th year of her Widowhood. I had given her the News-Letter before: I did not bid her draw off her Glove as sometime I had done. Her Dress was not so clean as somtime it had been. Jehovah jireh!"

"Midweek, Nov. 9th. Dine at Bro^r Stoddard's: were so kind as to enquire of me if they should invite M'^m Winthrop; I answer'd No. Had a noble Treat. At night our Meeting was at the Widow Belknap's. Gave each one of the Meeting One of Mr. Homes's Sermons, 12 in all; She sent her servant home with me with a Lantern. Madam Winthrop's Shutters were open as I pass'd by.

"About the middle of Dec^r Madam Winthrop made a Treat for her Children; Mr. Sewall, Prince, Willoughby: I knew nothing of it; but the same day abode in the Council Chamber for fear of the Rain, and din'd alone upon Kilby's Pyes and good Beer."

It was just a hundred years to a day from the time when the Pilgrims sighted land to the night when Judge Sewall walked by Madam Winthrop's house and saw that the shutters were open, but not for him. In a literary sense he marks the end of an era, for he was in a way the last of the Pilgrims. Born in England and coming to this country as a boy of nine, he was thoroughly of New England and yet when we compare his work with that of the next generation, we see that there is a difference. The tone of the Colonial is more insistent in Bradford, in Winslow, in Winthrop, in Sewall, than in those to come after them.

In 1720, Jonathan Edwards was seventeen years of age and Benjamin Franklin a child of eleven. To them belongs another century, greater far in literary achievement. But in that which closed in 1720 there was a spirit which was all its own—the high spirit of adventure. It showed in New England in the courage of the pioneers, Pilgrims or Puritans, not only the courage that launches into the unknown sea of peril, but also the intrepidity that meets the daily grinding of events upon the heart and soul. It showed, too, the courage that dared to leave the things of this world and wrestle with the beings of another. And if this courage in the presence both of the known and the unknown was often misdirected, it challenges still the admiration of all strong men in this generation for the men of strength of an earlier day. It is this quality of high heart that sets a seal of greatness upon the founders of New England, and fortunately for their descendants they left a literature in which that spirit found an adequate expression.

AN EPITAPH

By Margaret Cable Brewster

So brief a time she dwelt with us it seemed
As though, when she had gone, we had but dreamed
Of stars and flowers, and all Earth's rare delight,
And, waking, knew Earth's radiance veiled in Night.

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THE CUT-GLASS BOWL

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

THERE was a rough stone age and a smooth stone age and a bronze age and many years afterward a cut-glass age. In the cut-glass age, when young ladies had persuaded young men with long, curly mustaches to marry them, they sat down several months afterward and wrote thank-you notes for all sorts of cut-glass presents—punch-bowls, finger-bowls, dinner glasses, wine glasses, ice-cream dishes, bonbon dishes, decanters, and vases—for, though cut-glass was nothing new in the nineties, it was then especially busy reflecting the dazzling light of fashion from Back Bay to the fastnesses of the Middle West.

After the wedding the punch-bowls were arranged on the sideboard with the big bowl in the centre; the glasses were set up in the china-closet; the candlesticks were put at both ends of things—and then the struggle for existence began. The bonbon dish lost its little handle and became a pin-tray up-stairs; a promenading cat knocked the little bowl off the sideboard and the hired girl chipped the middle-sized one with the sugar-dish; then the wine glasses succumbed to leg fractures and even the dinner glasses disappeared one by one like the ten little niggers, the last one ending up, scarred and maimed, as a tooth-brush holder among other shabby genteels on the bath-room shelf. But by the time all this had happened the cut-glass age was over, anyway.

It was well past its first glory on the day the curious Mrs. Roger Fairboalt came to see the beautiful Mrs. Harold Piper.

"My *dear*," said the curious Mrs. Roger Fairboalt, "I *love* your house. I think it's *quite* artistic."

"I'm *so* glad," said the beautiful Mrs. Harold Piper, lights appearing in her young, dark eyes; "and you *must* come often. I'm almost *always* alone in the afternoon."

Mrs. Fairboalt would have liked to remark that she didn't believe this at all and couldn't see how she'd be expected to—it was all over town that Mr. Freddy Gedney had been dropping in on Mrs. Piper five afternoons a week for the past six months. Mrs. Fairboalt was at that ripe age where she distrusted all beautiful women——

"I love the dining-room *most*," she said, "all that *marvellous* china and that *huge* cut-glass bowl."

Mrs. Piper laughed, so prettily that Mrs. Fairboalt's lingering reservations about the Freddy Gedney story quite vanished.

"Oh, that big bowl!" Mrs. Piper's mouth forming the words was a vivid rose petal. "There's a story about that bowl——"

"Oh——"

"You remember young Carleton Canby? Well, he was very attentive at one time, and the night I told him I was going to marry Harold, seven years ago, in ninety-two, he drew himself way up and said: 'Evylyn, I'm going to give a present that's as hard as you are and as beautiful and as empty and as easy to see through.' He frightened me a little—his eyes were so black. I thought he was going to deed me a haunted house or something that would explode when you opened it. That bowl came, and of course it's beautiful. Its diameter or circumference or something is two and a half feet—or perhaps it's three and a half. Anyway, the sideboard is really too small for it; it sticks way out."

"My *dear*, wasn't that *odd!* And he left town about then, didn't he?" Mrs. Fairboalt was scribbling italicized notes on her memory—"hard, beautiful, empty, and easy to see through."

"Yes, he went West—or South—or somewhere," answered Mrs. Piper, radiating that divine vagueness that helps to lift beauty out of time.

Mrs. Fairboalt drew on her gloves, approving the effect of largeness given by

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the open sweep from the spacious music-room through the library, disclosing a part of the dining-room beyond. It was really the nicest smaller house in town, and Mrs. Piper had talked of moving to a larger one on Devereaux Avenue. Harold Piper must be *coining* money.

As she turned into the sidewalk under the gathering autumn dusk she assumed that disapproving, faintly unpleasant expression that almost all successful women of forty wear on the street.

If *I* were Harold Piper, she thought, I'd spend a *little* less time on business and a *little* more time at home. Some *friend* should speak to him.

But if Mrs. Fairboalt had considered it a successful afternoon she would have named it a triumph had she waited two minutes longer. For while she was still a black receding figure a hundred yards down the street, a very good-looking distraught young man turned up the walk to the Piper house. Mrs. Piper answered the door-bell herself and with a rather dismayed expression led him quickly into the library.

"I had to see you," he began wildly; "your note played the devil with me. Did Harold frighten you into this?"

She shook her head.

"I'm through, Fred," she said slowly, and her lips had never looked to him so much like tearings from a rose. "He came home last night sick with it. Jessie Piper's sense of duty was too much for her, so she went down to his office and told him. He was hurt and—oh, I can't help seeing it his way, Fred. He says we've been club gossip all summer and he didn't know it, and now he understands snatches of conversation he's caught and veiled hints people have dropped about me. He's mighty angry, Fred, and he loves me and I love him—rather."

Gedney nodded slowly and half closed his eyes.

"Yes," he said, "yes, my trouble's like yours. I can see other people's points of view too plainly." His gray eyes met her dark ones frankly. "The blessed thing's over. My God, Evylyn, I've been sitting down at the office all day looking at the outside of your letter, and looking at it and looking at it——"

"You've got to go, Fred," she said steadily, and the slight emphasis of hurry in her voice was a new thrust for him. "I gave him my word of honor I wouldn't see you. I know just how far I can go with Harold, and being here with you this evening is one of the things I can't do."

They were still standing, and as she spoke she made a little movement toward the door. Gedney looked at her miserably, trying, here at the end, to treasure up a last picture of her—and then suddenly both of them were stiffened into marble at the sound of steps on the walk outside. Instantly her arm reached out grasping the lapel of his coat—half urged, half swung him through the big door into the dark dining-room.

"I'll make him go up-stairs," she whispered close to his ear; "don't move 'til you hear him on the stairs. Then go out the front way."

Then he was alone listening as she greeted her husband in the hall.

Harold Piper was thirty-six, nine years older than his wife. He was handsome—with marginal notes: these being eyes that were too close together and a certain woodenness when his face was in repose. His attitude toward this Gedney matter was typical of all his attitudes. He had told Evylyn that he considered the subject closed and would never reproach her nor allude to it in any form; and he told himself that this was rather a big way of looking at it—that she was not a little impressed. Yet, like all men who are preoccupied with their own broadness, he was exceptionally narrow.

He greeted Evylyn with emphasized cordiality this evening.

"You'll have to hurry and dress, Harold," she said eagerly; "we're going to the Bronsons'."

He nodded.

"It doesn't take me long to dress, dear," and, his words trailing off, he walked on into the library. Evylyn's heart clattered loudly.

"Harold—" she began, with a little catch in her voice, and followed him in. He was lighting a cigarette. "You'll have to hurry, Harold," she finished, standing in the doorway.

"Why?" he asked, a trifle impatiently; "you're not dressed yourself yet, Evie."

He stretched out in a Morris chair and

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unfolded a newspaper. With a sinking sensation Evylyn saw that this meant at least ten minutes—and Gedney was standing breathless in the next room. Supposing Harold decided that before he went up-stairs he wanted a drink from the decanter on the sideboard. Then it occurred to her to forestall this contingency by bringing him the decanter and a glass. She dreaded calling his attention to the dining-room in any way, but she couldn't risk the other chance.

But at the same moment Harold rose and, throwing his paper down, came toward her.

"Evie, dear," he said, bending and putting his arms about her, "I hope you're not thinking about last night—" She moved close to him, trembling. "I know," he continued, "it was just an imprudent friendship on your part. We all make mistakes."

Evylyn hardly heard him. She was wondering if by sheer clinging to him she could draw him out and up the stairs. She thought of playing sick, asking to be carried up—unfortunately, she knew he would lay her on the couch and bring her whiskey.

Suddenly her nervous tension moved up a last impossible notch. She had heard a very faint but quite unmistakable creak from the floor of the dining-room. Fred was trying to get out the back way.

Then her heart took a flying leap as a hollow ringing note like a gong echoed and reechoed through the house. Gedney's arm had struck the big cut-glass bowl.

"What's that!" cried Harold. "Who's there?"

She clung to him but he broke away, and the room seemed to crash about her ears. She heard the pantry door swing open, a scuffle, the rattle of a tin pan, and in wild despair she rushed into the kitchen and pulled up the gas. Her husband's arm slowly unwound from Gedney's neck, and he stood there very still, first in amazement, then with pain dawning in his face.

"My golly!" he said in bewilderment, and then repeated: "My *golly!*"

He turned as if to jump again at Gedney, stopped, his muscles visibly relaxed, and he gave a bitter little laugh.

"You people—you people—" Evylyn's arms were around him and her eyes were pleading with him frantically, but he pushed her away and sank dazed into a kitchen chair, his face like porcelain. "You've been doing things to me, Evylyn. Why, you little devil! You little *devil!*"

She had never felt so sorry for him; she had never loved him so much.

"It wasn't her fault," said Gedney rather humbly. "I just came." But Piper shook his head, and his expression when he stared up was as if some physical accident had jarred his mind into a temporary inability to function. His eyes, grown suddenly pitiful, struck a deep, unsounded chord in Evylyn—and simultaneously a furious anger surged in her. She felt her eyelids burning; she stamped her foot violently; her hands scurried nervously over the table as if searching for a weapon, and then she flung herself wildly at Gedney.

"Get out!" she screamed, dark eyes blazing, little fists beating helplessly on his outstretched arm. "You did this! Get out of here—get out!—get *out! Get out!*"

II

Concerning Mrs. Harold Piper at thirty-five, opinion was divided—women said she was still handsome; men said she was pretty no longer. And this was probably because the qualities in her beauty that women had feared and men had followed had vanished. Her eyes were still as large and as dark and as sad, but the mystery had departed; their sadness was no longer eternal, only human, and she had developed a habit, when she was startled or annoyed, of twitching her brows together and blinking several times. Her mouth also had lost: the red had receded and the faint down-turning of its corners when she smiled, that had added to the sadness of the eyes and been vaguely mocking and beautiful, was quite gone. When she smiled now the corners of her lips turned up. Back in the days when she revelled in her own beauty Evylyn had enjoyed that smile of hers—she had accentuated it. When she stopped accentuating it, it faded out and the last of her mystery with it.

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Evylyn had ceased accentuating her smile within a month after the Freddy Gedney affair. Externally things had gone on very much as they had before. But in those few minutes during which she had discovered how much she loved her husband Evylyn had realized how indelibly she had hurt him. For a month she struggled against aching silences, wild reproaches and accusations—she pled with him, made quiet, pitiful little love to him, and he laughed at her bitterly—and then she, too, slipped gradually into silence and a shadowy, unpenetrable barrier dropped between them. The surge of love that had risen in her she lavished on Donald, her little boy, realizing him almost wonderingly as a part of her life.

The next year a piling up of mutual interests and responsibilities and some stray flicker from the past brought husband and wife together again—but after a rather pathetic flood of passion Evylyn realized that her great opportunity was gone. There simply wasn't anything left. She might have been youth and love for both—but that time of silence had slowly dried up the springs of affection and her own desire to drink again of them was dead.

She began for the first time to seek women friends, to prefer books she had read before, to sew a little where she could watch her two children to whom she was devoted. She worried about little things—if she saw crumbs on the dinner-table her mind drifted off the conversation: she was receding gradually into middle age.

Her thirty-fifth birthday had been an exceptionally busy one, for they were entertaining on short notice that night, and as she stood in her bedroom window in the late afternoon she discovered that she was quite tired. Ten years before she would have lain down and slept, but now she had a feeling that things needed watching: maids were cleaning down-stairs, bric-à-brac was all over the floor, and there were sure to be grocery-men that had to be talked to imperatively—and then there was a letter to write Donald, who was fourteen and in his first year away at school.

She had nearly decided to lie down, nevertheless, when she heard a sudden familiar signal from little Julie down-stairs. She compressed her lips, her brows twitched together, and she blinked.

"Julie!" she called.

"Ah-h-h-ow!" prolonged Julie plaintively. Then the voice of Hilda, the second maid, floated up the stairs.

"She cut herself a little, Mis' Piper."

Evylyn flew to her sewing-basket, rummaged until she found a torn handkerchief, and hurried down-stairs. In a moment Julie was crying in her arms as she searched for the cut, faint, disparaging evidences of which appeared on Julie's dress!

"My *thu*-umb!" explained Julie. "Oh-h-h-h, t'urts."

"It was the bowl here, the he one," said Hilda apologetically. "It was waitin' on the floor while I polished the side-board, and Julie come along an' went to foolin' with it. She yust scratch herself."

Evylyn frowned heavily at Hilda and, twisting Julie decisively in her lap, began tearing strips off the handkerchief.

"Now—let's see it, dear."

Julie held it up and Evylyn pounced.

"There!"

Julie surveyed her swathed thumb doubtfully. She crooked it; it waggled. A pleased, interested look appeared in her tear-stained face. She sniffled and waggled it again.

"You *precious!*" cried Evylyn and kissed her, but before she left the room she levelled another frown at Hilda. Careless! Servants all that way nowadays. If she could get a good Irishwoman—but you couldn't any more—and these Swedes——

At five o'clock Harold arrived and, coming up to her room, threatened in a suspiciously jovial tone to kiss her thirty-five times for her birthday. Evylyn resisted.

"You've been drinking," she said shortly, and then added qualitatively, "a little. You know I loathe the smell of it."

"Evie," he said, after a pause, seating himself in a chair by the window, "I can tell you something now. I guess you've known things haven't been going quite right down-town."

She was standing at the window combing her hair, but at these words she turned and looked at him.

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"How do you mean? You've always said there was room for more than one wholesale hardware house in town." Her voice expressed some alarm.

"There *was*," said Harold significantly, "but this Clarence Ahearn is a smart man."

"I was surprised when you said he was coming to dinner."

"Evie," he went on, with another slap at his knee, "after January first, 'The Clarence Ahearn Company' becomes 'The Ahearn, Piper Company'—and 'Piper Brothers' as a company ceases to exist."

Evylyn was startled. The sound of his name in second place was somehow hostile to her; still he appeared jubilant.

"I don't understand, Harold."

"Well, Evie, Ahearn has been fooling around with Marx. If those two had combined we'd have been the little fellow, struggling along, picking up smaller orders, hanging back on risks. It's a question of capital, Evie, and 'Ahearn and Marx' would have had the business just like 'Ahearn and Piper' is going to now." He paused and coughed and a little cloud of whiskey floated up to her nostrils. "Tell you the truth, Evie, I've suspected that Ahearn's wife had something to do with it. Ambitious little lady, I'm told. Guess she knew the Marxes couldn't help her much here."

"Is she—common?" asked Evie.

"Never met her, I'm sure—but I don't doubt it. Clarence Ahearn's name's been up at the Country Club seven months—no action taken." He waved his hand disparagingly. "Ahearn and I had lunch together to-day and just about clinched it, so I thought it'd be nice to have him and his wife up to-night—just have nine, mostly family. After all, it's a big thing for me, and of course we'll have to see something of them, Evie."

"Yes," said Evie thoughtfully, "I suppose we will."

Evylyn was not disturbed over the social end of it—but the idea of "Piper Brothers" becoming "Ahearn, Piper Company" startled her. It seemed like going down in the world.

Half an hour later, as she began to dress for dinner, she heard his voice from downstairs.

"Oh, Evie, come down!"

She went out into the hall and called over the banister.

"What is it?"

"I want you to help me make some of that punch before dinner."

Hurriedly rehooking her dress, she descended the stairs and found him grouping the essentials on the dining-room table. She went to the sideboard and, lifting one of the bowls, carried it over.

"Oh, no," he protested, "let's use the big one. There'll be Ahearn and his wife and you and I and Milton, that's five, and Tom and Jessie, that's seven, and your sister and Joe Ambler, that's nine. You don't know how quick that stuff goes when *you* make it."

"We'll use this bowl," she insisted. "It'll hold plenty. You know how Tom is."

Tom Lowrie, husband to Jessie, Harold's first cousin, was rather inclined to finish anything in a liquid way that he began.

Harold shook his head.

"Don't be foolish. That one holds only about three quarts and there's nine of us, and the servants'll want some—and it isn't strong punch. It's so much more cheerful to have a lot, Evie; we don't have to drink all of it."

"I say the small one."

Again he shook his head obstinately.

"No; be reasonable."

"I *am* reasonable," she said shortly. "I don't want any drunken men in the house."

"Who said you did?"

"Then use the small bowl."

"Now, Evie——"

He grasped the smaller bowl to lift it back. Instantly her hands were on it, holding it down. There was a momentary struggle, and then, with a little exasperated grunt, he raised his side, slipped it from her fingers, and carried it to the sideboard.

She looked at him and tried to make her expression contemptuous, but he only laughed. Acknowledging her defeat but disclaiming all future interest in the punch, she left the room.

III

At seven-thirty, her cheeks glowing and her high-piled hair gleaming with

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a suspicion of brilliantine, Evylyn descended the stairs. Mrs. Ahearn, a little woman concealing a slight nervousness under red hair and an extreme Empire gown, greeted her volubly. Evylyn disliked her on the spot, but the husband she rather approved of. He had keen blue eyes and a natural gift of pleasing people that might have made him, socially, had he not so obviously committed the blunder of marrying too early in his career.

"I'm glad to know Piper's wife," he said simply. "It looks as though your husband and I are going to see a lot of each other in the future."

She bowed, smiled graciously, and turned to greet the others: Milton Piper, Harold's quiet, unassertive younger brother; the two Lowries, Jessie and Tom; Irene, her own unmarried sister; and finally Joe Ambler, a confirmed bachelor and Irene's perennial beau.

Harold led the way into dinner.

"We're having a punch evening," he announced jovially—Evylyn saw that he had already sampled his concoction —"so there won't be any cocktails except the punch. It's m' wife's greatest achievement, Mrs. Ahearn; she'll give you the recipe if you want it; but owing to a slight"— he caught his wife's eye and paused —"to a slight indisposition, I'm responsible for this batch. Here's how!"

All through dinner there was punch, and Evylyn, noticing at the salad that Ahearn and Milton Piper and all the women were shaking their heads negatively at the maid, knew she had been right about the bowl; it was still half full. She resolved to caution Harold directly afterward, but when the women left the table Mrs. Ahearn cornered her, and she found herself talking cities and dressmakers with a polite show of interest.

"We've moved around a lot," chattered Mrs. Ahearn, her red head nodding violently. "Oh, yes, we've never stayed so long in a town before—but I do hope we're here for good. I like it here; don't you?"

"Well, you see, I've always lived here, so, naturally——"

"Oh, that's true," said Mrs. Ahearn and laughed. "Clarence always used to tell me he had to have a wife he could come home to and say: 'Well, we're going to Chicago to-morrow to live, so pack up.' I got so I never expected to live *any*where." She laughed her little laugh again; Evylyn suspected that it was her society laugh.

"Your husband is a very able man, I imagine."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Ahearn assured her eagerly. "He's brainy, Clarence is. Ideas and enthusiasm, you know. Finds out what he wants and then goes and gets it."

Evylyn nodded. She was wondering if the men were still drinking punch back in the dining-room. Mrs. Ahearn's history kept unfolding jerkily, but she had ceased to listen. The first odor of massed cigars began to drift in. It wasn't really a large house, she reflected; on an evening like this the library sometimes grew blue with smoke, and next day one had to leave the windows open for hours to air the heavy staleness out of the curtains. Perhaps this partnership might . . . she began to speculate on a new house . . .

Mrs. Ahearn's voice drifted in on her: "I really would like the recipe if you have it written down somewhere——"

Then there was a sound of chairs in the dining-room and the men strolled in. Evylyn saw at once that her worst fears were realized. Harold's face was flushed and his words ran together at the ends of sentences, while Tom Lowrie lurched when he walked and narrowly missed Irene's lap when he tried to sink onto the couch beside her. He sat there blinking dazedly at the company. Evylyn found herself blinking back at him, but she saw no humor in it. Joe Ambler was smiling contentedly and purring on his cigar. Only Ahearn and Milton Piper seemed unaffected.

"It's a pretty fine town, Ahearn," said Ambler, "you'll find that."

"I've found it so," said Ahearn pleasantly.

"You find it more, Ahearn," said Harold, nodding emphatically, "'f I've an'thin' do 'th it."

He soared into a eulogy of the city, and Evylyn wondered uncomfortably if it bored every one as it bored her. Apparently not. They were all listening at-

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tentively. Evylyn broke in at the first gap.

"Where've you been living, Mr. Ahearn?" she asked interestedly. Then she remembered that Mrs. Ahearn had told her, but it didn't matter. Harold mustn't talk so much. He was such an *ass* when he'd been drinking. But he plopped directly back in.

"Tell you, Ahearn. Firs' you wanna get a house up here on the hill. Get Stearne house or Ridgeway house. Wanna have it so people say: 'There's Ahearn house.' Solid, you know, tha's effec' it gives."

Evylyn flushed. This didn't sound right at all. Still Ahearn didn't seem to notice anything amiss, only nodded gravely.

"Have you been looking—" But her words trailed off unheard as Harold's voice boomed on.

"Get house—tha's start. Then you get know people. Snobbish town first toward outsider, but not long—not after know you. People like you"—he indicated Ahearn and his wife with a sweeping gesture—"all right. Cordial as an'thin' once get by first barrer-bar-barrer—" He swallowed, and then said "barrier," repeated it masterfully.

Evylyn looked appealingly at her brother-in-law, but before he could intercede a thick mumble had come crowding out of Tom Lowrie, hindered by the dead cigar which he gripped firmly with his teeth.

"Huma uma ho huma ahdy um——"

"What?" demanded Harold earnestly.

Resignedly and with difficulty Tom removed the cigar—that is, he removed part of it, and then blew the remainder with a *whut* sound across the room, where it landed liquidly and limply in Mrs. Ahearn's lap.

"Beg pardon," he mumbled, and rose with the vague intention of going after it. Milton's hand on his coat collapsed him in time, and Mrs. Ahearn not ungracefully flounced the tobacco from her skirt to the floor, never once looking at it.

"I was sayin'," continued Tom thickly, "'for 'at happened"—he waved his hand apologetically toward Mrs. Ahearn—"I was sayin' I heard all truth that Country Club matter."

Milton leaned and whispered something to him.

"Lemme 'lone," he said petulantly; "know what I'm doin'. 'At's what they came for."

Evylyn sat there in a panic, trying to make her mouth form words. She saw her sister's sardonic expression and Mrs. Ahearn's face turning a vivid red. Ahearn was looking down at his watch-chain, fingering it.

"I heard who's been keepin' y'out, an' he's not a bit better'n you. I can fix whole damn thing up. Would've before, but I didn't know you. Harol' tol' me you felt bad about the thing——"

Milton Piper rose suddenly and awkwardly to his feet. In a second every one was standing tensely and Milton was saying something very hurriedly about having to go early, and the Ahearns were listening with eager intentness. Then Mrs. Ahearn swallowed and turned with a forced smile toward Jessie. Evylyn saw Tom lurch forward and put his hand on Ahearn's shoulder—and suddenly she was listening to a new, anxious voice at her elbow, and, turning, found Hilda, the second maid.

"Please, Mis' Piper, I tank Yulie got her hand poisoned. It's all swole up and her cheeks is hot and she's moanin' an' groanin'——"

"Julie is?" Evylyn asked sharply. The party suddenly receded. She turned quickly, sought with her eyes for Mrs. Ahearn, slipped toward her.

"If you'll excuse me, Mrs.—" She had momentarily forgotten the name, but she went right on: "My little girl's been taken sick. I'll be down when I can." She turned and ran quickly up the stairs, retaining a confused picture of rays of cigar smoke and a loud discussion in the centre of the room that seemed to be developing into an argument.

Switching on the light in the nursery, she found Julie tossing feverishly and giving out odd little cries. She put her hand against the cheeks. They were burning. With an exclamation she followed the arm down under the cover until she found the hand. Hilda was right. The whole thumb was swollen to the wrist and in the centre was a little inflamed sore. Blood-poisoning! her mind cried in ter-

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ror. The bandage had come off the cut and she'd gotten something in it. She'd cut it at three o'clock—it was now nearly eleven. Eight hours. Blood-poisoning couldn't possibly develop so soon. She rushed to the 'phone.

Doctor Martin across the street was out. Doctor Foulke, their family physician, didn't answer. She racked her brains and in desperation called her throat specialist, and bit her lip furiously while he looked up the numbers of two physicians. During that interminable moment she thought she heard loud voices downstairs—but she seemed to be in another world now. After fifteen minutes she located a physician who sounded angry and sulky at being called out of bed. She ran back to the nursery and, looking at the hand, found it was somewhat more swollen.

"Oh, God!" she cried, and kneeling beside the bed began smoothing back Julie's hair over and over. With a vague idea of getting some hot water, she rose and started toward the door, but the lace of her dress caught in the bed-rail and she fell forward on her hands and knees. She struggled up and jerked frantically at the lace. The bed moved and Julie groaned. Then more quietly but with suddenly fumbling fingers she found the pleat in front, tore the whole pannier completely off, and rushed from the room.

Out in the hall she heard a single loud, insistent voice, but as she reached the head of the stairs it ceased and an outer door banged.

The music-room came into view. Only Harold and Milton were there, the former leaning against a chair, his face very pale, his collar open, and his mouth moving loosely.

"What's the matter?"

Milton looked at her anxiously.

"There was a little trouble——"

Then Harold saw her and, straightening up with an effort, began to speak.

"'Sult m'own cousin m'own house. —— —— common nouveau rish. 'Sult m'own cousin——"

"Tom had trouble with Ahearn and Harold interfered," said Milton.

"My Lord, Milton," cried Evylyn, "couldn't you have done something?"

"I tried; I——"

"Julie's sick," she interrupted; "she's poisoned herself. Get him to bed if you can."

Harold looked up.

"Julie sick?"

Paying no attention, Evylyn brushed by through the dining-room, catching sight, with a burst of horror, of the big punch-bowl still on the table, the liquid from melted ice in its bottom. She heard steps on the front stairs—it was Milton helping Harold up—and then a mumble, "Why, Julie's a'righ'."

"Don't let him go into the nursery!" she shouted.

The hours blurred into a nightmare. The doctor arrived just before midnight and within a half-hour had lanced the wound. He left at two after giving her the addresses of two nurses to call up and promising to return at half-past six. It was blood-poisoning.

At four, leaving Hilda by the bedside, she went to her room and, slipping with a shudder out of her evening dress, kicked it into a corner. She put on a house dress and returned to the nursery while Hilda went to make coffee.

Not until noon could she bring herself to look into Harold's room, but when she did it was to find him awake and staring very miserably at the ceiling. He turned blood-shot, hollow eyes upon her. For a minute she hated him, couldn't speak. A husky voice came from the bed.

"What time is it?"

"Noon."

"I made a damn fool——"

"It doesn't matter," she said sharply. "Julie's got blood-poisoning. They may" —she choked over the words—"they think she'll have to lose her hand."

"What?"

"She cut herself on that—that bowl."

"Last night?"

"Oh, what does it matter?" she cried; "she's got blood-poisoning. Can't you hear?"

He looked at her bewildered—sat halfway up in bed.

"I'll get dressed," he said.

Her anger subsided and a great wave of weariness and pity for him rolled over her. After all, it was his trouble, too.

"Yes," she answered listlessly, "I suppose you'd better."

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IV

If Evylyn's beauty had hesitated in her early thirties it came to an abrupt decision just afterward and completely left her. A tentative outlay of wrinkles on her face suddenly deepened and flesh collected rapidly on her legs and hips and arms. Her mannerism of drawing her brows together had become an expression—it was habitual when she was reading or speaking and even while she slept. She was forty-six.

As in most families whose fortunes have gone down rather than up, she and Harold had drifted into a colorless antagonism. In repose they looked at each other with the toleration they might have felt for broken old chairs; Evylyn worried a little when he was sick and did her best to be cheerful under the wearying depression of living with a disappointed man.

Family bridge was over for the evening and she sighed with relief. She had made more mistakes than usual this evening and she didn't care. Irene shouldn't have made that remark about the infantry being particularly dangerous. There had been no letter for three weeks now, and, while this was nothing out of the ordinary, it never failed to make her nervous; naturally she hadn't known how many clubs were out.

Harold had gone up-stairs so she stepped out on the porch for a breath of fresh air. There was a bright glamour of moonlight diffusing on the sidewalks and lawns, and with a little half yawn, half laugh, she remembered one long moonlight affair of her youth. It was astonishing to think that life had once been the sum of her current love-affairs. It was now the sum of her current problems.

There was the problem of Julie—Julie was thirteen, and lately she was growing more and more sensitive about her deformity and preferred to stay always in her room reading. A few years before she had been frightened at the idea of going to school, and Evylyn could not bring herself to send her, so she grew up in her mother's shadow, a pitiful little figure with the artificial hand that she made no attempt to use but kept forlornly in her pocket. Lately she had been taking lessons in using it because Evylyn had feared she would cease to lift the arm altogether, but after the lessons, unless she made a move with it in listless obedience to her mother, the little hand would creep back to the pocket of her dress. For a while her dresses were made without pockets, but Julie had moped around the house so miserably at a loss all one month that Evylyn weakened and never tried the experiment again.

The problem of Donald had been different from the start. She had attempted vainly to keep him near her as she had tried to teach Julie to lean less on her—lately the problem of Donald had been snatched out of her hands; his division had been abroad for three months.

She yawned again—life was a thing for youth. What a happy youth she must have had! She remembered her pony, Bijou, and the trip to Europe with her mother when she was eighteen——

"Very, very complicated," she said aloud and severely to the moon, and, stepping inside, was about to close the door when she heard a noise in the library and started.

It was Martha, the middle-aged servant: they kept only one now.

"Why, Martha!" she said in surprise.

Martha turned quickly.

"Oh, I thought you was up-stairs. I was jist——"

"Is anything the matter?"

Martha hesitated.

"No; I—" She stood there fidgeting. "It was a letter, Mrs. Piper, that I put somewhere."

"A letter? Your own letter?" asked Evylyn, switching on the light.

"No it was to you. 'Twas this afternoon, Mrs. Piper, in the last mail. The postman give it to me and then the back door-bell rang. I had it in my hand, so I must have stuck it somewhere. I thought I'd just slip in now and find it."

"What sort of a letter? From Mr. Donald?"

"No, it was an advertisement, maybe, or a business letter. It was a long, narrow one, I remember."

They began a search through the music-room, looking on trays and mantelpieces, and then through the library, feeling on the tops of rows of books. Martha paused in despair.

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"I can't think where. I went straight to the kitchen. The dining-room, maybe." She started hopefully for the dining-room, but turned suddenly at the sound of a gasp behind her. Evylyn had sat down heavily in a Morris chair, her brows drawn very close together, eyes blinking furiously.

"Are you sick?"

For a minute there was no answer. Evylyn sat there very still and Martha could see the very quick rise and fall of her bosom.

"Are you sick?" she repeated.

"No," said Evylyn slowly, "but I know where the letter is. Go 'way Martha. I know."

Wonderingly, Martha withdrew, and still Evylyn sat there, only the muscles around her eyes moving—contracting and relaxing and contracting again. She knew now where the letter was—she knew as well as if she had put it there herself. And she felt instinctively and unquestionably what the letter was. It was long and narrow like an advertisement, but up in the corner in large letters it said "War Department" and, in smaller letters below, "Official Business." She knew it lay there in the big bowl with her name in ink on the outside and her soul's death within.

Rising uncertainly, she walked toward the dining-room, feeling her way along the bookcases and through the doorway. After a moment she found the light and switched it on.

There was the bowl, reflecting the electric light in crimson squares edged with black and yellow squares edged with blue, ponderous and glittering, grotesquely and triumphantly ominous. She took a step forward and paused again; another step and she would see over the top and into the inside—another step and she would see an edge of white—another step—her hands fell on the rough, cold surface——

In a moment she was tearing it open, fumbling with an obstinate fold, holding it before her while the typewritten page glared out and struck at her. Then it fluttered like a bird to the floor. The house that had seemed whirring, buzzing a moment since was suddenly very quiet; a breath of air crept in through the open front door, carrying the noise of a passing motor; she heard faint sounds from up-stairs and then a grinding racket in the pipe behind the bookcases—her husband turning off a water-tap——

And in that instant it was as if this were not, after all, Donald's hour except in so far as he was a marker in the insidious contest that had gone on in sudden surges and long, listless interludes between Evylyn and this cold, malignant thing of beauty, a gift of enmity from a man whose face she had long since forgotten. With its massive, brooding passivity it lay there in the centre of her house as it had lain for years, throwing out the ice-like beams of a thousand eyes, perverse glitterings merging each into each, never aging, never changing.

Evylyn sat down on the edge of the table and stared at it fascinated. It seemed to be smiling now, a very cruel smile, as if to say:

"You see, this time I didn't have to hurt you directly. I didn't bother. You know it was I who took your son away. You know how cold I am and how hard and how beautiful, because once you were just as cold and hard and beautiful."

The bowl seemed suddenly to turn itself over and then to distend and swell until it became a great canopy that glittered and trembled over the room, over the house, and, as the walls melted slowly into mist, Evylyn saw that it was still moving out, out and far away from her, shutting off far horizons and suns and moons and stars except as inky blots seen faintly through it. And under it walked all the people, and the light that came through to them was refracted and twisted until shadow seemed light and light seemed shadow—until the whole panoply of the world became changed and distorted under the twinkling heaven of the bowl.

Then there came a far-away, booming voice like a low, clear bell. It came from the centre of the bowl and down the great sides to the ground and then bounced toward her eagerly.

"You see, I am fate," it shouted, "and stronger than your puny plans; and I am how-things-turn-out and I am different from your little dreams, and I am the flight of time and the end of beauty and

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unfulfilled desire; all the accidents and imperceptions and the little minutes that shape the crucial hours are mine. I am the exception that proves no rules, the limits of your control, the condiment in the dish of life."

The booming sound stopped; the echoes rolled away over the wide land to the edge of the bowl that bounded the world and up to the great sides and back to the centre where they hummed for a moment and died. Then the great walls began slowly to bear down upon her, growing smaller and smaller, coming closer and closer as if to crush her; and as she clinched her hands and waited for the swift bruise of the cold glass, the bowl gave a sudden wrench and turned over—and lay there on the sideboard, shining and inscrutable, reflecting in a hundred prisms, myriad, many-colored glints and gleams and crossings and interlacings of light.

The cold wind blew in again through the front door, and with a desperate, frantic energy Evylyn stretched both her arms around the bowl. She must be quick—she must be strong. She tightened her arms until they ached, tauted the thin strips of muscle under her soft flesh, and with a mighty effort raised it and held it. She felt the wind blow cold on her back where her dress had come apart from the strain of her effort, and as she felt it she turned toward it and staggered under the great weight out through the library and on toward the front door. She must be quick—she must be strong. The blood in her arms throbbed dully and her knees kept giving way under her, but the feel of the cool glass was good.

Out the front door she tottered and over to the stone steps, and there, summoning every fibre of her soul and body for a last effort, swung herself half around—for a second, as she tried to loose her hold, her numb fingers clung to the rough surface, and in that second she slipped and, losing balance, toppled forward with a despairing cry, her arms still around the bowl . . . down . . .

Over the way lights went on; far down the block the crash was heard, and pedestrians rushed over wonderingly; up-stairs a tired man awoke from the edge of sleep and a little girl whimpered in a haunted doze. And all over the moonlit sidewalk around the still, black form, hundreds of prisms and cubes and splinters of glass reflected the light in little gleams of blue, and black edged with yellow, and yellow, and crimson edged with black.

INTERVAL

By Roger Burlingame

How suddenly it stilled when morning came
Down the dim valley of the Aire,
As if the great dull guns had hushed in shame,
Seeing that God was there.

It seemed as if the tired gunners slept
In that dim time between the dark and day,
And only the sobbing river waked and wept
The dead along its way.

And in that quiet interval of prayer,
Clothed in the morning mist, with bended head,
Jesus came down the valley of the Aire,
Walking among our dead.

And I, who in the night had seen them die,
Their faces buried in the upheaved sod,
I prayed. And as I prayed I slept, for I
Had seen the peace of God.

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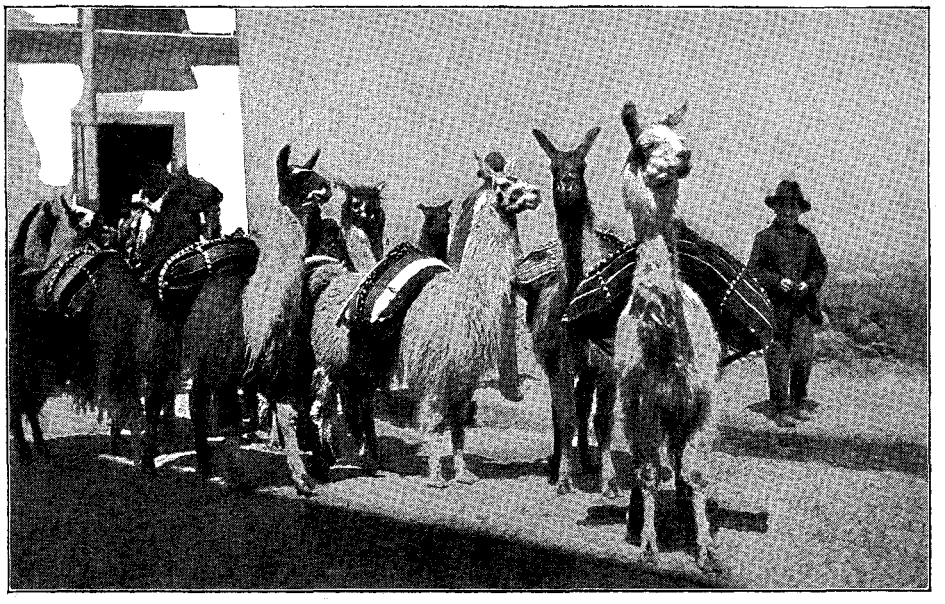

They hold their dainty heads high on their long necks.—Page 599.

FIVE DAYS AMONG THE VOLCANOES

By Alice Day McLaren

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

DURING our stay in South America we made a visit to the great mining-camp of Chuquicamata situated ten thousand feet above the sea on the desert of central Chile. Nothing could be more complete than that desert—not a bush, not a shrub, not a tuft of grass. The Chileans kept saying to us apologetically, "How ugly it is!" but to people who love desert scenery it was exceptionally beautiful with its wonderful shifting forms and colors. It lay spread out below Chuquicamata as far as the eye could penetrate, with its ever-changing violet, rose, and blue, sometimes hard and clear-cut and again hazy and tremulous. To the east rose the distant rim of the blue and purple Andes with their white, snow-clad peaks, and during our visit to the mine we took the most glorious five-day riding-trip right back into those mountains. W. wanted to see the headwaters of some of the streams from which Chuquicamata was to bring her own potable water, and so the trip was organized. There were five of us, a hydraulic engineer, a lawyer from the mine familiarly called "Judge," a mining engineer still more familiarly called "Perky," W., and myself.

The first stage of our journey was accomplished in a big Locomobile, a forty-five-kilometre run over the desert in the pale blue of the early morning to a village called Chiu-chiu, pronounced chew-chew or choo-choo, whichever you like better. It is situated in a break in the desert through which runs the river Loa; a tiny mud village of a handful of houses and a wee mud church. While our horses, which had been sent the day before, were being saddled we visited the church with the village padre. It was a pitiful little building, four adobe walls with a little belfry and a roof made of organ cactus split and plastered over with mud. A few cheap ornaments and images adorned the interior, and an inverted tea-box formed the step to the altar. One little

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A tiny mud village and a wee mud church.—Page 593.

image of the Virgin Mary is especially prized, and the villagers are said to stand before it in awe and adoration. It can be wound up and will put a tiny handkerchief repeatedly to its eyes from which well real tears (provided the little tank in the head has been filled with water beforehand). I should think it might be embarrassing for the padre if one of his parishioners should request the Virgin to weep unexpectedly. There was an air of immense simplicity and pathos about that little church. In the yard were a number of hard-baked graves, a few faded artificial flowers hanging to the unpainted crosses in the glaring sun. Three or four spaniels who had followed us from the village with friendly tail waggings ran in and out of the church unrebuked, sniffing about the altar or lying down and panting. The church dates back to the sixteenth century, and we saw quantities of the old, hand-kept records written on vellum and bound in sheepskin. The priest had a little, struggling garden of which he was very proud. In fact, the whole valley is supposed to be agricultural, but the small, yellow-green patches of alfalfa straggling along the river in the merciless sunlight made me sad. It was such a one-sided fight, somehow; not a drop of rain, not a bit of moisture in the air, and a thirsty desert soil grudgingly yielding a sparse vegetation. And after the toil of irrigation, the struggle to live, what did life amount to anyway in that God-forsaken spot, without education, without amusements, without ambition! And yet the inhabitants seemed fairly happy in a sort of mournful way, so perhaps I was wasting sympathy.

We had a breakfast of tinned stuff, coffee, and bread in the company's store and made ourselves a sandwich or two for future reference. At ten o'clock the caravan was ready, each of us mounted

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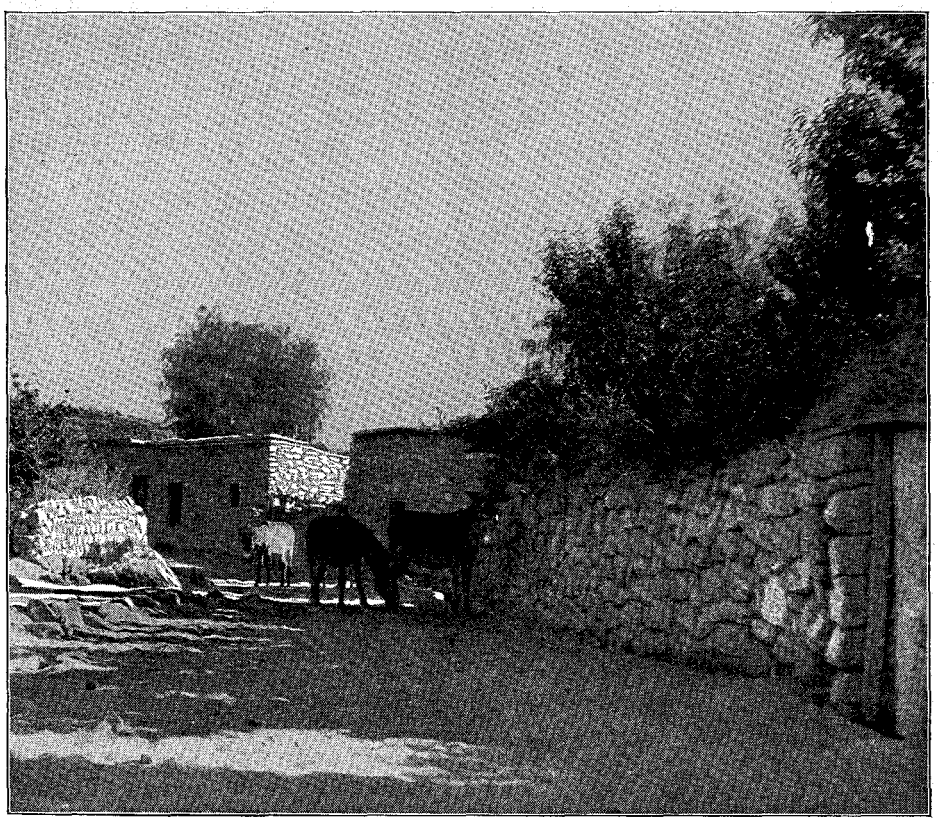
on a horse, with a mule apiece for the next day's march, three guides or *propios*, and five pack-mules. We were eight persons and eighteen animals (lower animals), a goodly cavalcade. At first the five loose mules and the pack-mules showed a craving to return to Chiu-chiu, and the *propios*, picturesquely mounted on high saddles and gay embroidered saddle-bags and blankets, would stick their spurs into their mounts, shout and curse, and gallop and swing their *reatas* in regular movie style and finally round them up again.

We trekked straight back across the baked earth and stone toward the snow-covered volcanic peak of Toconce, our objective for the day being the village of Turi at its foot. The sun was pitiless, and the glare of the whitish desert would have been unbearable if we had not been equipped with goggles. Our faces soon began to bake, or fry, depending upon whether the owner of the face believed in cold-cream or not. Part of us were "greasers" and part not, but we all used lip stick in good old New York fashion. Perky had a red one, and his ruby lips combined with a blond mustache and yellow goggles were very bizarre. We did not pass a living soul on the day's march. At about three we stopped at an abandoned stone corral, ate our sandwiches and drank lukewarm gin and ginger. There is a saying: "All liquor is smooth on the pampa." It is true. That liquor was delightfully smooth, and we resumed our march much picked up.

At five-thirty we were in sight of Turi, but it took us another hour and a half to get there. Meanwhile the sun went down, turning the mountains dark blue and purple and turning the air to ice. We put on our sweaters and rode hard to keep warm. We came into a region of marsh and yellow grass where our tired horses



A typical street in an oasis village.

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sank and stumbled, then into a stretch of small desert bushes, and reached the metropolis of Turi above which the volcano rose abruptly. Turi consisted of some stone corrals, two mud huts, and a mud oven like a huge beehive, where bread was baked for the construction camp some kilometres beyond. The inhabitants were one Indian family in charge of the baking. It was bitter cold, and while the *propios* were unloading the animals and feeding them with fodder which we had packed with us we put up the small A tent, brought out of regard for the "lady," unrolled our thin mattresses, and spread each our eight thick army blankets upon them. At least I spread seven and wrapped the eighth around my shivering form, Indian fashion. The ground all around was a network of springs and connecting streams, and the water was warm, straight up from some volcanic stratum beneath, and slightly mineral in taste and smell. We remedied this with some of the "smooth liquor of the pampa"—whiskey this time.

Meanwhile the *propios* had made a brush fire against a corral wall as much out of the chill pampa wind as possible and had heated a great kettle of tinned chicken soup with rice, warmed some sausages, and the Indian from the "bakery" brought us each a hot, golden loaf of camp bread. No meal was ever so delicious as we huddled together against the wall, tired out, the smell of boiling coffee in our nostrils. We sat around the warm fire and drank our coffee and smoked and rested, and suddenly the moon came up over Toconce, flooding her snow slope and the desert behind us with light. We parted for the night. A cup of water we had carried to our tent for drinking purposes was already frozen solid. We took off our shoes and puttees, pulled woollen caps over our heads, and turned in. The pampa wind lifted the edges of the tent and ran down our backs and necks regardless of how we tried to tuck in our blankets. The munching and occasional snorting of the animals were the only sounds in the vast white stillness, and we fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

Sunrise got us up again, and we were soon pulling off sweaters and knitted caps. By nine we were on the march, this time on mules. I had a white one, La Blanca, especially recommended as being "muy rica," very rich, a great expression in Chile for any and every thing. Food, weather, motors, babies, even shots at tennis or hands at bridge, may be "rich." La Blanca was, in truth, rich in tricks and sloth, and as she started off with her little mincing steps I felt a bit foolish. Our tall hydraulic engineer, his feet almost touching the ground, looked ridiculous, too, and the Judge, who is rather a dude in dress and was clothed in a perfect-fitting though slightly elderly riding-suit, looked distinctly out of place. Perky, his blue eyes twinkling and his lips freshly reddened, might have been on a trick animal in a circus. W., on a big, rather evil-looking, Roman-nosed mule with soft black hair, was the only one who seemed suited to his mule. That is a doubtful compliment. W. has neither a Roman nose nor soft black hair, nor is he evil-looking, but I mean his mule was more appropriate—that is, W., not being excessively tall, and the mule being big, the pair was less incongruous than the rest of us.

That day was one of wonders, for we began to climb around Toconce into a rift between two volcanic ranges. I wish I had the power of poetic description, for if ever a scene deserved it that one did. There was every variety of volcanic eruption; sometimes a great river of hardened gray lava flowing away like huge rapids; again a point, miles long, of softly rounded brown hills which had bubbled out of one of the big peaks ages ago; here there would be great clefts and breaks in the solid stone; there a huge series of steps; once we passed an enormous round hill built tier upon tier exactly like a giant wedding-cake. In the cracks between the tiers the earth had gathered and the scrub desert bushes had taken root, so that the cake looked as if it had wreaths of smilax around it. (Now, that wedding-cake idea is quite poetic, is it not?) The variety of colors was infinite, reds, grays, browns, and purples.

Besides the natural wonders, we here came upon some of the man-wrought wonders, the pipe-line which was being laid from the headwaters of the Toconce

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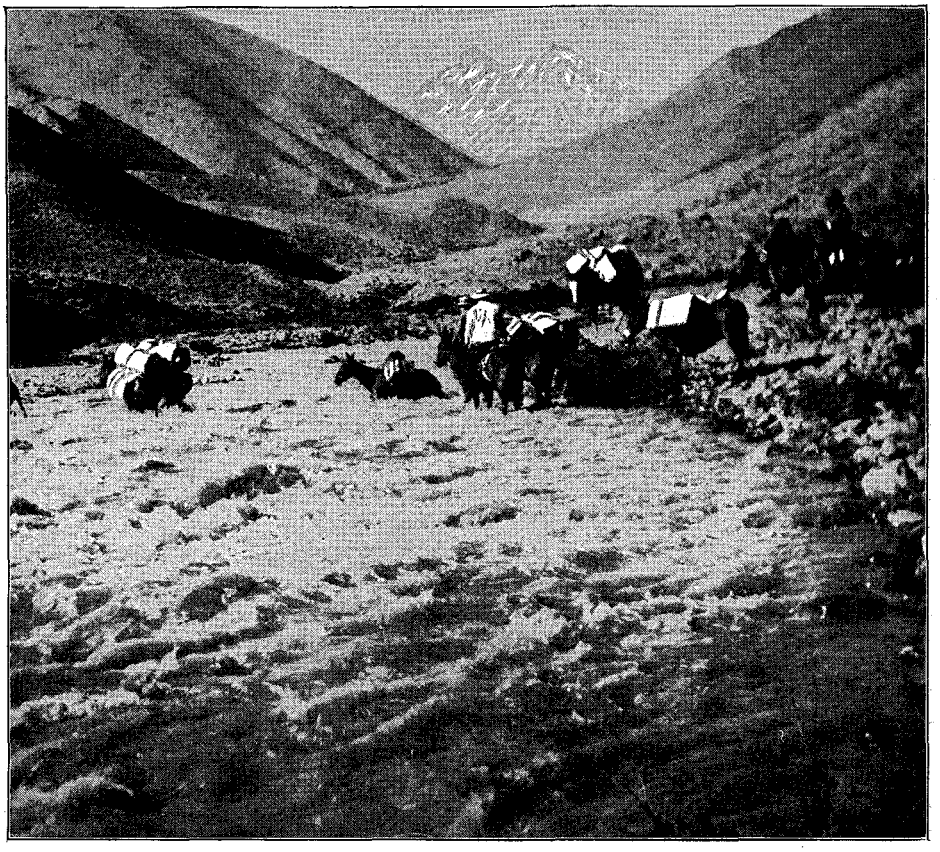
River, way back behind the mountains, all the way across the desert to Chuquicamata. Most of the surveying and grading was finished, winding up kilometre after kilometre, and all the pipe was lying on the ground ready to join up. I stared at that great nine-inch pipe and marvelled. How could it ever have been dragged up those steep trails by mules? In the middle of the morning we passed a construction camp, hundreds of laborers, horses, and mules. Every bite the men eat, every bit of fodder for the animals is brought first by boat to Antofogasta, then to Chuquicamata by rail, thence in carts to Chiu-chiu and on mule-back over the desert and up into the mountain passes. Even the fuel and water must, in many cases, be hauled for miles, and several times during the morning we passed water wagons. "Water wagons," however, had merely a technical interest for us.

At noon we reached a second camp where we were given lunch in the foreman's tent. Everything came from tins except the bread and bacon, but it was a feast for us. "All food is smooth on the pampa," too, after you have been riding for hours. Our horses and mules were frantic to get at some barrels of water, but that liquid is too precious to give to dumb animals, and they had to wait until four o'clock when we crossed the Toconce. I must say a word for the horses. Three of them were near thoroughbreds and entirely unused to roughing it, but not once during that long, tiresome day, as they followed the pack-animals, did their spirits lag or their heads droop. They showed themselves true citizens of the world, and that night, as we camped fif-



The horses had to wait until we crossed the Toconce.

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teen thousand feet up in the intense cold, they ran the range foraging for their unaccustomed food of tough bunches of desert grass, returning to camp next morning as fresh and fit and as willing to start as the mules.

We had expected to find some fodder at Toconce, our camp for the night, but in the afternoon we passed a big Swedish section boss returning from there, and he told us that the dam at headwaters was finished and the camp broken up. I was ahead of the rest of the cavalcade, with the tall engineer, who knew the big Swede, and as they greeted each other the section boss glanced at me, passed the back of his hand over his mouth, grinned, and said: "Nice comp'ny you've got, sir." I was quite pleased that he thought so, as my face was, by that time, something like the outer crust of a roast of beef; but the engineer was embarrassed and quickly introduced me as Mrs. W., emphasis on the Mrs., and explained that W. was a short way behind. The Swede held out a horny hand with two fingers missing, and we shook hands with great cordiality. When W. came up I told him about the incident and said proudly: "You know I am the only white woman who has ever been up here." He looked at my frizzled physiognomy and answered thus briefly: "H'm, white woman!"

That night W. and I spread our blankets in a little stone corral and then watched preparations for supper. The *propios* pulled a part of a leg of beef from a piece of sacking. It was covered with dust, bits of jute, and mule hair, a repulsive object. In a few minutes several nice steaks were cut, all the objectionable things trimmed away, and they were broiling with bacon over the fire. Our fuel that night was most curious. In that part of the desert grows a great fungus, like a gigantic mushroom, two or three feet across. It is like thick moss or peat when dried and makes a splendid fire. We each had one for a seat at dinner-time, grouped around the fire, and must have looked in our blankets like gnomes at a feast. Just after eating, or while eating, W. and the Judge both got mountain-sickness from the high altitude. It affected them differently. The Judge had a violent headache and broke out in a cold sweat, shivered, and his heart beat fast and hard. W. felt sick and dreadfully depressed and breathed with difficulty. I was frightened and convinced that I should go back from that trip a widow, and I cursed myself for not having had a home-nursing course. The night was bitter cold and W. could not get warm. He shivered under his pile of blankets and searched in vain for a comfortable position, drew thick breaths, and in spite of his fatigue could not sleep. At midnight he became quiet and fell into a doze.

The next morning the invalids looked sadly battered. The Judge was pale beneath his sunburn and a two days' growth of black beard. One of W.'s eyes was swollen shut from dust, and he looked miserable and comic in a bright green tam-o'-shanter which I had given him for a trench helmet. On account of this unforeseen complication we decided to give up a side trip to some geysers back in the mountains and make a short trek to our next camp. With sunrise and coffee the sick ones revived, and we started the ascent toward the highest point of our trip. I was anxious about W., but the *propios* prescribed a bit of garlic for the mountain-sickness. It is used either as smelling-salts or internally and is a heart stimulant, so we rode along side by side with our bits of garlic, I from sympathy and self-defense, and also because I found it rather pleasant, and crossed the divide in safety. Some may think that the cure was worse than the disease, but these persons have probably never tasted garlic *au naturel* and only associate it with the odor of fetid kitchens. It is milder than a spring onion, and when you have "all outdoors" around you the after effect is negligible.

Before we left Toconce we had to send one of the guides back with two mules for feed for the animals, who could not have borne another night on the range with its scant offering. In this part of the country the snow came right down across our path (really not a path, for it was a perfectly trackless desert), and I was disappointed to find that the perennial snows are not soft and fluffy, but solid ice. My idea of snowballing in the Andes had to be abandoned. You could fell an ox with a ball of that snow.

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Hundreds of llamas, domesticated ones, were running the range for grazing. They were so pretty and tame and came galloping up to us curiously to look at the horses. They had never seen horses and the latter had never seen llamas, and they stared at each other in mutual astonishment. The llamas are all shades of color, white, black, tan, brown, reddish, and mixed, and they have feet like camels and the softest, most appealing eyes. Their hair is thick and fluffy, and they hold their dainty heads high on their long necks with an air of tremendous dignity. In their ears they wear tufts of ribbon of different colors, which is the herder's way of branding them, and when they run on their long legs they look like ballet-dancers flirting their skirts. This part of the desert is known as the Pampa of the Ostrich, as there are many of those birds resident there. We saw plenty of tracks, but ne'er an ostrich, not even one with its head in the sand. It would have been so interesting to see a wild ostrich on its native heath! Perky had once found a couple of eggs on a former trip and had put them under an unsuspecting hen. She could scarcely cover them, but sat on them six weeks in a passion of maternal feeling with no result. Finally he had to bury the eggs and put the hen in a bucket of water to cool her ardor. What would that poor fowl have done if she had hatched them? It would have been worse than ducklings.

I was ahead of the rest of the cavalcade, with the tall engineer.—Page 598.

Three or four hours after we crossed the divide we came to a stream, and we followed it down to our camping-place, which we reached at four o'clock. It consisted of the usual stone corrals and a stone hut or "refuge" put up for the

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convenience of herders. During the entire day, however, we had seen no human being in charge of the herds of llamas. We turned our animals, now frantic for food, into a corral and investigated our camp. The interior of the hut was perfectly clean, not a speck of litter on the dirt floor. The roof was made of split organ cactus tied together with rawhide thongs and thatched with bundles of desert grass also tied with rawhide. Many thatches were off, letting the sky be seen. There was a table of the cactus-and-hide construction, and it was the only bit of furniture in the hut. On it, weighted with a stone, was a bit of paper which read: "I have lost my Laura. She is young and has light brown hair. I should be glad of information as to her whereabouts" (signed). I was quite thrilled by this romance, but Perky informed me that all the llamas have names and are known by them to the herders—so Laura was only a llama.

As six o'clock approached and the *propio* who had been detailed to fetch fodder did not appear, we began to be worried and climbed a hill south of our camp to scan the plain. Sure enough, way off to the southwest we saw a little cloud of dust. We shouted and whistled and fired off revolvers, but the pampa wind, strong against us, drowned our signals, so one of the *propios* quickly jumped on a horse bareback and galloped after the disappearing supper. Half an hour later they all came back, and the horses and mules, scenting the hay, ran to the corner of the corral with whinnyings and outstretched heads. We all helped spread the banquet, bunches of hay all around like plates and grain poured upon them. The animals began to eat with dignity and restraint but with very great earnestness.

From the open door of the "refuge," where we spread our blankets that night, we could look straight up the snow-clad side of a smoking volcano. In the early morning I woke to see the moon, now old, flooding it with light. The moonlight on those volcanic peaks is a sight I shall never forget.

That day we moved on to our last camp, "The Eyes of St. Peter," a group of warm springs and lakes and a river flowing from them. We were completing our semicircle, and a cart from Chuquicamata, which had come the opposite way, met us there, loaded with fresh supplies, shotguns and ammunition, wading-boots, and all the necessary paraphernalia for duck. "The Eyes of St. Peter" are alive with birds. Our camp was another group of huts one of which was occupied by a Bolivian Indian family. The old lady, the head of the family, sat on the ground in her bright shawl, her multitudinous full skirts ballooning around her and her little jaunty straw hat tilted forward, weaving a wondrous llama-wool blanket on a home-made hand loom.

We had a beautiful afternoon's shooting. I got tempted by a flock of flamingoes and shot an innocent bird which proved not to be handsome enough to stuff. He is on my conscience. They are very stunning as they fly overhead in the sun, white backs and pink-lined wings. The ducks and geese are a very sporting proposition, for they fly swift and high and have so much down as a protection against the cold that they are nearly shot-proof unless you hit them between the eyes or behind the left ear or some other vital spot. However, we came in toward dark with a respectable bag. We were rather short of ammunition, and for one of the guns, a No. 10, we had only five cartridges. One of the *propios* had been despatched with this to the river to scare up the birds from there, and he came back with seven ducks. We thought he must be an excellent shot until he told us that he had lain behind a tuft of grass until a flock of birds settled on the water and then had let both barrels go "Boom! boom!" as he expressed it, and had got all seven at one time. When we told him that it was unfair he opened his mouth and laughed long and loudly with a great display of white teeth. Ammunition cost money. Ducks did not. Why waste money? We found that the old Bolivian woman had made a visit of etiquette and had left an offering of four dressed duck. As we waited while they were sizzling with ham and other dainties over the fire we heard the sound of bleating, and over the divide in front of us poured a great herd of sheep and llamas, two Indian girls in

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bright costume urging them down to their fold. It did not seem like a scene staged in the twentieth century. It seemed more like Jerusalem in Bible times.

That night the ground seemed unusually hard, and toward morning I thought my hip-bone was certainly com-

Straight up the snow-clad side of a smoking volcano.—Page 600.

ing through the flesh. I put my hand to my side to see and found two cartridges which I had neglected to remove from my pocket. No wonder I was uncomfortable. We were up early for the morning's shooting and broke camp shortly after noon. The old Indian woman came over to say good-by and to inherit anything which might be left. She was an old friend of Perky's, who is wonderful with the people and adored by them for miles around Chuquicamata. The year before he had seen her and she had complained of suffering with rheumatism. He had told her to bathe frequently in the warm mineral water and to wear a pair of warm woollen socks which he gave her. On her visit to us she wore that pair of woollen socks although I doubt if she had obeyed the other injunction. We gave her a cup of gin and ginger. "Does it intoxicate?" she asked. "Not much," said Perky. "It is a fine Yanqui drink and good for rheumatism." (May heaven forgive him!)

She drank it and loved it. Then Perky offered her a cigarette, which he lighted for her to her intense delight. Then we began to give her odds and ends of our camp supplies, jam, bacon, sugar, and tinned milk. She clutched everything and tucked it away in her shawl.

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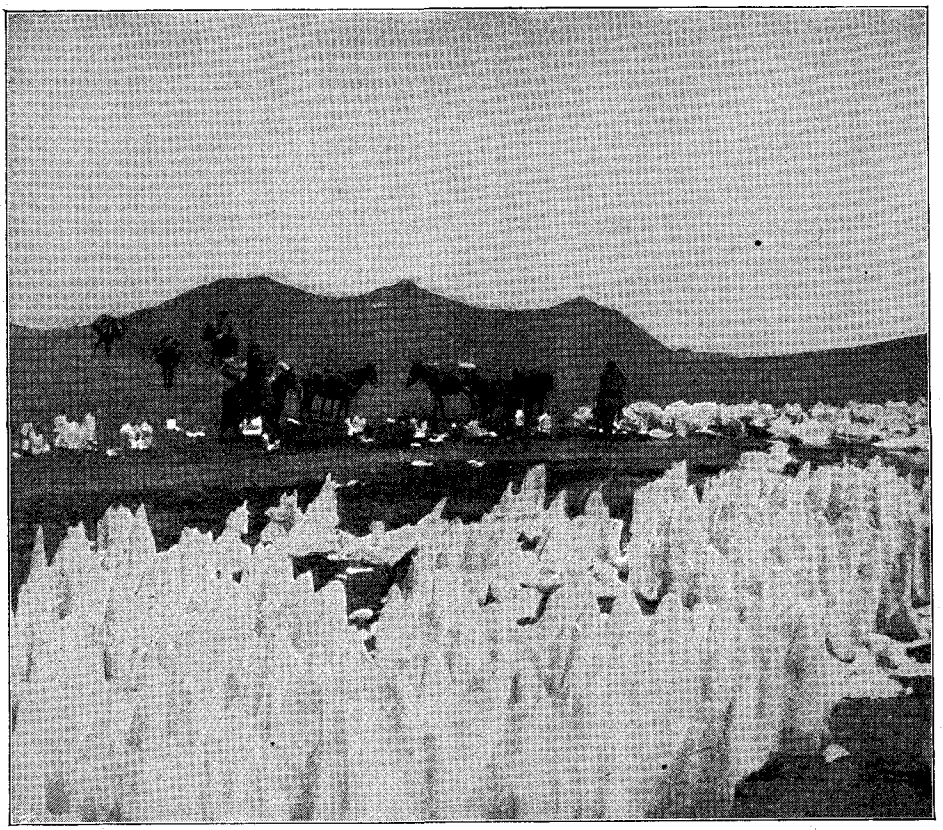

The perennial snows are not soft and fluffy, but solid ice.—Page 598.

Finally Perky hit on a tin of lobster. "Do you know lobster?" he asked. "Try it, it is good for rheumatism!" We laughed, and she laughed (gin-and-gingerly) and tucked it in the shawl. Perky, encouraged by our amusement, began to offer her the strangest remedies for rheumatism, sardines, anchovies, cheese, and pâté fois gras. I don't believe that those things will hurt her much, but I am sure they won't cure her. At length she had such a bundle that she could scarcely stagger to her feet, and Perky gallantly exclaimed: "Let me carry it for you. I am a man." She stared at him astounded. The women are the burden-bearers among the Indians. As we rode away a very smiling old Indian waved and cried out: "Hasta luego! Hasta luego!" ("Until a little while!")

We were counting on catching the night train from Bolivia, which runs only twice a week, so we trotted practically every step of the last twenty-two kilometres to the station of San Pedro. We were in high spirits on that final dash, and in the excitement I waved my arm at a mule which was galloping beside me and jocosely shouted: "Upele!" Either the mule did not like the joke or was also full of animal spirits, but he put down his head and let his heels fly twice in rapid succession. The first kick grazed my puttee and the second caught me on the bottom of the foot and lifted me clear off the saddle. Luckily he did not hit me in a vulnerable spot either time, but I understand now what is meant by "respecting the business end of a mule." At San Pedro we left the animals to be taken home by the *propios* and boarded the train. You can imagine the astonishment in the civilized dining-car when four bearded bandits with gunny-bags of ducks over their shoulders and one burned banditess in a short riding-coat

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and flamingo feathers in her hat stalked into the car. I wish I could add that all hands went up, but I can say with perfect truth that all knives and forks remained momentarily suspended in mid-air.

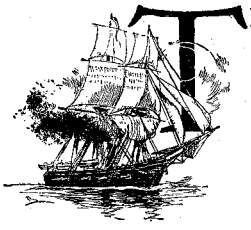
We reached the nearest station to Chuquicamata at eleven o'clock and had a forty-minute run by motor, the great plant with its thousands of electric lights visible like a huge jewel on the mountain-side all the time. As I got ready for my bath that night, after five days without having removed my clothes, I reflected that after being alternately frozen and baked, sleeping on the ground, eating tinned food at odd hours, covered with dust and caked with mud from "The Eyes of St. Peter," chapped, cracked-lipped, and dirty as I had never been—that I had never felt so physically fit in my life.

The next evening our *propios*, who were the best guides I have ever seen, came in with the animals and camp kit and proceeded to go on the most glorious drunk with the gratifications they had received. The "day after," in a desperate state of remorse, they asked for their "boletos azules," the blue tickets of discharge. These were issued for the moral effect, and later the offenders were forgiven as they were all three valuable men at the mine. I was relieved that we were not the cause of their complete undoing. Besides, I cannot blame them for celebrating anything so perfect as those five days among the volcanoes.

A LASS WHO LOVED A SAILOR

By Jane Grey Potter

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER



THOSE who have read Mrs. Deland's tales of Doctor Lavendar and the people of Old Chester will remember the pleasant flutter of suspicion with which the villagers received back their fellow citizen, Oscar King. He had left town while still a young man, and had been travelling about the world ever since. What skeletons might there not be rattling from his mysterious past! He had "left town—he had travelled—one never knows!"

A navy woman frequently finds herself in the shoes of Oscar King. When, during her husband's cruise, she returns, a "navy widow," to her home town, and thinks to knit and fit herself back into its every-day life—at least temporarily—she learns with some amusement, or perhaps some sadness, or perhaps some resentment, that it can't be done. As one navy wife remarked: "When your status is somewhere between that of a Methodist parson and a travelling circus, you can put yourself down as an alien! And a spicy alien, too! Far be it from me," said she, "to forget a conversation I overheard upon the occasion of a visit to a distant cousin, whom I had not seen since youthful days:

"'*John.* Where *is* the cocktail shaker?'

"'*Mrs. John.* *I* don't know! But you'll have to find it. And don't forget to offer her a cigarette. She's in the navy, so she probably drinks *and* smokes!'"

The fundamental departure of navy life as it contrasts with civil life is that it is so frequently departing! To the average family, even in restless America, normal home life means being settled in one spot for the course of one's natural existence. Travel a bit? Yes, of course. But only as far as one's person and baggage are concerned, not one's Lares and Penates. Those do not travel. They are never moved except for the periodical

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housecleaning. As for jerking them up by the roots and planting them in new soil every year, or two years, or even three—why, such an idea is preposterous, immoral!

But the female creature is by nature adaptable. There is many a woman who,

inheriting a strong predilection for the status quo, becomes, nevertheless, the wife of a sea-rover, and in not so long a time finds herself not only reconciled but wedded to the changes and chances of her new career. And as that career unfolds the richness (financial excepted!), the fulness and the variety of tours of duty in California, on the China coast, in the Philippines, in Panama, the settled life of the ordinary citizen seems to her the apotheosis of the dull.

With servants during ten years responding to names as divergent as Patrick Dulin, Ah Long, Goshikaisha, and Constantino Peñafrancia, may not a woman count her housekeeping experience alone as one long string of adventures?

Navy life of thirty years ago certainly had its hardships. An "old-timer" in the service will speak proudly of those days of "wooden ships and iron men," and compare them, not always approvingly, to these later ones of "wooden men and iron ships!" Then, when orders came for sea, a woman gazed into a bleak and manless world, a prospect which might stretch continuously for three or four years on end. When those sailing ships, or even steam corvettes, hove up their anchors, they sailed away upon real *cruises*—to wander month in month out about the world, from the Straits of Magellan to the coast of High Barbaree. Their ports were few and outlandish, and few were the wives even to attempt to "follow" on such pilgrimages.

The father who left a family of two might return to find it a family of three. A child might be born and breeched before his paternal ancestor ever set eyes upon him. Communication facilities were poor. Mails were scarce. Danger was in the offing, and in her community the wife of a naval officer, with some justification, was regarded as being in almost the same plight as those wives of Gloucester fishermen who give up their consorts each year to the voracious maw of the sea, and never know when the great sacrifice will be required of them.

Apparently she is still too commonly so regarded, and yet, in comparison, the navy wife of to-day has life made easy for her. Suppose her husband is ordered to sea. She knows where she stands. His ship, however large or however small, is definitely grouped with a definite fleet, and has laid down for it a definite programme as to its movements.

Is it the U. S. S. *New York*, for instance? She belongs to Division Six of the Battleship Force of the Atlantic Fleet. She goes for her winter cruise to Guantanamo, Cuba, takes a cruise or two for target practice off the Virginia capes, and the rest of the year is to be

found at her home yard, where she goes for repairs.

Is it the U. S. S. *Chicago*? She belongs to Division One of the Pacific Fleet. For her winter cruise she skirts the shores of Southern California, goes as far west as Honolulu, or as far north as Vancouver, and has for her home station dur-

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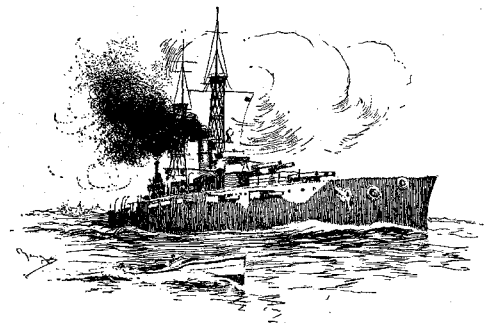
Patrick Dulin. Ah Long. Goshikaisha. Constantino.

ing the remaining months of the year San Francisco, or Mare Island, or the Bremerton Yard at Seattle.

Is it the U. S. S. *Brooklyn*? She belongs to the Asiatic Fleet. With Shanghai for her base, she sallies forth for cruises off the shores of Manila Bay and the coasts of Japan. She is likely to be in port more than half the time.

Roughly speaking, the Atlantic coast, the Pacific coast, the Asiatic coast—these are the limits of the possible wanderings of a navy wife during the periods of sea duty. Transportation is not allowed her, nor may she set foot for travelling purposes aboard a government ship, except on an army transport, which conveys both army and navy families to duty in such places as Honolulu, Guam, Japan, China, and the Philippines at the benevolent rate of one dollar per person per day. But travel to all these regions is comfortable and safe, and the navy woman who has good health—and not too large and growing a family!—may not unreasonably expect to see them for herself.



U. S. S. *New York*.

Shore duty may mean a return to the same places, or a two or three years' stay in such widely scattered spots as New Orleans; Bath, Maine; Samoa; our newly acquired Virgin Islands; San Diego, California; or Santo Domingo; New London, Connecticut; or Pensacola, Florida.

Getting settled for shore duty has an ever-present zest. There is always the enthusiasm of a new experience, and the happy prospect of home life and a reunited family.

It is an old saying that a navy wife is bound to be happy half the time! The gentle intimation is, of course, that if she loves her husband she will enjoy their years together; if she hates him, she will enjoy their years apart!

The wife of the business man or the banker or lawyer often says commiseratingly to the navy wife: How do you stand the awful separations? The retort might be: When I do see my husband, he is my comrade—how much of one is yours?

A husband who when he is at home has leisure to walk, to read, to talk, to play with his family is a very real person in that family life. Such is the naval officer. No shadow of "the office" overhangs him, no exhaustion from business cares spoils him as a companion. The navy wife feels, after all, that she can often give Mrs. Civilian

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Children with live dolls strapped to their backs.

cards and spades on the enjoyment of married life.

The indictment of navy life as "frivolous" is a nudge on the wrong rib. True, there are many frivolous and addle-pated persons in the navy—but so are there outside the navy!

Frivolity is a person's tissue, not his garment. A stable residence encourages and engenders a sense of responsibility and obligation, so the theory goes—an unstable residence promotes shallowness and flippancy of character. This ought to be true, perhaps, but is it? A roving life did not prevent one navy woman from becoming deeply engaged in hospital work, another in settlement work, another in organization connected with infant hygiene, another with mothers' pensions, and still another with a whole winter's campaign for shorter hours legislation for working women.

How much the individual makes her life, and how much her life makes the individual may be a moot point, but there is nothing to bear out the idea that life in the navy produces flippancy any more than does life in a city or a small town, or on the farm!

That a life of such hardships as are commonly ascribed to the navy should be thought at the same time to promote frivolity of character is something of a paradox. Can one spend one's days suffering and simpering all at once? The truth is that life in the navy has to offer about the same proportion of solids and syllabub as has life anywhere else. Let him that is frivolous be frivolous still, but for heaven's sake not blame it on the navy!

Along with the solid virtues of a "settled" life does there not go sometimes the vice of narrowness, and possibly a tendency toward a too-provincial allegiance? Service folk have their own narrowness, to be sure, sometimes in the form of a semi-defensive service-consciousness. But their minds by dint of frequent change of angle are perforce dynamic, not static. The perspective of the antipodes is differ-

A gardener up to the knees in blooms.

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ent from that of the homeland, even to the most wooden-headed.

The navy, if one but stops to think of it, is, in fact, a powerful internationalizer.

You know better the wider brotherhood of men when you live with them in the four corners of the earth. You have a lively interest in those four corners; more, you have the fondness for them which is linked with personal remembrance. The Philippines are no longer a mere geographical name—they are a warm feeling at your heart. You are astride a mountain-pony, climbing a trail in the long shadows of a quiet evening. Before you lies a still, sun-bathed-valley, with puffs of white cloud resting against the hilltops. Your pony stops, turns, and far away to the east over the rim of a gulf whose yellow shores seem cut with a pair of compasses, swims the misty circle of a full moon. You sit and gaze from east to west, from west to east until the sudden night comes down, and you turn your pony's head toward the valley where cottage lights come blinking out through the pine-trees. The drone of a jew's-harp floats weirdly to your ears, and as you draw to one side of the narrow trail a line of hillmen passes, staves in their hands, *camote* baskets on their backs. In response to your salutation, they give you back: "Good morning!" the only English words they know.

Astride a mountain-pony, climbing a trail in the long shadows of a quiet evening.

An affection for the country, for its people, is planted by such hours as these, as no school-books or lectures can ever plant it.

Japan is not a "menace"—not a political view-halloo, not an economic intruder. It is a day of crystal clear profiles along a white-capped lake; a flight of mossy steps beneath cryptomeria-trees softly dripping in the rain; a glimpse through parting clouds of a mountain's snowy breast; a group of laughing children with live dolls strapped to their backs; a pair of gentle peasant folk helping each other with their huge burden of fagots; a patient gardener up to the knees in blooms, showing with pride and joy the products of his nature-loving hands.

Do those who decry armies and navies realize that by such links—the links of dear memories—the world is drawn closer? That when they send their "militarists" to the far outposts of other lands they are sending not militarists, perhaps, but peacemakers?

Navy life does set upon its children the mark of its wanderings, but it may be that out of the threads of those wanderings they are weaving a stuff that is precious to the world.

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WHY WE BUY

A STUDY IN ADVERTISING

By Henry Foster Adams
Assistant Professor of Psychology, University of Michigan

A GOOD recipe for the construction of an advertisement can be made from five sources. The consensus of opinion of advertising men concerning specific points gives impressions gained from practical experience. The records of returns from mail-order campaigns present facts of the same general nature but of greater exactness. Laboratory experiments with advertisements as material show with great accuracy the reactions of small numbers of persons. The natural history of advertisements and the persistent tendencies disclosed are valuable, for there is a natural selection and survival of the fittest here as elsewhere. But as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so, lastly and most important, the effect of the advertisement upon the readers is the final test.

To obtain the data last mentioned, *Scribner's Magazine* carried on a contest from December, 1915, to June, 1917, in which prizes were offered for the best criticisms of advertisements. From this, about six thousand contributions were received. The critics were practically unanimous in pointing out certain general characteristics which each advertisement should possess.

To gain attention is the primary function of the advertisement. One which is never noticed can have no effect. The methods used to catch the eye may be divided into two general classes, the objective and the subjective. Under the former are grouped the physical characteristics of the advertisement, such as size, color, position, and repetition. Under the subjective group, which involves the personal reaction to the advertisement, are placed the interests, purposes, desires, and hierarchies of values that result from heredity and experience.

An important objective factor is position, both on the page and in the magazine. A small advertisement on the inside portion of the sheet has slight chance of being noticed, both on account of its insignificance and because so much of it is hidden by the curving of the magazine pages. Normally, the eye first rests upon the upper left quarter of the page—a result of our reading habits. The second best place is the upper right quarter.

The location in the magazine is also a matter of no slight moment, for some half-dozen places are more in evidence than any others. These "preferred positions" are the outside of the back cover, the inside of the front and back covers and the pages facing them, the page opposite the table of contents, and the two pages facing the reading matter.

Large advertisements are obviously more likely to be observed than small ones. For if the page is noticed at all, some part of a full-page announcement will be seen. It is a plausible inference, especially in view of space rates, that the half and quarter pages should have respectively only half and quarter the value of the full page. However, the practical results indicate that the quarter page is about half, and the half page about three-quarters as effective as the full page in gaining attention.

The frequency with which the advertisement appears is another determinant of attention. The first insertion prepares the mind for subsequent ones, making them more likely to be noticed. But the same advertisement, seen too often, is shunned. As was the case with size, doubling or quadrupling the number of appearances of the advertisement increases its likelihood of being seen in a less than proportionate way.

Color is practically certain to catch the eye. This is partially on account of its novelty and much of its value would be lost if it were more generally used. Col-

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ors, furthermore, differ among themselves in attention value, the order of effectiveness, as determined by experiments of the writer, being orange, red, black, blue, green, yellow, violet, and gray, when shown on a white background.

The essential subjective requisite is interest. The advertisement will not arrest all, but it should affect probable customers. Each announcement is an automatic sorter of readers; many will attend, a few will be interested. Some will be caught emotionally, others logically; a few will remember the commodity, and a still smaller number will buy. Of those who remember, some will purchase at a later time. In this way the weeding-out process goes on until those who are in the market have bought. A delightful instance of the sifting process was found in the replies received in the *Scribner* advertising contest. Advertisements were chosen for appreciation by a surprising number of critics because of occupational congruity; the plumber selecting bathroom fixtures, the sportsman guns and cartridges, the trained nurse medicine, the society woman correspondence-paper, the maiden candy, and the tooth-sufferer dentifrice.

By an overwhelming majority, the critics voted that the advertisement should appeal to reason and common sense. Readers do not want to be bulldozed into action; they prefer to make up their own minds concerning the value of the commodity and determine whether it will satisfy their needs. They think it only fair that the good points of the commodity be shown, and the various uses demonstrated.

It is imperative, however, that the advertisement be more than a mere statement of fact; it must also be artistic. Three parts reason and two parts art are the figures of the critics. This does not mean that it should be two-fifths picture and the remainder text, for the illustration may appeal to reason and the arrangement and meaning of the text to the artistic sense. Each ought to be both æsthetic and rational.

If the character of the commodity permits, the advertisement should, according to the critics, be dignified, refined, and free from vulgarity; for the aim of the publicity may be defeated by objectionable pictures and statements. How the announcement of a humorous magazine can be dignified is difficult to see. Similarly, the subject-matter of those relating to underwear and bathroom fixtures does not permit of particularly refined treatment. But what is one man's meat is another's poison; what is crude to one is in good taste to another. As vulgarity is disgusting to some, refinement makes others squeamish. In this respect, again, the advertisement acts as an automatic sorter of readers, and, as water seeks its own level, each advertisement finds its own customers.

Lastly, the different parts of the advertisement should co-operate in driving home the message. This is particularly important with the picture and the text. If they are at variance, the person attracted by the illustration may lose interest in the remainder of the advertisement; whereas, if the two parts reinforce each other, the appeal is doubly powerful.

In addition to these general characteristics of advertisements, the critics also called attention to pleasing and discordant elements found in head-line, text, trade-mark, slogan, and picture.

At times the head-line is placed at the top of the advertisement with the picture below and again the order is reversed. There seems to be little difference in the merits of the two devices. Since the top of the page has the maximum attention value, that feature of the advertisement which is most brief and interesting should be put in that position. Though a picture is usually more interesting than a caption, the head-line has other advantages. If the head-line is uppermost, its function is to arouse interest in the picture, to get the mind of the reader adjusted for the hoped-for interpretation. When the picture is at the top of the page the head-line serves as its title. A title adds appreciably to our understanding and enjoyment of a picture, possibly because it saves wear and tear of the mental machinery.

Like the title of a book, the head-line of an advertisement should insure the reading of the text. A number of devices are employed to make it "catchy." If the head-line is long it is less likely to be

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read. Good captions may of course be long and poor ones short, but the general rule points in the opposite direction. An examination of 1,230 head-lines in *Scribner's Magazine* showed exactly two-thirds to be from two to five words in length. The use of short words is also an asset, the usual length, in the same head-lines, being two syllables.

Rhetorical and typographical stratagems are devised to catch the eye. Interrogations, exclamations, and imperatives in large type are sometimes massed at the strategic position of greatest attention value. The more staid head-lines offer statements of fact or use the firm or commodity name. The caption containing a statement of fact is the most popular form. One which emphasizes the firm name, while ranking second from point of use, is decidedly less interesting to the reader. Of the remaining forms the question is the best approved, for it arouses curiosity without antagonism.

Oddly enough, there are peculiar seasonal fluctuations in the construction of the head-lines. They are noticeably shorter in spring and autumn than in summer and winter. The question is used somewhat more frequently during the extreme temperatures, while the number of imperatives increases in spring and autumn. In the temperate months there is a slight increase in the number of statements with a corresponding decrease in the employment of the firm and commodity name. Whether this is a result of the advertiser's acumen or of his humanity is a question which cannot be decided here. It has been demonstrated, however, that better mental work is accomplished during the spring and autumn than in the winter and summer months.

The great majority of head-lines followed a rhythm of a relatively simple sort. About two-thirds were falling rhythms, the first syllable being accented and the last unaccented. The other third were rising rhythms. The falling rhythms are in general primitive, simple, natural, impulsive, straightforward, and anticlimactic. The rising apparently go faster and work up to a climax, showing a gain in dramatic effect. More interesting than the form of the rhythm, however, is the position of the final accent. If the last syllable is stressed, it is said to be a strong ending, otherwise a weak one. The weak ending gives the impression that the statement is finished and done with; nothing more need be added to complete the sense or the æsthetic demands. The strong ending, on the other hand, leaves the reader with the feeling that more ought to follow; he is thereby stimulated to a further perusal of the text. Of the head-lines examined, 40 per cent had strong endings, 60 per cent weak.

In the contest, certain head-lines were selected as being above the average and others were considered inferior. The differences in effectiveness cannot be explained in terms of length, for the average difference was less than 5 per cent. But the accentuation of the final syllable was undoubtedly of considerable importance, for of the preferred head-lines 63 per cent had strong endings, of the disapproved only 37 per cent. Other causes of inferiority were incompleteness, misleading statements, glaring effect of type on background, unpleasant effect upon the eyes, and difficulty in reading.

No advertisement is stronger than its weakest link, and the part most frequently defective is the text. If it is hard to read because of small type, long or diagonal lines, jumbled appearance and general "mussiness," the chance observer will pass on to something else that offers less difficulty. The lengths of line most favorable for easy and rapid reading are about two and one-half and three and one-half inches in length. A shorter line, or a longer one, slows up the reading process and makes it more difficult.

Small letters are read from 10 per cent to 25 per cent faster than capitals of the same type face. The height of the letters, too, is important, the most satisfactory type for reading purposes being from one-ninth to one-sixth inch in height. The letters should also be sufficiently broad and black to be easily visible. News Gothic, Cushing Old Style, and Century Old Style are the most legible of the types which have been tested. Italics are read with almost the same ease as small letters of the same type face. Artistic and fancy types may be satisfactorily employed when there is not a great

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deal of printed matter in the advertisement.

The paragraphs should be short, well related in shapes and sizes, and placed at correct distances, so that they may give balance, harmony, and unity. The arrangement should be pleasing to the eye.

Incorrect English is inexcusable in an advertisement. While it may attract attention, it immediately repels, leaving not only an unpleasant impression of the advertisement but of the commodity as well.

Brevity is the soul of advertising. While a thought diluted with many words leaves the mind cold, a concentrated message burns into it readily. Too great condensation, however, renders it inert through ignorance. Copy writers have been known to study the Bible and Shakespeare to determine the secret of brief, lucid clearness.

The vocabulary of the average man is surprisingly limited and the advertiser cannot afford to use words which may be outside of its range. Unfamiliar words have a double effect; they obscure the meaning of the text, and in a milder way suggest that the article is as much out of the reader's class as the advertisement.

Coupling the advertisement to an event of national interest and importance is a wise manœuvre. Since most persons are already interested in current topics, the use of an opportune head-line, picture, or argument easily attracts and holds the attention. The advertisement takes advantage of the news interest.

Of fundamental importance is a message which carries conviction to the readers. On the negative side, scepticism results from incompleteness, vagueness, obscurity, indefiniteness, confusion, studied effects, and deceit. Boasting, too, is out of place, for it is sure to awaken distrust. On the positive side, impressions of truthfulness, honesty, sincerity, straightforwardness, and spontaneity guarantee belief. Discussion or debate, formal or informal, oral or written, is a commonly used method of convincing a person. A debate is the most useless thing in the world, for it leads to no practical result. In it, the shotgun policy is pursued, many pellets of argument being discharged broadcast, thus increasing the chances of bagging the game. An advertisement is not a debate; like a rifle, it is loaded with one bullet of great penetrating power which must hit the bull's-eye or be wasted entirely. Too many arguments spoil the advertisement. If several are given at once, each will be incomplete and futile, for space is limited. The interest felt in one will be lost when another is presented.

Conviction, however, affects only reason; it leaves the will undisturbed. We may firmly believe that X is the best automobile in the world, Y the most satisfactory rouge, and Z the most remarkable cheese ever invented, but this certainty does not cause us to buy any of them. In addition, persuasion is necessary. By some influence short of physical compulsion our wills are to be brought to the decision which the advertiser desires.

Consequently, a matter of considerable interest to the advertiser is the relative persuasiveness of the different arguments, reasons, or selling points which may be urged for purchasing a commodity. Two very different types are being constantly employed: the appeal to emotion and the appeal to logic. Neither is ever used exclusively in any advertisement, but one is commonly emphasized at the expense of the other. If the emotional side is more prominent it is called a "short-circuit" appeal; if logic is the principal component "long-circuit" or "reason-why" copy. Investigations show that the public is about equally divided between them in its preference.

Conviction of the quality and superiority of the commodity is the most fertile seed to sow in the reader's mind. This is not accomplished by belittling competitors, for too often the rival gains by being mentioned. The argument should consist of more than mere affirmation; one good, solid reason should be given for the excellence of the commodity. Familiarity has bred contempt for superlatives, and, current slogans notwithstanding, they are a dead advertising language. The reader should be permitted to judge for himself between this, that, and the other product, for he will see the advertisements of all. The most certain means of insuring belief in the quality and worth of the article, before it is used, is by the excellence of the advertisements.

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Many factors co-operate to produce this conviction. It is a psychological axiom that two experiences attended to in immediate succession tend to become connected in the mind. An advertisement, therefore, is judged by the company it keeps. Since the strongest association is between the advertisement and the commodity, wherever the former offends, the latter suffers with it in the public mind. A "cheap" medium makes the commodity appear cheap; a guaranteed or "money-back" advertisement is evidence of the character of the goods. Small space is dangerous, for it causes the article to appear insignificant and negligible, while too large space is equally objectionable, making the product seem costly, even of a spendthrift nature. Peculiar illusions result from the juxtaposition of small advertisements, especially if the borders are faint; for instance, a face-powder may seem to be recommended as a shoe-polish, a crib as a vegetable slicer, and a correspondence course as a pleasant vacation trip.

We hate to think, and we are never sure that our reasoning has reached a correct solution. Even inventors make practical trials before they thoroughly convince themselves or the public. But once an article has proved successful, we like to hear about it, for it saves us the trouble of trying it ourselves. Let others do the experimenting. When we learn from them that the device is adequate we'll follow along. Consequently, a recommendation by some person of national or world-wide fame is a capital selling point. The public is well aware, however, that such testimonials may be purchased from widely known persons; the one whose name appears, therefore, must be of known integrity.

Since some one has to be the first to use the article, it is advisable to make an appeal to the experimenter. This can best be done by giving a satisfactory description of the product—what it is, how it works, what it will do. Since there are fewer leaders than sheep, however, this selling point will be limited in its range of influence unless assisted by other suasions. The offer of a free trial may induce us to take a chance. It suggests, furthermore, that the maker has the utmost confidence in his product and its ability to satisfy us. If the article is inexpensive we may try it, feeling that little is lost if it should prove unsatisfactory.

The efficiency of the commodity is a strong argument with some. Economy of time, effort, and raw materials will appeal to the busy, the frail, and the economical, and above all to the efficiency expert.

Since physicians have taken to popularizing bacteria and their interesting habits, purity of commodity has become persuasive with a certain class. Oddly enough, this does not seem to be related to health. The latter appeal was rated very low by the critics, possibly because the persons illustrating this message are so offensively vigorous and well.

At this point logic turns a corner and wanders in pleasant byways for a time. For the next most popular selling points with the critics were the exclusiveness and the luxuriousness of the product. The former is apparently not devised for the *parvenu*, slight value being given to the statement that the article is used by the upper classes.

From now on, reason follows the straight and narrow path, emphasizing next the practical, the comfortable, and the convenient characteristics of the product. These selling points are followed numerically by the durability and scientific construction of the article. Other reasons, since they have only scattered mention, may be omitted.

In many cases, the advertisement appeals to the instinctive and emotional side of the reader. His attention may be arrested by curiosity. This is aroused most successfully by head-line or picture, or both together. A question-mark after the caption is sometimes effective, a strong ending frequently useful, but more successful than such mechanical ruses is the meaning. The effect of oddity of head-line is merely transient, a momentary pulling of the eye in that direction. Occasionally the picture presents a puzzle. We all revel in this kind of problem, but if it is too simple our intelligence is insulted and if too difficult it is tiresome and disagreeable. Furthermore, the time and energy spent in its

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solution are stolen from the remaining portions of the advertisement. A very satisfactory way of arousing curiosity is by making the picture appeal to some of our instincts. Lastly, the object of the entire advertisement is to create a craving or strong desire for the article.

It is essential that the great majority of advertisements, to be really effective, possess high memory value. The need for the article is seldom immediately pressing when the advertisement is first seen, but it will some day demand satisfaction. For this reason, the advertiser should seek to form a strong association in the mind of the reader between the need and the way of satisfying it; namely, the trade or commodity name. This is necessary that the purchaser may ask for the goods by name and without ambiguity.

But the make-up of many advertisements is such that the cart is put before the horse, and the trade name calls up the need. This is because the normal direction of associations is forward from the temporally first experience to the second, not backward from the second to the first. Say the alphabet forward and then backward and you will realize the strength of this contention. Consequently the need should be given first, followed by the trade name. Then the normal mind, becoming aware of the need, will call up by association of ideas the remedy for it.

All trade names are divided into three kinds: those which use the firm name, those which are manufactured from syllables of the firm name and end in co, and those which are entirely different, often of a symbolic or descriptive nature. Those of the first sort are usually longest, though exceptions occur, while the two remaining varieties seldom run over two words in length. The better sort are easy to pronounce and have a decided rhythmic swing. They are "catchy" enough to have become parts of our conversational vocabularies. Some, in fact, are so prized by the firms that they are valued at many millions of dollars.

The most obvious method of keeping the trade name in the public mind is by constant repetition. Such dropping wears away in time the stone of public indifference. The commodity name is mentioned at least once in the advertisement and may be given many times. In a few instances the entire background is filled in with the trade name. The most usual practice is to give it from three to five times in each advertisement.

Looked at from another angle, advertisements of the same commodity may be repeated a great many times. Two methods are in vogue: in one exactly the same advertisement is presented from time to time; in the other essential features are retained but the rest varied with each insertion. The former practice becomes tiresome to the reader, while the latter, because of its constant change, remains new and interesting throughout. Variation has been found to have much greater effect upon memory for the product than unaltered repetition.

In the endeavor to make the trade name memorable, the advertiser often increases the size of the space which he habitually uses. It has been found that increasing the size of the advertisement affects memory for the goods to a degree intermediate between that of duplication and variation.

Other devices for making the commodity name remembered are the trade-mark and the slogan. The former appeals primarily to the eye, the latter to the ear. The trade-mark is one of the unvaried parts of a series of advertisements. It has, consequently, high memory value through repetition. But it has another value as well. A bit of smooth, yellow, heavy metal, offered in payment of a debt, would be looked at with suspicion, whereas the same piece stamped by the U. S. A. would be eagerly accepted. So it is with reputable trade-marks. They are the stamps which the authorized maker puts upon his goods, showing that he is willing to be judged by them and live or die commercially by the public verdict.

The slogan is a short, pithy statement appearing in practically every advertisement of the commodity. It iterates and reiterates a distinctive feature of the product, which is stamped in the mind by repetition. Usually that characteristic is mentioned which the advertiser wishes to be symbolic of the article. It gives the

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impression which he desires to be most firmly fixed in the public mind. Many slogans have become slang. Only a small percentage of advertisements, however, use slogans, a careful search through nineteen issues of *Scribner's Magazine* having disclosed only fifty-one which might be construed as belonging to that class. The slogan and the head-line are much alike structurally, though the former is usually a more finished product. It is generally shorter than the head-line and is somewhat more likely to have a strong ending.

To be attractive and artistic is the prime requisite of all pictures. The various laws of contrast, balance, depth, simplicity, and unity must be observed. The thousand and one devices which the artist has at his finger-tips for making the illustration attractive should be used unsparingly. There should not be too many pictures in one advertisement, nor should there be too many figures in one picture. Since the defect of many illustrations is their crowded, jumbled appearance, they should be simple, clear, neat, harmonious, and well arranged. A good practical rule is to put in no more detail than is absolutely necessary to bring out the point.

The picture, to be really effective, starts a pleasant revery or surrounds the article with a glamour of romance. But selecting a picture which will stir the fancy along the desired lines is as difficult as putting a joke across in vaudeville. It must be tried out very cautiously, the conditions must be just right, the observers must be attuned to the artist. Whatever is presented must be very obvious; but it must not be too obvious, for that offends. The way must be prepared, the point led up to slowly, delicately, and subtly. Very little can safely be left to the interpretation of the observer. When the head-line is properly explanatory, greater liberties can be taken. But if there is a chance of misunderstanding, it will be taken advantage of by some. As we say in science, it must be made as "fool proof" as possible.

Necessarily, different methods must be employed with different articles. Pictures in food advertisements should be "tasty" and appetizing, or show the well-being which results from using the food. A steer on the hoof is not appetizing, a tin can is probably a delicacy only to a goat, raw meat is tasteful only to the lower animals, and foods in process of preparation create little desire—the poor appetites of cooks being proverbial. But the food served in attractive dishes, on a table prettily decorated, makes our mouth water! In imagination we call up the delectable taste, the satisfied feeling which follows, and all's well.

Poor advertiser! He has to show his package or tin can so that we shall recognize it when on a shopping tour. What can he do? Let him work our imaginations, indulge our appetites, whet our desires in the beginning of his advertisement, then inform us that all this pleasure is to be obtained from a twenty-cent can and show a picture of the can.

Pictures of some products cannot be used to advantage. Imagine a picture of a diamond, or a pearl necklace, or an Oriental rug as it would appear in an advertisement. Could it make the article desirable? Such luxuries are suggestive of romance, but pictures cannot do them justice, cannot represent the changing hues and gleams that make them live.

The picture works as an essential part of the sorting mechanism, appealing to those who are in a position to possess the article and boring the others. The criticisms of two advertisements will illustrate the point. A piano advertisement was disapproved by one person because the picture was vague and indistinct; by another it was praised for calling up "a song at twilight, when the lights are low." The first critic was apparently non-musical and lacking in sentiment, the sort who would never purchase a piano for any purpose except appearance. Similarly the advertisement of a comic magazine was objected to because it was not funny. Obviously the person who could make such a statement in any seriousness would be a discontented subscriber.

In all these ways advertisements suggest methods to satisfy needs. Yet the insertion, to be a paying proposition, must do more than inform; it must cause a demand for the commodity. From this point of view, advertisements are intended to control certain of the actions of their readers.

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Every action is the result of a stimulus, either a sense-perception or a memory. If the situation has occurred frequently in the racial experience, an inherited instinctive movement will have been developed to meet it. When no instinct is present to take care of the situation, each person develops a habit if the experience is frequently met with. Where neither habit nor instinct is available, the course of action must be reasoned out. Considerable delay occurs between the time we become aware of the stimulation and the time when we respond to it as a result of thinking. Where the habit and the instinct come into play, on the contrary, the action follows immediately and without thought.

Different styles of advertisements have been designed to appeal to these different tendencies. To tap the instincts and habits of the reader, "short-circuit" appeals are used. To appeal to reason and common sense, "long-circuit" or "reason-why" copy is prepared. In the first type there is no intention of arousing any thought process; the reader is supposed to be carried off his feet by the strong desire resulting from the emotion which accompanies each instinct. A pause for reflection is usually fatal. "Reason-why" copy invites delay, comparison, and reflection. Its initial endeavor is to convince and subsequently to persuade. "Short-circuit" copy is intended to persuade without previous conviction.

The great majority of our actions are instinctive and habitual. For this reason, portraying a customary scene, either by illustration or word-painting, may start a habit into action; sketching a situation which arouses an instinct may evoke immediate response. A direct command may happen to find the reader in an obedient mood.

Voluntary choice, on the other hand, is a battle of ideas; the forces for doing are arrayed on one side, those for not doing on the other; and to the victors belong the spoils. Each idea has a certain power to produce movement; the one which has much may be called a strong idea, the one which has little a weak one. The same idea is never twice alike in this respect, for it always appears with other ideas and the total power of the complex is constantly shifting.

Each idea will result in action unless prevented by another. Where two opposing notions are of equal strength there is no action. But this condition is always momentary; one somehow gains more force, overwhelms the other, and in obedience to the law a movement takes place expressive of the dominant thought.

The well-constructed advertisement offers one group of homogeneous ideas which should cause action on the part of the reader. Why is it he so frequently fails to behave in the desired way? There are two reasons: first, because inhibitive ideas appear in the mind in spite of the advertisement; second, because the ideas suggested have not sufficient motive power to carry the act of purchase to its completion.

Removing inhibitions is the most delicate, dangerous, yet important, work of the advertisement. Negative suggestions cannot be used, for they so frequently kill the buying impulse. Whatever is done must, therefore, be of a positive nature. One of the most pervasive inhibitions is that resulting from the need of economy. All of us want more things than we have, but are prevented from buying because we cannot afford them. Consequently, one of the most important parts of an advertisement is a statement of the price of the product. If we know at the outset that the cost is not prohibitive the argument is more cogent. Should the article be too expensive, the automatic sorting function of the advertisement at once asserts itself. Whatever be the nature of the inhibition —price, lack of use for the article, possession of another "just as good"—it can be to a certain extent compensated by an appropriate positive statement.

The other method of impelling action is by making the idea of the satisfaction which comes from the use of the article so vivid and strong that the opposition is simply overwhelmed. A weakling idea can be given a tonic which is as effective as in the case of other types of invalidism. Making the idea clear, distinct, sharp-cut, and unambiguous adds to its power. For some reason or other, ideas derived from full-page advertisements are more vivid than those obtained from smaller spaces. Repetition is effective in a milder

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degree; calling up associated ideas aids mightily; hitting a person's hobby is tremendously effective. If the work which is demanded to obtain the article is decreased, a less energetic idea will be as effective as a stronger one where more is demanded. The return coupon is an illustration of this. We do not have to go to the trouble of writing a whole letter; it is done for us. All we have to do is sign and tear. The work is reduced to such an extent that we are frequently quite willing to do it.

The idea of the commodity derived from the advertisement may be indefinite. Then it is neither desired nor purchased, for an idea which lacks definiteness and form has no power of arousing desire and possesses but little greater motive power.

Too frequently advertisements do not tell with sufficient exactness how or where to procure the article and the initial motive power is insufficient to carry on a long and evasive search. Where the steps leading to the purchase are unknown or but vaguely realized, the ideas have not sufficient motive power to bring the sale to completion. So all of these ideas must be made clear, distinct, and vivid.

More important by far than any of these devices is the arousing of interest and desire in the mind of the reader. And since it is in their interests and desires that people differ most widely, this is the most difficult part of the whole process. It is so much a matter of heredity and individual experience that no two persons are alike. What will be a forceful argument with one will be pointless with another; what will arouse a strong desire in one will leave another cold. So the arguments, appeals, and persuasions which are offered by the advertisement are received or rejected, as the case may be. An idea which is well received is welcomed into the mind of the reader, it becomes intimate with other of his ideas. The whole complex takes on a new meaning, acquires a new force, and the reader convinces himself that X is the best commodity on the market. His own instincts and past experience make him desire it and the idea of owning finally assumes such force that he buys. No advertisement ever sold anything to anybody. It may quicken his desires, it may offer fuel to his thought processes, it may be the cause of his buying, but, in the last analysis, every person sells to himself.

SOISSONS

By Hardwicke Nevin

Over these winter wastes where broke the wars
Now falls the weary night. And once again
High in the hollow dusk, burn the great stars
Like rockets, rise and gleam—upon the Aisne.
Over the buried dead no brown leaves hover;
No spring-scents linger. In her death-hung lair
Here Autumn mourned alone the passing year
And wailed unto the moon, that all was over.

Peace, like a snow, has feathered down and sighed,
And swung the living heart to a far height.
From wastes aflash with guns, these hearts that died
Have taken wing, for some great evening flight
On vaster pinions of the Soul; to skies
Of spring, brown autumn leaves—and memories.

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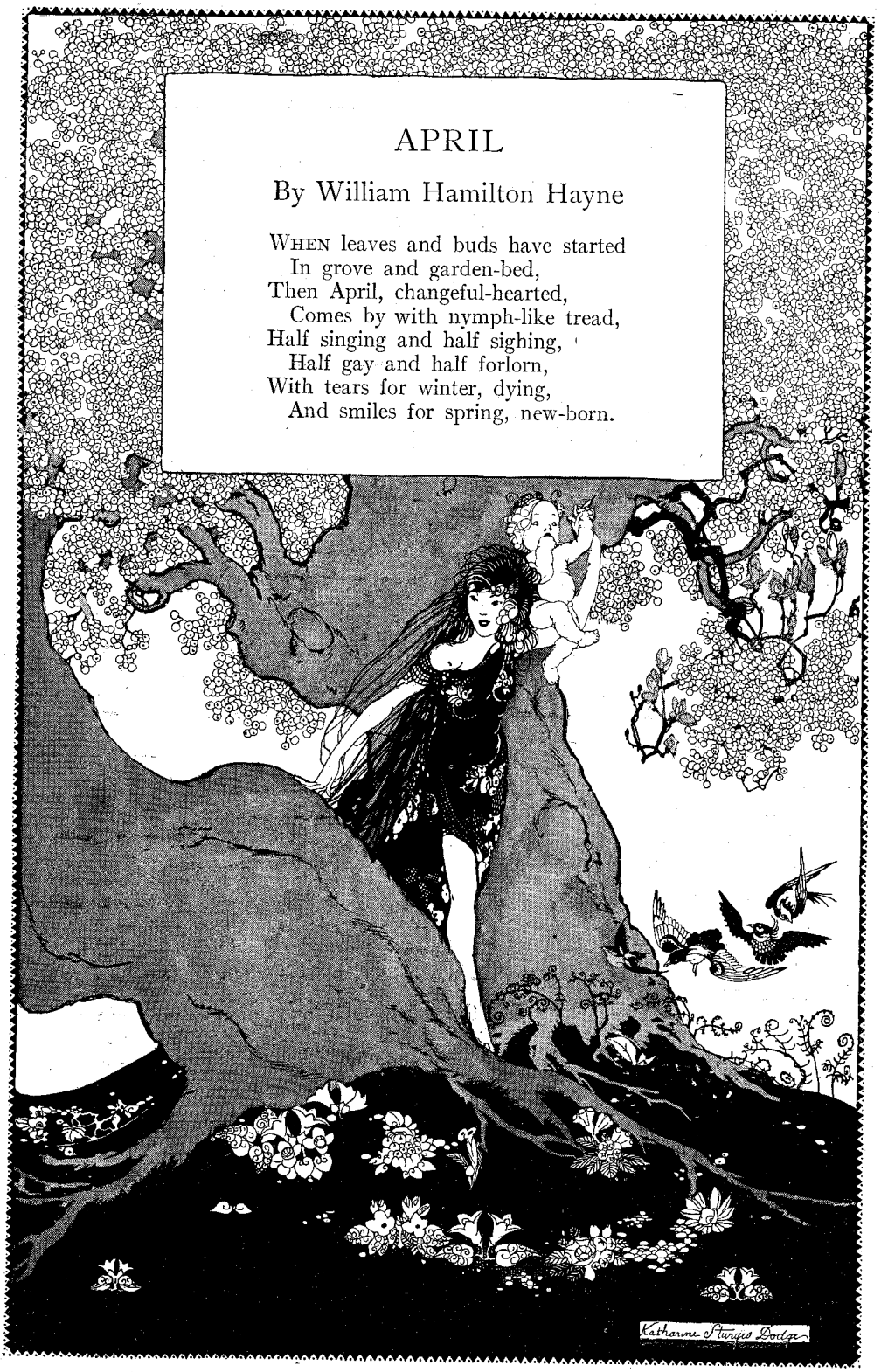
APRIL
By William Hamilton Hayne
When leaves and buds have started
In grove and garden-bed,
Then April, changeful-hearted,
Comes by with nymph-like tread,
Half singing and half sighing,
Half gay and half forlorn,
With tears for winter, dying,
And smiles for spring, new-born.
Katharine Pyrnes Dodge

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ARCADIANS IN THE ATTIC

By Rupert S. Holland

Illustrations by O. F. Howard

DO you know a real Arcadian when you see one? They aren't always well-dressed or clean shaved or even young and cheerful-looking. They have nothing to do with Bohemians, since Arcadia is a state of the spirit and Bohemia a land of the flesh. Food and raiment and habitations have little to do with them; occasionally they may be found in the sumptuous dwellings of the very rich, but generally they live in most modest surroundings, having little liking for the responsibilities that great wealth entails.

There was a little room with two windows on lower Spruce Street where two Arcadians dwelt. The room was up three flights of stairs, which brought it fairly close to the stars at night. A stout and swarthy woman named Mrs. Moskowitz managed the house, and as long as she collected the rents promptly she felt that her obligations to the tenants were completely performed. The two Arcadians in the attic didn't mind this attitude; rather than wrangle with the landlady they would gladly have stuffed their hats into broken window-panes to keep out the rain.

One of them was young, just nineteen; the other was sixty. It would have been hard to say which had had the more remarkable experiences in his life, but the face of the boy showed no trace of them while the man's face bore considerable wrinkles. These did not concern the man, he hardly ever thought about himself, all his interest lay in the youth whom kind fortune had given him.

They had met at a little restaurant in New York, where they had happened to sit side by side at the same table for several days. Peter Sloan was making drawings for an advertising firm at the time, hack work that brought little pay and less reputation. George Contolios was blacking boots at a hotel stand in the day and studying sculpture at an art school at night. Sloan, who had been to Greece, as he had been everywhere else in his wandering and unproductive life, was struck with the pure Hellenic beauty of the boy's face the first time he laid eyes on him.

The man, English by birth, nomad by disposition, could have made friends with a mummy if he had had the chance. He was always making friends with casuals like himself at café tables and on park benches. There was something about his gentle blue eyes and ruddy, bearded face, his big, loose-jointed body that invited confidences. He seemed to have oceans and oceans of time, even in a busy little restaurant off Sixth Avenue. "Athenian or Spartan?" he said in his deep, mellow voice as he gazed at the black-haired boy. "Or from one of the beautiful islands of the Ægean?"

"From Macedonia," came the answer with a quick smile. "But Greek, you understand. Once we were all Greek, and will be again. But the Turks had our country—that was why I left."

"The unspeakable Turk," mused Sloan, his eyes dwelling on the pure profile of the lad.

"Yes, the unspeakable Turk! I should have had to fight in his army if I had stayed on my father's farm."

"So you came to America?" the man observed. "Every one seems to come to America sooner or later nowadays. Tell me about it."

George told of his boyhood in the small Macedonian village, where his family had been tillers of the soil for generations. He had studied at a good Greek school until his father's death in one of the innumerable wars that swept over their province had forced the boy to turn his hand to the plough. With his mother and three sisters he could make a living from the farm. But day and night two ideas filled his mind and shut out everything else. He didn't want to fight in the Turkish

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He was living for some one else, utterly and completely.—Page 622.

army, as his father had had to fight, and he did want to be a sculptor with all his heart and soul.

"Yes," said Peter Sloan at this point, "the mountains of Greece. I think the love of sculpture runs in the blood of men there."

"I loved the mountains so!" the boy exclaimed, his black eyes gleaming. "And to think of having to be a soldier of the Turk if I stayed there a year more!"

The man nodded. "I can feel your situation, my friend."

"My mother and I had many long talks, and at last she told me to take some of her money and try to get to the United States, the great land of liberty beyond the ocean. She and my sisters could manage the farm, she said. I must go at once, or the Turkish governor would have me. So I set out on foot and walked to the nearest seaport, and there I found a ship ready to sail for Naples."

The Greek boy took a gulp of coffee, almost burning himself in his eagerness to be on with his Odyssey. "There the troubles began—when I had reached the harbor, with the ship about to sail. A Macedonian boy couldn't leave the country just because he wanted to and had the money for passage. I was almost ripe for the Sultan's army. The ship-captain wouldn't take me without certain papers from the Turkish officer of the port. I was desperate, when I happened to meet a Greek sailor and told him my story.

"The sailor told me he thought the Turkish officer could be persuaded to give me the papers in return for a sufficient present. He had known of such things being done. The sailor took me to the government office. There I gave a pres-

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ent to a clerk, who passed me on to an aide. Another and larger present to the aide brought me to the head official. I gave this wretched Turk a third present, which was all the money I had left, and he made out my permission to leave the country. I had the papers, but all my money was gone."

"Blood-suckers!" muttered Sloan in his deep voice.

"But my good friend the Greek sailor helped me out again. He got me a berth as deck-hand on a freighter sailing for Genoa. There I worked for a month as a stevedore on the docks. At last I found a chance to ship as steward's boy on a liner bound for New York. Two weeks later I landed here, with ten dollars in my pocket. I went to the Greek colony and a kind woman gave me a bed and next day sent me with a note to a friend of hers who had a bootblack stand. Wasn't it luck? He needed another boy. Oh, but it's grand to be free!" George exclaimed with his smile of the young Dionysius that showed his fine white teeth. "And to think that I might have been fighting against my own people if I'd stayed at home!"

A girl in a blue dress who camped in a doorway on the opposite side of the street.—Page 622.

Peter Sloan capitulated to that smile of youth. He looked at the beautiful brow and nose and chin, the black hair and eyes, the olive skin touched with red of George Contolios, and he straightway fell to dreaming of the days when Praxiteles would have made such a head and body imperishable in marble. And this youth was a son of Praxiteles; he wanted to be a sculptor! So had Peter wanted to be an artist himself in his ardent boyhood. "Tell me about your work, your real work, your art," he said. George told him, his face all animation, and the blue-eyed, bearded man lived through the joys of creation vicariously.

Dreams were the largest part of Peter Sloan's life now. Long ago he had given up the hope of accomplishing anything great himself, of making a name or money. The work he did was to pay for his living, and usually that living was meagre enough. But he was rarely unhappy, only when he saw somebody suffering for food or clothing and put his hand in his own pocket to find no money there. He knew that he had wasted opportunity, but since opportunity no longer knocked at his door he was content to enjoy the sun and rain of the sky.

George he took to his heart. George was youth and beauty and the creative spirit. He asked him to dine with him at his pet restaurant, and that first dinner was followed by many others. George talked while Peter listened. The boy had learned to speak an excellent, quaint English. He was reading good books, occasionally he could spare enough pennies to hear good music. Here was the best of soil in which to grow fine fruit.

Peter went to the head of the night school where George was studying sculpture. The teacher said George had ability, a great deal of native talent. "But so many of these young Greeks and Ital-

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"We took our lunch with us and ate it by the side of a little stream."—Page 623.

ians have that," he observed. "They rarely get the opportunity to do the work they're capable of doing. They get a job that takes all their time, or they have to work so hard they lose all their punch, or they want to make money quickly. It's a long, hard road—that of sculpture—and it's only one in a thousand sticks it out."

How well Peter knew that, he who had never stuck anything out himself. But George Contolios really had talent! The man reflected that he had known that before the teacher told him.

Over the Greek boy and his future Peter Sloan pondered as he had never pondered over any problem of his own. The upshot of it was that he got up the nerve to call on a famous sculptor and ask his advice as to what George ought to do. "Study at the academy in Philadelphia," said the eminent one, who had graduated there himself. "They have the best teacher in America at present. Of course it hasn't the atmosphere of Paris, but it's a good place to work."

Peter was used to living anywhere, he had no prejudice against Philadelphia, he could turn out his advertising pictures there as well as anywhere else. By this time he was so wrapped up in George Contolios that he would have gone to the North Pole with him had that been necessary for the youth's proper development. He told George that he ought to go to the academy in Philadelphia, and produced a roll of three hundred dollars that he had saved up. "You can get a job over there just as easily as here," Peter said. "And a better one than blacking boots in a hotel too. Meantime I'm going to advance you the money to pay for your tuition."

"Why, Mr. Sloan," said the boy, his black eyes dancing, "this is wonderful!"

"It is, it is!" agreed the man, as delighted as George. "And I'm going with you to see that you work hard."

So they came to the house of Mrs. Moskowitz on lower Spruce Street and climbed the three flights of stairs to their attic under the stars. Peter went on with his commercial drawing and paid almost all the rent and the food and clothing bills. George got a little clerical work to do for one of his new teachers, but he found that if he was to make the most of his opportunities he would have to be at the academy all day and most of the evenings. And Peter urged him to do this, Peter didn't want him to talk or think about paying back any debt; George could do that when he had won his spurs as a sculptor.

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Many a night their supper was oatmeal and crackers and stewed prunes cooked over the gas-burner in the attic. Many a day they came in with feet soaking wet because of the holes in their shoes. Many a time when they went out to have a royal feast and spend a whole dollar Peter would see some fellow who looked hungrier than they did and the dollar would be halved before they reached their dining place. Yet in spite of his thin overcoat in winter and the days when he went without any lunch at all and the long hours he spent at his drawing-board, Peter Sloan's blue eyes were as cheery and his deep voice as hearty as ever. He was living for some one else, utterly and completely. As for George Contolios, doing the work he loved, he throve like a young Greek god drinking nectar.

They had their Sundays together and occasional evenings. Always Peter sat up until the boy came home. When Peter was flush they sat in the top gallery at orchestra concerts, and two or three times in the winter they heard grand opera from up under the roof. In the summer life was easier, warm clothing and heat and light were not so necessary; they could go to the park or out in the open country, and sit in the city squares when the attic was too hot. They were Arcadians, a perfect pair of them; the Greek boy with his work and his friend, the wandering man with some one else to care for, some one who might be and do all his own artistic soul had ever dreamed of.

So they lived in their attic, slept and worked and often ate there, for three years, weathering all sorts of storms. Peter had not been mistaken, the boy—he always thought of George as "the boy"—had a mind as fine as his body. He shunned evil things as instinctively as a painter shuns the commonplace; he wanted beauty and knew that corruption would dim his sight. He put temptation out of his way as if it had been a serpent. All this Peter knew, not from words, but because the boy's thoughts were almost as clear to him as his own.

More than that, Peter knew that the boy was on the way to justifying his dreams of him as a sculptor. He won prizes at the academy, the teachers spoke of him as they spoke of but few, Peter had himself seen much of his work and recognized in it the inborn feeling for line and form and mass, trained to power by constant work and lighted by inspiration. "What he needs now is a couple of years in a great atelier," thought Peter, and his mind turned instinctively to Paris, where he himself had once painted. "He has the tools; he must have the atmosphere. I will go with him and see him drink at the spring." Forthwith Peter began to lay aside a small sum every week to take the boy to the city where art is in the air. There should be a new sculptor come out of Greece to make glad the eyes of men.

It was now the third spring that Peter Sloan and George Contolios had climbed the dusty, carpetless stairs of Mrs. Moskowitz to Arcadia under the roof. George was to get his diploma from the academy the middle of that coming June, and Peter already had a sizable nest-egg, the result of extra work, tucked away in a corner of the battered old steamer-trunk that served him as wardrobe and safe as well as sideboard and footstool. The couple of hardy maples that miraculously grew from the Spruce Street pavement were already a delicate green, and some of the lodgers in the block of boarding-houses dared to sit on the door-steps in the evening. As Peter and George came back from their supper the man noticed that the boy frequently nodded and doffed his cap to a girl in a blue dress who camped in a doorway on the opposite side of the street.

So far the Arcadians had paid little attention to their neighbors, but in the spring it was natural to notice door-step dwellers. Peter, returning from an errand one afternoon, encountered George and the girl in blue eating ice-cream cones as they strolled along the street. Peter eyed the girl. She was pretty, after the fashion of eighteen years, slim and lithe, and her gown was very becoming. Of course, she was not to be compared to the handsome youth beside her, but if George felt impelled to make an acquaintance with some one of the opposite sex, Peter saw nothing wrong in his present companion.

Spring came on faster. Magnolias were out in the square. On several evenings after supper George lingered on the door-step when Peter climbed the stairs, and the man suspected that George

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slipped over the way for a little chat with the girl. "Well, he needs friends of his own age," the man said to himself as he took off his coat and sat down to his work that was to increase the nest-egg. "I wonder he didn't make friends with some of the girls at the academy long ago." The consoling thought came to him that his own companionship was all that George had wanted.

"Ah, what a night!" said George, as he came in about ten on one such evening. He stood at the window. "Have you seen the new moon, Peter? A night like this makes me think of the view of the mountains from the door of our farmhouse in Macedonia. I wish you could see it sometime. The purple-black valleys and the silver tops."

"I mean to see it, Georgio," answered Peter, giving the boy his pet name. "We will be going to Europe soon, to Paris, and then you and I will run away for a flying visit to your mother and sisters. Perhaps we will stop at Athens. I was in Athens once in the autumn. Oh, those skies of Greece!"

The boy gazed at the night for some time, then slowly turned about to the man who was working at the drawing-board by the light of the one gas-burner. "There's a girl who lives across the street that I want to make a bust of. She has a lovely broad forehead, and soft curling hair. I've shown her a new way to do her hair. Her name's Mary Anders. I thought I'd have her pose up here, if you don't mind."

It was on the tip of Peter's tongue to caution George against bringing young women up the three flights of stairs of Mrs. Moskowitz's lodging-house, but he checked the impulse. George was an artist, a sculptor. The landlady knew that. He had been modelling in clay in their room at odd minutes all the winter. Peter looked about the apartment, at the two clumsily made up cot-beds, at the litter of things in the corners.

George, following his friend's glance, said: "I've told her all about our diggings. She won't mind that. And she's persuaded her mother to let her come."

"All right, Georgio. I guess it'll be good practice for you. There's nothing like working from the live model."

Mary Anders came, a slip of a girl with soft brown hair and eyes as clear as stars. She was a bit bashful at Peter's presence at first, but no one could be bashful with the big, bearded fellow long. She sat in the one sound chair in the room, and George, his sleeves rolled up, set to work with the clay. Peter, bending over his drawing-board, glanced at the youth occasionally. How handsome he was with the tense look of creation in his black eyes! Once or twice Peter glanced at Mary. She was pretty, he recognized what the boy had said about her forehead and hair, she had an attractive dimple. But she was no more to look at than hundreds of girls in the city. George Contolios was far more worthy of being modelled than Mary Anders.

Next time Mary was more chatty; but her talk seemed neither very illuminating nor very witty to Peter. She talked about her friends and trips to the country, movies she had been to and novels she had read. Peter lured her to speak of music; her knowledge and even her taste were limited there. He tried her on art, on pictures; she knew very little about them. She didn't even look sorry at her own ignorance, she merely asked George how he was getting along.

May came, and George took Mary out to the country to spend a whole Sunday, while Peter spent the day in the attic drawing an automobile for a trade catalogue. When George came in that night he was plainly elated. "It was the most glorious day!" he said. "We took our lunch with us and ate it by the side of a little stream. We picked violets and brought home some branches of dogwood. You should have been out in the country too, Peter, instead of drudging here."

Peter's blue eyes smiled. "I'd like to see the springtime through your eyes, Georgio mio."

"We must go out together soon, Peter. Before the fruit-trees lose all their blossoms."

"Any time you say."

They didn't go out together. The idea slipped from George's mind, too many other thoughts were filling it at the time. He worked hard at the bust and sometimes when he had finished a session he would insist on Mary going with him to

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a little ice-cream parlor around the corner to reward her for keeping so still. Peter could hear their voices as they raced down the stairs. Then the attic room seemed uncommonly lonely. It had never been so empty before, even with George away. Mary had come into Arcady, and Peter was conscious she had brought a change.

The man knew the boy so well that he could read as in a book what was happening to him. He did not need to be told the cause of the youth's long silences and excited outbursts, nor where he was spending the restless evenings as spring became summer. He watched George at his work, saw his dissatisfaction as his skill seemed unable to express all that he found in his model, noted how quickly he forgot even that work itself when Mary stretched out her hand and said: "Now, George, it's time for us to go for a walk before supper."

Meantime the nest-egg in the old steamer-trunk grew, for Peter had never worked so hard in his life as he did those days when his spirit was in trouble.

On a Sunday when George and Mary had gone to the country together Peter put on his weather-worn slouch hat, took the stick that had journeyed with him for years, and set out for the park. Many and many a time he had spent a Sunday by himself, viewing the human scene against its varied background. He had always been contented, whether the day brought him some adventure with another wanderer like himself or gave him only nature as a companion. But that contentment had flown. No longer were the blue eyes merely speculative, they were troubled with deep concern.

George was in love with this girl. Peter, most charitable of men, was ready to admit that Mary Anders would probably make a suitable wife for an ordinary young fellow, for the average young American clerk or salesman, whose world was limited to his shop and his home. Youth must have love-affairs, that also Peter admitted; but he knew from his own experience that love-affairs were not vital concerns. They could be outlived, as he had outlived the memory, once so warm, of several women in his past. Marriage was very different. That was the reef on which many careers were wrecked. If George was ever to marry, it must be some woman who would help him to the heights. And Mary Anders would only present him with babies and countless bills to pay.

The point from which all Peter's thoughts started was the fact that George was an artist, a youth in a million, that wonderful ideal youth that Praxiteles and all the other great creators of beauty must have been once on a time. He was in the way to being what Peter himself would once have given his soul to be. Peter knew how easily he himself had fallen by the wayside, how readily he had allowed the pleasant habits of indolence to rob him of his ambitions. All he would have been, but never had been, that should this Greek youth be. Peter would see to it that life in Paris, work in the atelier of the greatest of living sculptors, should make up to George for this temporary regret and fill his soul to the brim with the pure love of his art.

Moreover, Peter knew that he could bring George to do this. The youth would demur, protest, perhaps argue a little; but he would give in at last and admit that the man was right. If he felt that his art was at stake George would make any sacrifice, and Peter had the arguments to convince him. Then Peter, very gently, with a few self-revelations, would show the boy that love may knock many times at the heart of a man and that he would find other sweethearts if he waited.

With his course clear before him the man went back to the city and climbed the stairs to the room under the roof. The door was half open and in the golden light of the late summer afternoon he saw George and Mary sitting on his old steamer-trunk looking at the sunset sky. The youth's arm was around Mary's waist and her head rested against his shoulder. A chair near at hand bearing Peter's battered copper teapot and a couple of china cups told why the two had come up to the attic.

George turned his head to look at Mary's eyes and his hand stroked the hair above her forehead. How beautiful was his profile, how exquisite his chin and throat with the open, rolling collar! So

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Mary had come into Arcady, and Peter was conscious she had brought a change.—Page 624.

must Achilles have looked when he held Briseis in his arms!

Peter stood outside the door, motionless, spellbound. He saw the girl turn and look at the youth, and she was not Mary Anders who lived across the street, but the spirit of love yielding to her mate. Arcady indeed! This picture transcended anything that Arcady could show. It was as timeless as the soul of man. It was more than youth, being the spring from which youth came.

And Peter remembered how he had once let this too slip through his fingers, as he had let all the great prizes men may win. He might have had this too once on a time, but he thought that his art was dearer and didn't want to shoulder too

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great a burden; and then he might have had art perhaps, but he felt that ease was more precious; and so he had come to this, not a liver of life, but a wandering ghost, a derelict, a nomad. Who was he to tell his young Greek god what was worth while in life?

He tiptoed half-way down the stairs and then climbed them again, making more noise. George and Mary had risen from the steamer-trunk and were ready to greet him. "Oh, Peter," said the boy, his dark eyes gleaming, "we came up here to have tea and then we watched the sunset!" He spoke as if those two events were greatly memorable.

"Oh, Mr. Peter," Mary said, her cheeks as flushed as Aphrodite's in the Hellenic waves, "did you ever see such a sunset? Hasn't it been a perfectly grand day?"

Peter's blue eyes beamed. "It certainly has, my dear. And now, if your mother's willing, I'd like to have you and Georgio take supper with me at the little restaurant around the corner."

The restaurant was a Greek shop, but neither George nor Mary knew what they were eating, they were too busy talking and laughing and looking at each other. Peter drank in their emotions with mixed feelings; sometimes he felt that they were only children, sometimes that they were as much wiser than he as gods are wiser than men.

Later George, perhaps feeling a little regretful at having been away from his friend all day, said good-night to Mary at her door and joined Peter in their room. Peter was not working, he was sitting in front of the window, smoking his pet briar pipe. "Well, old man," said George, "what are you thinking about? But perhaps you're not thinking; dreaming instead."

"Yes, I was thinking. Draw up a chair, Georgio mio. It's next week that you leave the academy, isn't it?"

"Yes," said George, sitting down and clasping his hands about the back of his head. "And it's next week I finish Mary's bust."

"And when those two great things are done, what would you like to do next? Go to Paris and work in the atelier of a great sculptor?"

"Oh—" exclaimed George. "Paris! But that's out of the question. I haven't the money."

"I have," said Peter. "No, don't protest. I've managed to save some money. I've got five hundred dollars tucked away in the old chest. You and I can go to Paris and some day you can pay it all back."

"I'm too much in your debt now, you good old father Peter."

"There's no such thing between you and me, boy. I humor myself when I find the money to help you."

"Oh, Peter, Peter, how good you've been to me!" The Greek soul flooded the youth's face and voice. "You have been more than father and mother to me! You found me blacking boots and now I am a sculptor!"

"Yes, a sculptor, Georgio. The dream of your boyhood. Will you go to Paris and give your life to your art?"

The young man looked through the window at the dark blue depths of the sky. "Would it disappoint you if I said I wanted to stay here and go to work at once?" he asked presently.

"It isn't a matter of me, but of you. No one has a right to control another's life." Peter glanced at his friend. "You can't get work as a sculptor here at once. Another couple of years in Europe, and then perhaps——"

"And you've saved the money for me to go by slaving day and night. You want me to go, Peter, I know you do."

The big, bearded man looked squarely at the eager, impulsive face of the Greek boy who represented all of life to him. "I want you to do what you most desire. Only don't throw your life away. Don't think of it as trivial. Don't be a spinner of dreams as I have been."

"You? Why, there's no one so fine in all the world. You're always thinking of others."

"Think of yourself now, Georgio. Put me out of your mind."

The young fellow hesitated, clasped his hands round his knees, unclasped them and flung them out toward the sky. "I can only think of Mary," he said. "I want her, and she wants me. I can't think of anything else."

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George and Mary sitting on his old steamer-trunk looking at the sunset sky.—Page 624.

Peter touched the boy's arm with his hand. "That's as it should be, my son. That's as I thought it would be. There are greater things than ambition, greater even perhaps than art. There is an art of living, and its touchstone is love."

"What a great artist you are then, my father Peter! But perhaps a man can have love and his art too."

"Perhaps," agreed Peter slowly. "But make sure of the greater thing anyhow. Life doesn't wait for men. Even boys out of Greece must learn that lesson."

"Oh, to think of Paris—" George's voice was only a murmur.

"Yes, but to think of Mary," Peter whispered.

"Yes, to think of Mary! There's no one in the world so happy as I! I hope you're a little bit happy about this too, Peter."

"Oh yes, I'm happy," said the old Arcadian, relighting his pet briar pipe.

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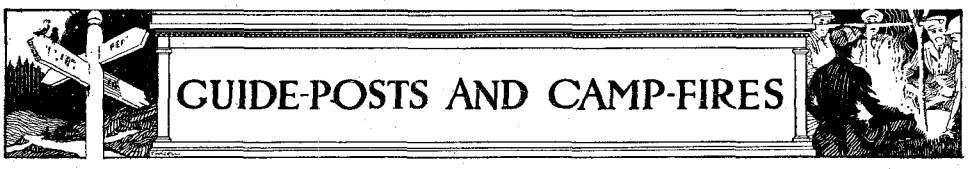

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

MOVING DAY

[THE FIFTH OF TWELVE PAPERS]

LONG ago in Brooklyn,—in the consulship of Plancus, when Fernando Wood was Tammany Mayor of New York, and the perennial effervescence of the Fenians bubbled over in anti-draft riots,—in that rolled-golden age, May Day was "Moving Day."

Beautiful Brooklyn, with breezy Heights overlooking the turbulent tides of East River, and the round green patch of Governor's Island, and the long low metropolis of Manhattan, and the hills of New Jersey and Staten Island beyond the busy harbor! What a broad and noble outlook, what a rural self-complacent charm was thine, O city of churches, "all unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of the century," wrapped in New England traditions and based on a solid Dutch financial foundation!

Beecher and Storrs were thine, Jachin and Boaz, pillars of the oratorical Temple,—and, Lord, how they hated each other! Walt Whitman also was thine, the insurgent rhapsodical poet,—but thou knewest him not because he was flannel-shirted. Placid and prim were thy streets, and thy spirit was self-contented, sure that the ultimate truth and the final social form were embodied in Brooklyn.

(Reader, I am afraid that these paragraphs, if you follow the punctuation, may seem like un-capitalized *vers libre*. Let us get back to honest prose.)

May the first, in the days which I recall, was the time appointed for the transmigration of households.

It was not a movable feast, it was a fixed feast of movables.

The little houses poured forth their accumulated treasures and rubbish to be conveyed to other little houses. "Apartments" were unknown, but tenements had begun to exist. Neither the origin nor the destination made any difference. The point was that you had to move if your lease was up; and your goods and chattels had to move with you.

Great was the disclosure, on that day, of the stuff that had been accumulated. The discreet, gigantic moving-van had not yet been invented. Everything must be carried in more or less open carts and wagons. The ramshackle, the unnecessary, the futile, in the household gear, was inevitably betrayed. Moving Day was more or less a day of confession and repentance.

Even solid and useful articles of furniture,—sofas of age if not of antiquity, arm-chairs and rockers, centre-tables and dinner-tables, double bedsteads and writing-desks,—have a forlorn, disreputable air when they are turned upside down. Their legs project helplessly. They look inebriate. Their accustomed use, the dignity of their position, the softening and concealing aid of lambrequins and portières, anti-macassars and footstools, fringed lamp-shades and mantel ornaments,—all the paraphernalia of their domestic state are stripped away from them. In the language of the prophets, "their nakedness is uncovered." The broken leg, the cracked foot-board, the scratched surface, the worn covering, the huge rent and the broken spring underneath the corner of the parlor sofa,—all are bared to the cold light of day and the unsympathetic comment of the casual passer-by.

Worst of all is the state of the enormous, unwieldy, beloved square piano. For this, usually a separate dray and special movers are necessary,—men of rugged aspect and profane speech, men who "have no music in their souls," who care not for the sweet harmonies evoked from

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that gigantic rosewood box when Amelia played "The Wakening of the Lion," or "The Maiden's Prayer," or "Juanita," and eager swains stood near her to turn the leaves. The melodious monster now lies prone like a stricken hippopotamus: its huge carved and convoluted legs are dismembered; beside it in the dray, reposes its faithful little satellite, the piano-stool, with feet uplifted as if in mute appeal.

Among the *disjecta membra* were many things that in later times will rarely be seen, unless a place is found for them in the museums of antiquity where spinning-wheels and warming-pans are assembled. There were the long tin bathtubs, painted green without and white within, and their little round brothers, the foot-tubs of like complexion. There were enclosed wash-stands, with cupboards beneath, where articles of domestic virtue could be concealed, and with rods above, on which embroidered "splashers" portraying one-legged storks could be displayed. There were portentous parlor-lamps on lofty brass pedestals, and curious candelabra adorned with prismatic glass pendants. All these, and other things of like nature, modern plumbing and gas-fitting and electric wiring have consigned to the species of creatures extinct or soon to be extinguished. But for the time being they had their place with the fearfully and wonderfully made "chromos," and the Rogers clay-statuettes, and the red-plush family albums,—among the impedimenta which the mid-Victorian household chose to encumber itself on the pilgrimage of life.

Moving Day brought them all out. To us children, when it struck our own family, it was a time of excitement, and of apprehension lest our own particular treasurable rubbish should be forgotten or broken. But when it struck other families, we found it a time of curiosity and amusement. We never thought of questioning its reason or its necessity. To us it seemed like something between a joke and a law of nature.

Since then I have tried to discover, in a mildly historical spirit, the connection between this feast of movables and the first day of May,—a point of time more naturally associated with outdoor sports and pastimes in the joyousness of returning spring. The dull, obvious, logical answer to these inquiries would be that since leases were made and expired "as of May first," that was inevitably the day to move if the lease was not renewed. But the deeper question still remains: *why did the leases fix that day?*

Washington Irving, in his "Knickerbocker History of New York," professes to give an exact historical explanation. It was on the first of May, says he, that the original Dutch settlers of the New Netherlands removed from their first establishment on the marshy lands of Communipaw, west of the Hudson, to the more salubrious and pleasant island of Mannahata.

"Houses were turned inside out, and stripped of all the venerable furniture which had come from Holland. . . . By degrees a fleet of boats and canoes were piled up with all kinds of household articles; ponderous tables; chests of drawers resplendent with brass ornaments; quaint corner cupboards; beds and bedsteads; with any quantity of pots, kettles, frying-pans and Dutch ovens. In each boat embarked a whole family, from the robustious burgher down to the cats and dogs and little negroes. . . . This memorable migration took place on the first of May, and was long cited in tradition as the *grand moving*. The anniversary of it was piously observed among the 'sons of the Pilgrims of Communipaw,' by turning their houses topsy-turvy and carrying all the furniture through the streets, in emblem of the swarming of the parent hive; and this is the real origin of the universal agitation and 'moving' by which this most restless of cities is literally turned out of doors on every May-day."

Graphic and humorous explanation! But Professor Schele de Vere, of the University of Virginia, who quoted it in his very entertaining book "Americanisms" (1871), was not entirely satisfied with it. "The custom," says he, "is older than the ancient settlement called Communipaw. The Dutch settlers evidently brought it with them from their transatlantic home, and to this day, in Bruges and its neighborhood, in Verviers and many other parts of Belgium and Holland, the first

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of May continues to be the general day of moving."

No doubt the professor was right. I have seen something of the kind quite recently in the Dutch cities. And no doubt when this paper has been printed and read in various regions, letters will come, (to my delight,) from friendly correspondents, pointing out that the custom of Moving Day was not confined to the districts around New York, and that it is altogether too narrow to ascribe it to a purely Netherlandish origin. Right you are, friend. Granted beforehand! The origin lies in the universal heart of humanity, and in the laws of nature.

Man is a mover. Spring is the time when he feels it.

Since Abraham went down at the divine call from Haran to Canaan, (but Terah stayed in Haran because he liked it better;) since the pious Æneas took old father Anchises out of burning Troy on his back and set sail for Italy; since the Longbeards came into Lombardy, and the Huns into Hungary, and the Romans, Danes, Normans, and others into Great Britain to make up the far-famed "Anglo-Saxon" race; since the Pilgrims, Puritans, Cavaliers, Huguenots, Dutchmen and other folks crossed the ocean with their household gear to occupy new habitations in America; since a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, there has been a terrible amount of moving in the world. It seems like a nervous habit. And I will wager that when it was not otherwise constrained by circumstances it has usually shown itself most strongly in the vernal season,—that is, in the north temperate zone, somewhere about May first.

Understand, I am not now referring to nomads and their vagrant tribes. They are people whose only idea of permanence is a ceaseless wandering. But the folks of whom I speak are house-builders and home-lovers. They want a roof, and a hearth-stone or some kind of a substitute. But they are unwilling to be bound to it, or perhaps they are unable to hold on to it, indefinitely.

Sometimes they are forced out, with bitter sorrow, by the relentless hand of avarice, or by the bloody fist of war. There is no sight more pitiful than an evicted family, unless it be a family in flight before a cruel and lustful conqueror,—such as I have seen by thousands upon the roads of France and Belgium in the late world war.

But more often these migrations, in peaceful times, are the result of altered conditions in industry and trade; or of a desire for an improved situation, or a finer climate, or a more convenient dwelling; or perhaps merely of a subconscious wish for a change in the hope that it will mean a betterment.

Partially civilized man, if we consider him in the light of self-knowledge, is evidently a home-making creature with migratory instincts.

I admit that there are exceptions, or, to be more exact, cases in which the home-keeping affection outweighs and overmasters the wandering impulse. That is my own case, though I have come to it late in life. But there are many farms, and mansions, and castles, in various parts of the world, which have been in the possession of the same family for several generations. Even in the cities there are real-estate holdings which have passed from grandfather to grandson, with their "unearned increment." Yet the Astors do not live where they used to live; and the Croyes, who claim to be the most ancient princely house of the world, cannot afford to inhabit their castles without American subsidy. The Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs have had a notorious moving. Yet I fancy they sometimes hanker for their former dwellings.

At a banquet in New York or Chicago or Los Angeles or San Francisco, how many men do you meet who were born in those cities? At a mass-meeting how many of the shouters can say

"My foot is on my native heath"?

If we could have a plebiscite of the world on the proposition: *We claim the right to stay where we are and we promise never to move:* how many affirmative votes do you suppose you would get? Would it make any difference whether people were living in private homes or socialistic phalansteries? Would not every individual regard "an habitation enforced" as a kind of prison?

How many times have you moved,

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reader? For myself, including childhood, the number runs up to ten times, not counting a half-dozen summer cottages in which my family has been installed, and a villa in Switzerland, a house in Paris, a hut in Norway, and a mansion in The Hague. None of them has made much difference in the real values of life. Things look rather settled for me now, with a winter camp in New Jersey and a summer shack on the Maine coast. In both of these temporary homes work is easy, and in either of them I should be happy to labor through to the end of the job. But I will not accept a guarantee of that desired fate on condition of a pledge to make no more travels, no more adventures.

I have been thinking of the "moving" episodes of some of the writers whom I love most to read. Shakespeare, after many mutations, settled down as a rich man in the best house at Stratford-on-Avon; but he had to leave it in less than five years. Milton was forced to many changes of residence, and at the end he was a poor man, and cared not much where he lived, provided he could have music and the joy of inward vision. Burns was an inspired migratory crofter; Wordsworth, a footpath adventurer, who nested finally at Rydal Mount. Charles Lamb was never driven from London and the "sweet security" of city streets, but he complained charmingly of the inconvenience of moving his abode within those precincts. Tennyson in youth moved often, but when the time came he fixed his winter home at Faringford and his summer home at Aldworth. Browning belonged to London and to Italy, and moved around as it pleased him, always pursuing his dramatic quest of the individual soul. Dickens and Thackeray were Londoners indubitable, but they shifted residences often within their city, and they travelled abroad, and they searched for a general human view of life. Stevenson was by choice and by necessity an adventurer; how many "movings" he had between Edinburgh and Samoa I know not; but through them all he followed his dream of telling vivid stories of life, and of making true comments upon it in his essays. Kipling is still with us in the modern "movies," so we may not speak of him without reserve. We know that he has had habitations in India, in Vermont, and in Sussex, and that whether he lives in Bombay or in Burwash he keeps with him the same keen vision, straight word, and what Mrs. Gerould calls his "remarkable rightness." But, if I mistake not, his movings have carried him far beyond his first "Plain Tales from the Hills."

After all, reader, be we rich or poor, learned or unlearned, is not Moving Day marked in all our calendars? Is it not a symbol of the unexempt condition of our mortal pilgrimage?

From house to house we move; but that signifies little, if we do not overburden ourselves with rubbish. From youth to age we move; but that is not fatal if we do not overload ourselves with prejudices. From opinion to opinion we move; but that is natural if we are not forced to do it in haste. The man who thinks when old precisely the same on all points as he thought when young, is not a conservative. He is an obstacle.

I recall what Stevenson says in one of his essays: "I look back to the time when I was a Socialist with something like regret. I have convinced myself (for the moment) that we had better leave these great changes to what we call great blind forces; their blindness being so much more perspicacious than the little, peering, partial eyesight of men. I seem to see that my own scheme would not answer; and all the other schemes I have ever heard propounded would depress some elements of goodness just as much as they would encourage others."

Schemes, theories, systems and panaceas are the lambrequins and antimacassars of the mental life,—things to be left behind on Moving Day. They will not fit the new house. Only the essentials are worth transportation.

For my part, there are just three things that seem worth carrying through all earthly migrations of the spirit. First, the Ten Commandments. Second, the Golden Rule. Third, the "faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Among the typically transient dwellings of the world are the parsonage, the

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residence of the military or naval commandant, and the White House at Washington.

Do you remember the inscription that George Herbert wrote for the mantelpiece of his vicarage in Bemerton?

"TO MY SUCCESSOR

"If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost;
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labor's not lost."

But the symbol of Moving Day runs far beyond the earthly mutations of dwelling, and the changes of opinion and theory, to which we are all subject. It reminds us of the great migration from the known to the unknown, which we call death.

Here is something universal, inevitable, and therefore worth thinking about. This is Moving Day, indeed. Not one of us can get away from it when it comes. Yet I have no sympathy with those who would make the fact of death the controlling factor of life. The flaming inscriptions on the bill-boards, "Prepare to meet thy God," and the exhortations of the preachers, "Live to-day as if you were to die to-morrow," leave me cold. The meeting, (I say it reverently,) has already taken place. I do not expect to die to-morrow. I want to take life as it comes, —as bravely, as decently, as cheerfully as possible. There are a lot of innocent, interesting, and possibly useful things which I propose doing to-day, which I should probably not do if I had to move to-morrow.

The beloved ones, the friends, who have moved before me into the unknown world, I believe are still living. I have no need of Sir Oliver Lodge nor of the excessively Belgian Shakespeare, Maeterlinck, to assure me of their existence. I rely upon a better Teacher.

Nor do I think that my invisible friends would choose to speak to me through persons,—mediums,—with whom they would have had no sympathy nor intercourse in mortal life. Nor would they use a patented *Ouija* board for their communications. They would speak to me directly,—my father, my dear daughter Dorothea,—and I believe they have done so, whether in the body or out of the body, I know not. But these are "things which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

Meanwhile let us take our earthly moving days as best we can. And for the last migration a word from Joseph Beaumont, written three centuries ago, is still timely:

"Home is everywhere to thee
Who canst thine own dwelling be;
Yea, tho' ruthless Death assail thee,
Still thy lodging will not fail thee:
Still thy Soul's thine own; and she
To an House removed shall be;
An eternal House above,
Walled, and roofed, and paved with Love.
There shall these mud-walls of thine,
Gallantly repaired, out-shine
Mortal stars;—no stars shall be
In that Heaven but such as Thee."

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ONE of the clever remarks quoted by Doctor Underhill in his clever introduction to the second series of translations of Benavente's very clever plays, is that "he who thinks every day cannot think the same thing every day."

-Esteem of tain Artists

But how if he is thinking every day chiefly about himself? How if he has arrived at the summit of self-esteem and thinks of himself as the centre of the cosmos? If a human being can once so focus his thoughts, he is not likely to let them stray very far. He sees himself as a Simon Stylites, permanently perched on the top of the perpendicular pronoun, and from this saintly elevation he surveys mankind, unable to avoid the attitude of looking down on his fellow men.

I have always been inclined to believe that Vestris, the French dancer of the eighteenth century, had the most imperturbable self-sufficiency ever vouchsafed to mortal man. He used to say that in his gliding flights across the stage, if he touched the boards now and again, this was only "not to humiliate the others"; and he declared that there were then only three really great men in all Europe—Frederick, King of Prussia, M. de Voltaire, and himself. Can you beat it?—as we say (even if most of us refuse to employ this self-explanatory query in writing). Is not this the acme, the apex, the ultimate peak of self-laudation, naked and unashamed?

But does it really overtop the gorgeous complacency with which Margaret Fuller regarded herself? In Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's not unsympathetic portrait of the woman (some of whose characteristics Hawthorne made use of to create the Zenobia of "The Blithedale Romance") I find two of her utterances which seem to place her not so very distant from Vestris. "There are also in every age a few in whose lot the meaning of that age is concentrated. I feel that I am one of those persons in my age and sex." That is one of her opinions about herself; and there is another which demands to be set by the side of it: "I now know all the people worth knowing in America, and I find no intellect comparable to my own." When we remember that she knew Emerson and that she was a mature woman when she made this assertion, we are not surprised to find Mr. Bradford commenting: "I do not know where you can surpass it."

Surpass it perhaps we cannot; and yet, without going very far afield, we can at least match it. Bronson Alcott, another friend of Emerson's, took himself quite as seriously as Margaret Fuller took herself. As an obvious and satisfactory gauge of his own importance, he once asked: "If Plato were to come to Concord, whom would he want to see?" And he did not expect any one to answer, "Emerson"; he knew that the only possible name to rise to the lips of those who heard that query would be his own.

In Mr. Comyns Carr's "Coasting Bohemia" he gossips pleasantly about the painters he knew intimately. He tells us that Millais managed to give an air of impartiality to his self-appreciation. "He could not readily endure the thought, or even the suspicion, that there was anybody qualified to supplant him, and he was apt to be impatient, and even restive, when other claims were advanced, as though he felt the world was wasting time till it reached the consideration of what he was genuinely convinced was a higher manifestation of artistic power." As though the world was wasting time! Can you beat it?

Well, I am not at all sure that it is not beaten by another painter whose personality Mr. Carr has interpreted with keen penetration. This other painter was Whistler, whose talk in the studio, so Mr. Carr reports, "was not often concerned with the subject of Art, and even when Art was the topic, it was nearly always his own," since "his admiration for the genius he unquestionably possessed was unstinted and sincere. If he avoided any prolonged discussion of the competing claims of any of his contemporaries, it was in the unfeigned belief that they deserved no larger consideration." In other words, Whistler never saw any reason why anybody should "lug in Velasquez." If Eclipse was first

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and the rest nowhere, why waste the time of the world, indeed why should he waste his own time, discussing those not in the running? Mr. Carr gives us the impression that Whistler did not hate himself—so to speak.

II

THE late E. L. Godkin did not strike those who knew him well as unduly self-appreciative; and yet, when some one happened to say that he considered the newspaper Godkin edited as *one* of the best in New York, he evoked the bristling question: "Which are the others?"

The Self-Valuation of a Certain Scientist

Of course, Godkin's query is not really to be placed by the side of Margaret Fuller's opinion of her own mental supremacy over all her contemporaries; and yet it seems to suggest that Godkin saw no reason why Velasquez should be lugged in. And perhaps even Southey's self-approval, indurated as it was, does not attain to the height of Alcott's. Southey was a firm believer in the theory of the "appeal to posterity," that is to say, he held that future generations would reverse the verdict of his contemporaries and elevate his poems to a pinnacle far above that which his rivals could then aspire. He is reported to have said to Charles Lamb that his poems, "Carados" for one, would be read and admired when Byron's were forgotten. And Lamb is reported to have made the unkind comment: "But not until then!"

If we want to find a self-sufficiency equal to Margaret Fuller's we shall have to cross the Atlantic to France and consider the case of Victor Hugo, who indeed had far greater excuse for self-glorification, since Margaret Fuller had written no masterpiece and since she had never emerged from comparative obscurity, whereas Hugo had been the conquering hero of the Romanticist revolt, he had amazed mankind with his poems, his plays, and his novels, and in his old age he was a sovereign figure of world-wide fame. Hugo had received a heterogeny of gifts from the lavish hand of nature, but the sense of humor was not one of them. As he lingered long in life, surviving almost all of his possible rivals, he came to have a feeling of solitude in his grandeur. So it was that when an ardent admirer ventured tactlessly to refer to the void which would be instantly created by the Master's death, Hugo was moved to smile, with Olympian toleration, and to remark: "Yet it is now time for me to make room in my century!" (His own French is even more magniloquent than the bald translation here attempted—*de désemplir mon siècle!*)

This is superb, beyond all question, and none but itself can be its parallel. But it needed to be companioned by an anecdote of a certain Canadian bard, whose appropriate name was Heavysedge and who is otherwise unknown to fame. Heavysedge was the author of a ponderous epic, "Saul," and in the course of time he came to be so annoyed by the enforced comparison of his epic with "Paradise Lost," of which it was an obvious imitation, that he finally refused to mention Milton's name, preferring always to refer to him as "the other one."

The instances of self-laudation here collected are all of them the unconscious self-revelation of artists—for Margaret Fuller and Bronson Alcott held themselves to be masters of the art of conversation, and Vestris held that the dance was the most noble of all the arts. It would be interesting to inquire whether any scientists have disclosed themselves as prone to overt self-appreciation as frequently as these artists have done. Although I am not so familiar with the biographical history of science as I am with that of several of the arts, I do not hesitate to express my conviction that this practice of overestimating themselves is far less frequent among the scientists than it is among the artists. For this there is at least one plausible explanation—that the scientific habit of mind tends to make its possessor acutely conscious of the dangers of the personal equation. It is probable therefore that a scientist can place himself in the scale of merit, so to speak, with a far closer approximation to accuracy than any artist can ever hope to do.

When the late Professor Rowland (of Johns Hopkins) was once testifying in a patent case, the opposing counsel sneeringly asked whether he did not consider himself one of the leading physicists in the United States. Rowland admitted this. "Are you one of the first five or six leading physicists of the country?" the lawyer continued. And Rowland answered, quite frankly: "In this special department of physics, I am one of the first two or three." When a

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friend asked him how he had dared to claim such a position Rowland explained, with a most engaging simplicity, "But I had to do it. I was under oath!" And what makes this particularly pertinent is that Rowland was here not overestimating his own prominence, he was in fact underestimating, for in that special department of physics, he was indisputably the first—and the rest nowhere.

When the Bicycle Was King

WAS there ever any sport in the world that gave as much enjoyment and brought the open places so near as bicycling? It was a sport for young and old, fat and lean, men, women, and children. All sorts and conditions of people, rich and poor, pedalled smilingly along city or village streets all over the country, or betook themselves by train and ferry and boat to the roads that lead by green pastures, through new country byways or to the smooth suburban macadam that lured the speed-makers and the aspirants for century runs.

I was one of the many who took to the wheel with some misgivings, with some doubt of the glowing comments about its irresistible fascination once you had mastered the pesky thing. I shall never forget, will you reader? the days of learning to ride. All the bucking broncos that ever bucked or twisted had "nothing on" that first "bike." It simply wouldn't stand still, wouldn't go ahead, wouldn't do anything but fall down and bark your shins with its pedals, or throw you off and then ride over you. I recall spending one intensely hot afternoon trying to master a steel mount in a New York training cellar. I was assisted for a few minutes and then left to work out my own salvation, break a leg or batter down one of the walls, as I saw fit, or as the wheel saw fit. I remember how hot it was, how mad I got, some of the remarks I addressed to the wheel, the black and blue and skinned places on my anatomy. But toward the end of my session I discovered that I didn't have to keep a tight rein or to be constantly trying to bend the handlebars, and then, all of a sudden, I was going round and round the place, not pushing pedals, but flying! My world took on a new aspect. I was master, or about to become master of the poetry of motion, of what began to seem there and then the most fascinating and exhilarating method of locomotion that man has ever invented.

The next day was Sunday and with a companion we dared to try the open road on two hired wheels warranted not to break and weighing, after an hour or two of nervous riding, something a little less than a ten-ton truck. We ventured on Riverside Drive, and how we ever escaped being run down by the hundreds of carriages and wheels that filled the drive in those days only the gods that look after the bold and foolish know. We couldn't mount going up a grade and we couldn't steer straight going down. If a team came straight at me I went straight at the team; if it turned to the right I turned to the left. There was only one way to go and that way was straight toward the object you wished to avoid! The experienced and superior wheelmen saw you first and got out of your way—if he could—making passing remarks that you deserved even though they made you warm under the collar.

In New York, Fifth and Eighth Avenues were the ways to the park and to Riverside Drive for thousands on holidays and Sundays. Both sides of these thoroughfares coming and going were filled with swiftly moving wheels, men, women, and children, pedalling along on their silent steeds. It was a happy-looking, cheerful crowd, for red blood was coursing through their veins, and the glow of pleasurable exercise was on their faces. Here at night you were in a stream of twinkling moving stars, the lights on the wheels flashing by or coming toward you out of the dark ahead like will-o'-the-wisps. The same crowds were met on the Coney Island cinder path, for thousands crossed the ferries or went over the bridge to Brooklyn, out Bedford Avenue to Prospect Park, and then swiftly along the crackling path to the island.

There was a real democracy in the cult of the wheel, a comradeship born of the road, a readiness to help in times of trouble, a never-failing willingness to discuss the various makes of wheels, gears, tires, bearings, saddles, every detail that concerned the speed, comfort or endurance of your mount.

How many of us discovered new worlds on our first country journey; my first long out-of-town ride took me to Tarrytown, with a stop at Irving's old home and a look at Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. And I re-

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member the way along the old viaduct was a lovely country ride, and the road across the river and down the other side from Nyack along the Palisades. And then many New Yorkers will remember the famous Merrick Road and byways on Long Island, the Rumson Road on the Jersey Shore, the run across Staten Island and around its waterside out to Fort Wadsworth and the beaches.

And by the way, were you among the venturesome ones who rode down or up Broadway, on the old cable slot that used to make a straight and decidedly narrow smooth pathway between the tracks? It was a way to evade the bumpy cobblestones and to save a lot of time. But it called for a constant high speed and steady guidance, and only the seasoned and skilful rider found it easy going. With most beginners it was "off again, on again, Finnegan."

I shall never forget one of my first long rides away from the near-by and familiar ways. We took a train to Paterson to make our start for the Delaware Water Gap. My mount was an early vintage, one with cushion tires, and weighed something under a hundred pounds the second day. It was a regular bone-breaker, a liver-shaker, but I was as proud of it as a boy with a new pony. I remember that ride along the fine Gap roads, the lovely glimpses of the river, the hills, the picturesque old stone houses, the cordial welcome we received at the inns and the sound sleeps that came of physical fatigue, and placid nerves due to exercise in the pure air.

A journey I thoroughly enjoyed took me through the Green and White Mountains. In the latter I found that many mountain roads run mostly uphill, and that some of them were knee-deep in sand that put me behind schedule and overtaxed my strength. But I look back and forget everything but the glorious mountain views; the long hard climbs, and the plugging through the sand were compensated by the long coasts down, the peace of the great hills, the verdure of the high pasturelands, the solemn gloom of the forests, the sparkle of silver lakes, the unspeakable refreshment of the wayside springs.

And what pictures and memories come back as I write of wonderful roads in France and lovely byways of rural England when the May was in bloom.

Some of us who were not in our early teens may have occasionally forgotten the fact and aspired to follow the ways of youth, victims of the little dials that kept clicking off mileage, and felt a bit seedy on Monday morning, wondering why we were tired, but what pictures we had to hang on the walls of our offices and homes all the week, and how eagerly we cleaned our mounts and looked forward to the next journey.

You couldn't help getting near to Nature's heart on your wheel, for even if you had the speed bug in your cap, and the end of your journey was the dominating objective, you couldn't help at least glimpsing passing things. How many were seen at the end of the day carrying home branches of dogwood in the spring, a bunch of daisies, or a bouquet of tiny wild violets, or often some of the less common wild flowers. In the fall the richly-colored autumn leaves took the place of flowers, and something of the spirit and beauty of the big outdoors was brought into many cramped city tenements as well as into the homes of the well-to-do, who had never before realized what beauty lay just beyond their doors. Many little children of the tenements were made happy by kindly wheelmen who were willing to respond generously to "Please, mister, give me a flower."

Every one who would, seemed to be able to buy a wheel, and some days one met so many that there seemed but few left who hadn't bought. I believe the bicycle was a great influence for good in many ways not recorded. It was ever a delightful way to spend a holiday, to get away from routine, and the friendly greetings and exchanges of the open road of all classes were a good antidote for the spirit of discontent that is so hurtful and so destructive in these latter days.

The motor-car has driven the wheelman from the roads, but maybe some day we shall have some old paths restored for their exclusive use, and they will come into their own again. I saw a report only recently that 500,000 bicycles were sold last year. If sales are any indication, maybe the bicycle will come back into something of its old popularity. If this be so, let there be a national law passed restoring the use of the musical little tinkling alarm bells, that shall put away forever from handle-bars, at least, the raucous and nerve-racking honk of the motor horn.

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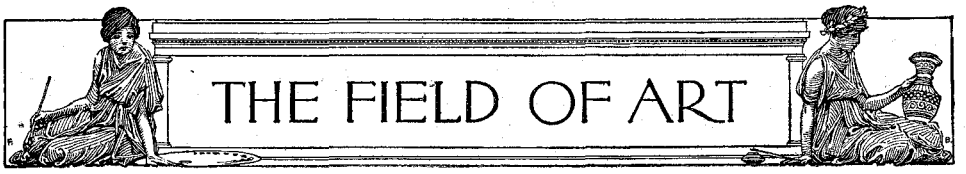

THE DEBT OF MODERN ART TO ANCIENT GREECE

By Will H. Low

IF we would weigh the debt of modern art to ancient Greece it is well to agree as to what may be considered modern. At the pace set for us in these days and in this country, above all if we accept the limit ordained by some of the more vociferous in our exhibitions and in our press, modern art is of such recent birth that those who have been taught to walk in the path of tradition, are not surprised to see it stagger along the way with most uncertain steps. The spirit of unrest, that was rife in all lands before the World War and which was temporarily stilled during its progress, springs up anew and, as before, finds no more congenial sphere of activity than in the domain of the arts. Its hateful slogan is Efficiency, and sufficient for the day, oblivious of yesterday and careless of the morrow, it does not hesitate to disdain the foundations of the past, build its shelter on the shifting sands of the present, and forget the storms to come.

This would effectually repudiate our debt to ancient Greece; it would tear down the standard established through centuries of effort in the Old World, and in our newer civilization, as yet imperfectly possessed of these standards, would substitute the lawless rule of unrelated effort; the pretense that mere yearning for expression puts tools into the tyro's hands and original intuition guides the making of the masterpiece. The attack upon the teaching of the classics in our universities is typical; the elective preference for a language of commercial use; the acceptance of the dollar-and-cent standard to the loss of the richer intellectual value of the full man, equipped by all the garnered wealth of the ages, given him as a life tenure for the elevation of his mind and the sanity of his soul.

The same spirit of scorn for tradition permeates our painting, from the 'prentice days in the school to the larger public appeal of our exhibitions, so largely given up to a superficial exposition of what may be called the pyrotechnical qualities of painting that as an art of expression, as a means to convey a message, it has largely lost its hold upon the public and the chief interest in it as a mild expression of virtuosity is furnished by its own practitioners.

In all this there would be sufficient grounds for pessimism save for the hope that from the world's upheaval we are emerging into a period of reconstruction where, if we be but watchful, we may take up the still unbroken chain of tradition and find that though the marks of the file be evident the surface only is abraded; the links hold firm and shine the brighter for the futile attack.

There were signs of this return to sanity before the storm broke. In the one country of our modern world where the graphic arts have never suffered the partial eclipse which other countries have permitted, and where the place in its social system of the great architect, the great painter, the great sculptor, has been as freely granted as that of the great scientist, the great physician, or the great advocate—to say nothing of the great captain of industry, who looms so large with us—in France, in a word, the hold upon tradition, the recognition of the debt to Greece, has never wholly relaxed.

The sturdy tree of her spiritual life has its roots so firmly embedded in the soil of tradition that sporadic offshoots can blossom and bear fruit, or can wither and die, without affecting the parent trunk. Hence, when in the last years of the nineteenth century the masters of painting and sculpture, who had raised the standard of achievement almost to the level of the great epoch of the Renaissance, were growing old, and the tradition so firmly established showed signs of weak-

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ening in their hands, a clamorous minority arose, as had happened before and will happen again, who demanded something new, something different.

The close of the eighteenth century had seen the same revolt. An art which had run the gamut through the austerity of Poussin, the charm of Watteau, the cleverness of Boucher, and the lovely frivolity of Fragonard, had degenerated in the practice of lesser men to mere futility.

Then David came, with a return to the classic tradition of so drastic a nature that the letter which "killeth" almost extinguished the spirit which "giveth life," until Prud'hon, a true Theocritus in painting, amply vindicated the perennial blossoming of the Greek tradition. Ingres in his turn succeeded, true disciple of Hellas with a spice of naïveté, which justified the witty characterization that he was "a Chinaman who had strayed into Athens." Delacroix was his contemporary—a fierce, turbulent spirit arrayed against the classic tradition largely because Ingres was its exponent, yet obedient to its greater laws, and decreeing in his will that his tomb should be erected with mouldings "in the simple style of the antique with no feeble modern ornamentation." Thus through the nineteenth century France had other masters: Corot, who harked back to the purest classical sources, yet was in his art so personal, so original, so modern, that it took sixty years of his life to gain him recognition. And the greatest of modern painters, Jean François Millet; deemed so revolutionary that during the Commune in Paris a group of insurgents sought to inscribe his name on their banner, to the horror and quickly expressed prohibition of the painter; who lived with Virgil and the Bible as his favored reading; whose studio walls were decorated with casts from the antique; whose favorite painter was Poussin. Yet Millet opened the eyes of the world to the nobility of aspect of the man of the fields, painted the aureole around the head of the dandelion in the same spirit as earlier painters had so endowed the heads of the saints, and made, in his own words, "the trivial serve for the expression of the sublime."

This partial enumeration of the men who served France so valiantly for the higher spiritual expression of art during the nineteenth century serves to show how loyal was their adherence to the principles inherited from Greece, as well as it demonstrates the entire freedom in all individual and personal expression enjoyed by the artist who respects the largely conceived and comprehensive laws established by this tradition.

From soil like this, however richly nourished and carefully tended though it may be, noxious weeds cannot be entirely excluded, and when the typical *fin-de-siècle* weariness came to France, some untoward wind blew certain seeds from Germany into her fair garden of art. To use the locution of the day this seed of Kultur was adroitly camouflaged by a French name and was called *l'Art Nouveau.*

It first affected the mother of arts, Architecture, and at the Universal Exposition of 1900, the visiting world marvelled at a series of buildings whose authors had wilfully abandoned the pure inspiration of the earlier Greek, and, under pretense of originality, seeking the last word of modernity, had advanced as far as the lower empire and Byzance, to erect what appeared to be a pastry-cook's dream of the Orient. Within the buildings in the exhibition of the Decorative Arts, in the German and Austrian sections, one found the culture bed of this microbic manifestation. Here were doors constructed on the basic lines of inverted pyramids, chairs that in their strange convolutions repelled repose, and garish color plastered upon walls, *Art Nouveau* that was only new and original in the employment of lines, masses, and colors that had been discreetly cast aside or avoided in the long evolution of the useful and beautiful from nobler sources.

In a bitter school in the past five years we had learned to distrust the trade-mark "Made in Germany." The Teuton is a marvellous adapter, but his painstaking methods have served him little when he has sought inspiration at the source which Greece first gave to man. Probably all that measurement, mechanical accuracy, and plodding willingness to slavishly imitate some of the noblest monuments conceived by man, was attempted by one of the Maximilians, of Bavaria, when he sought to make Munich a modern Athens. The group of buildings he thus erected remains an object-lesson of how not to do it, another confirmation that the "letter killeth, but the

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spirit giveth life." True to their Gothic nature the earlier German painters, with Dürer as their greatest master, had produced notable and interesting work, but "the glory that was Greece" is debarred from the Teuton, despite the tomes written, the researches painstakingly achieved, and the restorations archæologically perfect that have died before they were born.

There is no doubt, however, that part of the programme of world domination, which we have happily escaped, embraced art as "Made in Germany." Like an insidious disease it spread to other countries and a certain number of the French, their systems undoubtedly enfeebled by overmuch yearning for that novelty which Solomon told them long ago was not to be found under the sun, fell victims to it.

This strange art falling into the hands of a logical people like the French, they at once tried to establish a reasonable excuse for its existence, and as one of its first principles, determined that what the artist *felt* in the presence of nature and not what he *saw* was to be the new basis of representation. This was simply reversing an order of performance since from time immemorial that which the artist has seen he has tried to represent and convey to others the feeling excited or suggested by the aspect of nature. This ingenious paradox paved the way for a second principle, evolved by neatly amputating half of the proposition, and deciding that what the artist felt was alone important; that what he saw, implying a tiresome process of portraying recognizable form, which the common gift of eyesight made visible to others, was extraneous to the artist's task. Thus, the blind leading the blind almost literally, was riot let loose, and he who has followed the tortuous path of art in the past ten years has seen strange sights!

From the birth of painting, from the time of the legendary potter's daughter who drew the outline around the shadow of her lover's head cast upon the wall, all art has been based upon representation of natural objects. We know little of Greek painting save that we know that its practitioners were esteemed the equals of their contemporaneous sculptors—artists whom we marvel at in despair of approaching their merit. Yet of the little we know every detail points to truth of representation. The grapes so naturally portrayed that the birds sought to feast upon them, the foam at the mouth of Alexander's charger which Apelles could not render until he hit upon a technical expedient which we might practise today, of blending his pigment with a sponge, are all known anecdotes that evince the identity of the artist's aim and practice in our ancient craft, forever subject to nature as nature bends a trifle to the artist's skill.

It is only when art is at its highest as in the golden days of Greece that the humble artist goes much beyond the joy of sufficing for a tolerably accurate copy of the natural object disclosed to him, and the greatest and most highly endowed artist relies upon nature as a firm foundation for his highest flights. When we stand before the greatest of the Greek statues lost in appreciative admiration, we question whether the wonder of it all is the absolute grasp of natural form so that the noble figure might move or speak, or the typical character of the form, the suppression of individual characteristics, which synthesizes the figure into more than mere man—so that should he indeed live and speak, it would be with the voice of a demigod!

Yet these were the gods the extreme modernists, or the simply mad, spurned as having outlived their day and sad wags that they were, proclaimed that the possession of a desire to express their feelings and sufficient pigment to trace unmeaning spots and lines upon a canvas would suffice for the art of the future. Their voice is not yet altogether stilled, but from the trial by fire the world has come to demand a saner basis for its beliefs, a more logical foundation for their acceptance, than in the strangely obscured period preceding the war. The healthy return to Americanism, to the faith and practice of our fathers, is for our country one of the most hopeful signs to a devout believer in tradition.

For the forefathers were most happily inspired when they fixed for us the type of our Capitol at Washington, accepted the plan of L'Enfant for its streets, and erected the classical group of government buildings; that temporary aberration during the late nineteenth century has marred in part, but which the more enlightened taste of our time has restored.

Thomas Jefferson, sincere student of the classic, tried no unskilful hand in his design

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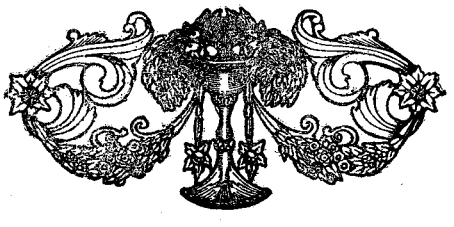
for Monticello and for the University of Virginia, where in more recent years the gifted McKim, who of all our architects has best used the Greek tradition as a flexible and fluent language of art expression, had only to follow the lines of Jefferson to restore and extend the buildings of the University. Again in our own New York City Hall are we fortunate, and the type we know as Colonial owes its beauty to the same unfailing source of Greece.

Once more, to look upon other lands and other painting than our adolescent art, how evident it is that the veriest images that come to our eyes when we try to realize the aspect of Scriptural personages is that of Greeks rather than Hebrews. Raphael fixed the type here undoubtedly, though before him Giotto must have known that in following the Byzantine representation he was in error from an ethnographic standpoint. In our days a talented and conscientious French artist has passed many years in the Holy Land with the result that we have an illustrated Bible that beyond doubt from an archæological or ethnographic standard depicts the Bible history more truly than the masters following Raphael have ever done. Yet I defy any one to study these drawings with the same acceptance of the scenes of Holy Writ as those which give to the Apostles the flowing draperies of classic convention. Some strange association of accepted type, some trivial resemblance to the pages of a geographical magazine, obscures the vision and our Bible really lives for us in the garb of Greece.

And here with full recognition of our debt to the classic tradition lies a possible warning to convey. In the centuries past schools of art have arisen and have perished through too abject imitation of these noblest works of art. David, its mightiest champion in the revival of the classic tradition at the time of the French Revolution, is now best remembered by his portraits, where the tradition of style is preserved, rather than by the vast compositions of classical subjects filled with figures that imitate painted Greek statues. Many such crimes have been committed in all the schools of painting and sculpture since the time of the Greeks, and archæology is not without some reproach for this recurrent fault. It is the spirit of Greek art that should inspire us, its letter was for its own time and its most wonderful attribute is that in its spirit it is a living inspiration for the artist to-day, so elastic, so comprehensive that he may, as has virtually every great artist of the past, use it as a vehicle of expression; speaking in his own vernacular of art, with his own accent, and with such fluency as he may possess. As a means of expression it is a language shorn of unmeaning phrases, typical to the avoidance of the particular and accidental; it suppresses details and scorns complexities, and thus used by him who is so fortunate as to master it, conveys a meaning so clear that the simplest may understand, so subtle that the most informed is satisfied, and so suggestive that it opens to the inquirer illimitable horizons to new effort.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.



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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

THE NEWS AND THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKETS

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

WHEN the great war ended with the signing of the armistice, there was a prevalent belief that we should drop back suddenly into commonplace things. During four successive years we had taken up our morning paper eagerly at the breakfast-table to look for the battle news. We were interested in nothing else, and the news was not of a quality to disappoint our interest. How would it seem, we occasionally wondered, when the morning paper at the breakfast-table would no longer be describing something so new, so exciting, and of such far-reaching importance that we held our breath while reading it? The day's events marked the changing course of history. Now we should have to accustom ourselves again to head-lines inviting our attention to railway accidents, overnight fires, City Hall politics—the dry grist which we used to consider "first-page news" in the period prior to August, 1914.

During the War, and Afterward

This idea of such a coming change in what we should have to read for our daily news was as natural as it was mistaken. The experience of a year and a half of returning peace has now proved that the world is still so bound up in the war and its tangible consequences that the absorbing news is still the daily story of events connected with the great conflict. It is the things that happen day after day as a sequel to the war, that fill up the "outside news columns" a year and a half after the war was ended. More than this: the events continue to be of a startling character, they are the questions of absorbing discussion in the clubs, on the trains, and in the market, as they were two years ago, and they follow one another across the scene with almost the same bewildering rapidity as the actual war news did in 1917 or 1918. Sometimes one wonders whether it was the same a year and a half after the battle of Waterloo. In all probability it was; although one part of the world was slower then in learning what was happening in another part, and certainly both the newspapers and the markets of that day were colorless institutions compared with those in which the events of the past twenty-four hours are described and appraised.

BE this as it may, the high lights of the news are still shifting, as they have done ever since November, 1918—from the insurrections against the new German government to the disputes in the Entente countries over the terms of peace; from the extravagance of luxurious living in the United States to the grinding famine of central Europe; from the victory of Bolshevist over anti-Bolshevist armies in Russia to the expulsion of its Socialist members by the New York Legislature as public enemies; from the political and industrial collapse in Austria, after the empire's disintegration, to the rising in Ireland to force a similar separation; from the abortive effort at a general strike in England and France to the defeat of the Labor Union attempt at Washington to get legal control of the railways; from the formal signing of peace and formal establishment of the League of Nations by our European allies to the rejection of the League and the treaty of peace by the United States Senate, and the French army's advance into the Ruhr to compel the German government to observe the treaty's terms. Financial markets have

The Panorama of Events

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been watching, week by week, the progressive and rapid depreciation of continental Europe's paper currencies; while in the sterling exchange market, which measures equally England's position in foreign trade and the status of her currency, a decline of wholly unprecedented scope has been suddenly followed by an even more spectacular and significant recovery.

To perhaps the majority of minds this swiftly moving panorama suggested little except confusion, bewilderment, and chaos. No plain line of tendency seemed to be indicated. Where the instinct for conserving legitimate public institutions was displayed in one community, other communities continued to make progress in tearing them down. If one country was shaking off the war-time influences, another was apparently getting tied up even tighter in them. It was not to be wondered at that even the judgment of responsible men, in and out of financial circles, began to be expressed to the effect that the peace was a failure, the treaty impossible of fulfilment, the hope for anything but perpetual feud between the nations an idle dream, and the world's political and economic condition such as to foreshadow an overwhelming and rapidly approaching collapse.

Predictions, in War-Time and Afterward

PREDICTIONS of the last-named catastrophe ought, in the light of all our experience of the past five years, to be taken with reservation. The prophets, even in the highest circles of international finance, were wrong about the political and economic future in 1914, wrong at the climax of the war in 1916 and 1918, hopelessly wrong at the time the armistice was signed. On every successive occasion of the kind, some controlling fact was missed, either of the people's actual mood or of their underlying and unsuspected economic power to meet an unprecedented economic strain.

Prophecy of this sort is easy to indulge in. It may be made extremely plausible. Nevertheless, it is quite as rash to-day as it was when high authorities assured us of a break-down of the war from mere economic exhaustion before the end of 1915, and pictured the United States as submerged with a deluge of cheap European products as soon as peace was established. Even the disastrous "perpendicular decline" in prices which was promised for us in immediate sequel to the suspension of hostilities has gone to the limbo of discarded and (as we can now see) slightly absurd expert prediction.

As to a Future "Economic Crash"

VERY few experienced economists or business men doubt that sooner or later we shall have to face the acute stage of economic readjustment and financial crisis. To suppose that the markets will after this war entirely escape their 1818 or 1873, which overtook them after the earlier and far less formidable conflicts, would be to suppose that the present artificial conditions of credit, money, trade, and prices can continue forever. But it is one thing to look for such an event in the eventual course of industrial and financial affairs—a readjustment which in its own longer results will unquestionably be beneficial, even though severe and trying at the time—and quite another thing to assign the date for it and assume a condition of general ruin as the result.

To the financial markets, the rejection of the treaty by the Senate and the remarkable movement of exchange on London were in some ways the outstanding incidents of the period; but for different reasons. Long acquaintance with American politics has led judicious observers to make abundant allowance for the behavior of Congress in a presidential year. When partisan manœuvres assume a larger place in the somewhat narrow minds of professional politicians than the questions of world conditions, neither action nor inaction on the really great issues of the day is taken very seriously.

Whatever is mortifying to the national pride in such episodes is apt to be classed as among the perfectly familiar eccentricities of a political campaign. In the case of the treaty, the essential fact appeared to be emphasized by each successive occurrence—that ratification, after the manner of serious statesmen, was sooner or later inevitable. In the meantime, according to the rule of electoral campaigns conducted by somewhat nar-

(Continued on page 79, *following*)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 642)

r-minded leaders, the country must make its mind to a concerted programme of ob-ring and confusing the issue.

UT events in Europe continued to unfold with no regard to the American election, l the feeling that the increasing depreciation exchange on Europe was in a way the real ometer of European conditions appealed to the popular mind. The move-ment of foreign-exchange rates, during the past few weeks and months, has in fact commanded in a most unusual degree the atten-tion of the general public. It has n said that no parallel case can be found the absorbing popular interest in the tech-al details of that market since the whole ierican community was discussing Mint s, coinage ratios, and gold and silver pro-tion in the free-silver campaign of 1896. some respects, indeed, the present case is n more remarkable than that of twenty-r years ago. The "silver issue" was the ke of a presidential election; the rate for rling exchange merely concerns the basis of ney settlements between our own and a eign market. Yet published articles on the economic problems involved in it invariably found a host of genuinely interested readers, and public discussions of the fall in exchange rates drew as large and attentive audiences as discussions of home politics or the European situation.

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It was perhaps because the movement of foreign exchange rates had come to be popularly accepted as a symbol of Europe's critical condition that the public displayed such interest in it. There is no dispute of the fact that the pessimistic view of the European situation, both political and economic, reached its maximum of gloom at the beginning of last February, when sterling exchange reached $3.18 per pound.

That rate compared with $3.78 at the beginning of 1920, with $4.76 when the armistice was signed, and with a normal par valuation of $4.86⅔. The fall in sterling even to $4.48 in the autumn of 1915 had excited some consternation, although principally in the financial markets. But the exchange on London had at that time recovered quickly and had remained at a comparatively slight depreciation during the rest of the war. Now, however, there seemed to be no limit to the shrinkage in our market's valuation of the pound sterling.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 81)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 79)

ECONOMISTS might dispute among themselves as to whether the falling rate was a consequence of a progressively increasing balance against England in her trade with the United States or of a progressively depreciating paper currency in England.

Inferences from the Depreciated Exchange

The popular imagination passed over these arguments, except in so far as they might be supposed to mean inability by England to pay her foreign debts, or in a general way what people talked about as "repudiation." The fall in New York exchange on London was mentally compared with the collapse in exchange on Russia in 1918 to a scarcely quotable rate, and on Germany, after her surrender, to a rate which embodied 92 per cent depreciation. Those incidents had been accepted as reflection not only of economic disintegration but of political wreck, and, with the pound sterling descending in value ten or fifteen cents each successive week, the financial markets seemed, in the general public's view, to be giving similar expression to its views in regard to England.

It was not, indeed, the outside observer, unfamiliar with the intricacies of international exchange, who began to look for the worst when sterling was on its precipitous downward course last February. Practical bankers now in a number of cases stated their views publicly as to the hopelessness of the European situation. Some of them warned the American investor that Europe would never pay back anything that he would lend to her governments. Others predicted with much particularity an overwhelming financial crisis, not many months distant, in which both economic and political institutions would be engulfed. It was hardly to be wondered at that the plain man in the street, observing the rate of exchange on London fall on three successive days in February from $3.50 to $3.43, from $3.43 to $3.33, and from $3.33 to $3.18, should have grasped eagerly at every opportunity of learning exactly what it meant and exactly what was coming next.

Misinterpreting a Financial Market

AS a matter of fact, the depreciation of exchange reflected a bad enough situation. But its real significance was never what people seemed at the time to suppose. When sterling exchange moved against New York in August, 1914, with such violence that New York had at one time to pay $7 per pound sterling for remittances to England —or 44 per cent more than the normal rate—it

(Financial Situation, continued on page 83)

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Capital and Surplus $50,000,000 Resources more than $800,000,000

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 81)

certainly did not follow that the United States was on the road to economic ruin; nor even, indeed, that the United States currency was unduly inflated and depreciating accordingly.

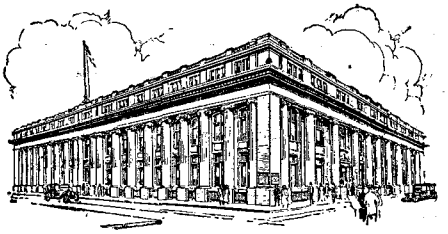
The movement of foreign exchange on that occasion simply reflected existing belief that the American market neither could nor would pay in gold its accruing debts to Europe—notably a $75,000,000 foreign loan of the City of New York, maturing a few weeks later at London and Paris, and payable by contract in gold on those markets. When a hundred dollars in gold coin, which at the end of May, 1864, would have purchased $190 in the irredeemable paper money of the United States, exchanged for $285 in July of the same year, the violent depreciation of the greenbacks did not mean that the country was threatened with financial and industrial collapse. On the contrary, its economic activity and strength had rarely been so strikingly displayed as in that year. The trouble was partly that military reverses had suggested long continuance of the Civil War and therefore much greater inflation of the paper currency; but chiefly that an ill-judged act of Congress threatened to prevent American merchants in the foreign trade from obtaining gold with which to meet their obligations.

The quick repeal of this law in 1864 caused an instantaneous and rapid fall in the gold premium. Similarly, in the autumn of 1914, concerted action by the New York banks, pledging their own gold reserves for export up to the amount which would be required to pay off the City of New York loan, reversed the exchange market with even greater violence. In August the rate of exchange on London was $7 in the pound; in September, $5; in October, $4.89; in November, $4.86¾, or practically the normal parity; in December $4.84¾, or strongly in favor of New York. When sterling exchange had fallen to $3.18 last February, the British Government and the London market took a hand in the situation in a very similar way.

THE paramount influence in the decline of sterling during the first six weeks of the present year was the market's belief that the large "Anglo-French loan," floated in the United States in the autumn of 1915 and coming to maturity next October, would not be provided for except by drawing exchange on London banks. This contracted payment in-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 85)

Capital and Surplus $10,000,000



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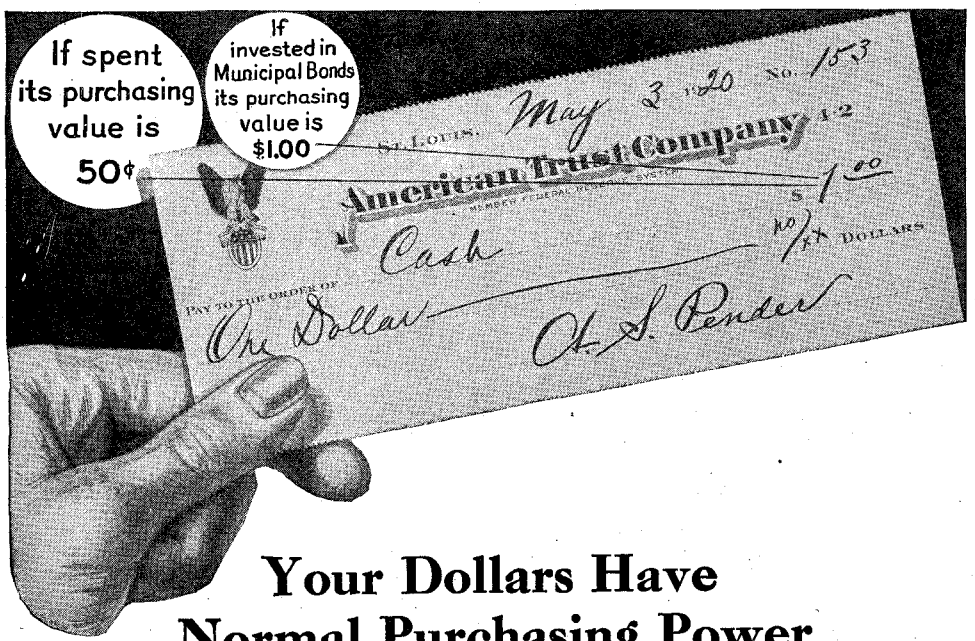
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(Financial Situation, continued from page 83)

volved the large sum of $500,000,000. The British and French Governments were jointly responsible for it, but the markets were well aware that the burden really rested on England's shoulders. Payment in American gold coin was stipulated in the bond. It was possible that another loan for a similar amount might be floated in America and the proceeds used to redeem the Anglo-French bonds. That, however, would have been an extremely questionable recourse, because England's so-called "United Kingdom" bonds, although bearing 5½ per cent interest, maturing within a moderately brief period, and in some instances secured by collateral, were selling on the New York Stock Exchange at 90 or less, and it was impossible to say at what rate another $500,000,000 loan could be floated.

The Problem of the "Anglo-French Maturity"

It was also possible that the British Government would simply draw on the London banks for the necessary amount, and sell the drafts in New York for the best price obtainable. But this would have been an immensely expensive and a completely demoralizing operation. From one view-point it would have meant the purchase of $500,000,000 American gold at a constantly rising premium, with the already greatly depreciated British currency. From another it would have meant so huge an excess in the offerings of sterling drafts over the bids for similar remittances as would have forced the sterling rate to a minimum through the mere operation of supply and demand.

Policy of the British Government

WHETHER the British Government ever seriously considered either of these expedients is doubtful. But speculators were selling sterling exchange on the chance of such action, and there has perhaps never in financial history been such world-wide speculation in any financial market as has prevailed this year in sterling exchange. Whatever the original purpose, the government made its decision otherwise. The chancellor of the exchequer announced to Parliament that the French and British finance ministries had agreed, after discussion, to pay off the Anglo-French loan; that "the British Government has no intention of reborrowing outside of the United Kingdom any part of the $250,000,000" required from England in payment, and that "we shall employ for the purpose resources already available or in sight in the United States, and to the extent to which they are not sufficient we shall ship gold."

(Financial Situation, continued on page 87)

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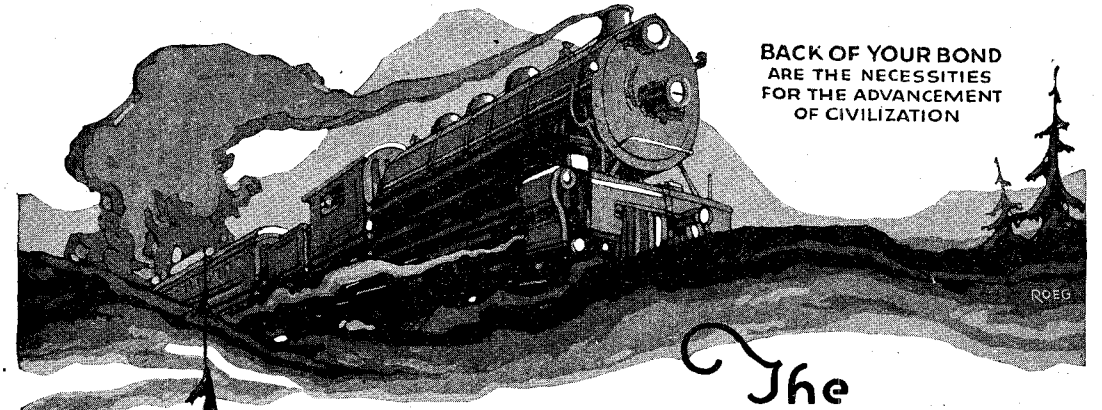

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 85)

Promptly after this announcement came the news, first that American banking-houses had been the successful bidders for $3,400,000 gold delivered at London from the Transvaal; next, and of much greater importance, that something like $29,000,000 gold, accumulated by the Bank of England from the reserves of private English banks, had been shipped within a fortnight to the United States. Since October of 1916 virtually no gold had been exported directly from England to our market; in the two past years we have received practically none from Canada on English account. The reversal of policy was evident.

Its effect on the sterling market in favor of England was as instantaneous and even more swift and far-reaching than the movement in favor of the United States when our banks announced continuance of gold payments by us to Europe in the autumn of 1914. From $3.18 on February 4, New York exchange on London had risen to $3.40 at the end of February and, in the opening days of April, had gone above 4. The valuation of the pound sterling in a foreign market had actually, within eight weeks, retraced one-half of the entire depreciation from normal parity to the low price which marked the beginning of 1920. It may be doubted if economic history provides a parallel for such a movement.

The Return of International Confidence

WHAT it meant, first of all, was return of international confidence in the London market. Precisely as the extreme point of the decline in sterling rates was reached through actual recall of capital from London and through speculative sales based on the prospect of an utter collapse of credit, so the later stages of the recovery were marked by redeposit of international funds and by speculative calculations of an ultimate return to full gold payment. Along with this remarkable advance, indeed, the state of mind regarding the European situation in general appeared to change, both on the financial markets and among the people at large. After a while ideas and expectations began to go to the other extreme. There was talk in Wall Street and in the cable despatches of shipment of $200,000,000 or $250,000,000 gold from Europe to America. It was even occasionally asked whether sterling might not presently be back again at par.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 89)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 87)

This was jumping rather hastily to conclusions. With the fact of an extensive reaction of exchange rates in favor of the market which had unexpectedly declared for payment of its foreign debts in gold, the close analogy with our own experience of 1914 ends. The currency of the United States was not inflated at that time except through the "emergency issues" put out in the money-hoarding period of the war panic, and those issues, including the "clearing-house certificates" used for mutual settlement by banks and the notes circulated under the "Aldrich-Vreeland Act," were of purely temporary character. The first were all retired by November, 1914, the second by the middle of 1915. Our monthly foreign trade, which had resulted in a surplus of imports during July and August, 1914, and in a wholly negligible surplus of exports during the next two months, had so far changed that before the new year was far advanced our monthly surplus of exports, running as high as $170,000,000, was exceeding all previous records for the balance in our favor.

The Position of the English Market

ENGLAND'S position, even after allowing for her attitude toward her foreign obligations, is very different. The gold sent to New York from London in the past few weeks was mostly accumulated by the Bank of England from private English bank reserves, whence it collected $130,000,000 in the first three months of the present year. But at the end of 1919 her war-time paper money, not redeemable on demand in gold, amounted to £356,000,000. Her Bank of England notes, secured up to their face by gold but not redeemable in gold, had risen from £29,700,000 on August 1, 1914, to £105,000,000 at the end of last March. A considerable part of this increase represented withdrawal of gold from bank reserves and circulation into the government's hands. But the fact of a very large aggregate expansion in the circulating medium remained, and none of it could be presented in exchange for gold. Until that exchange was resumed on all the English paper currency—whether through reduction of the paper outstanding or through increase in the available gold reserve, or both—the currency was bound to remain depreciated and exchange on London, in a foreign market where gold payments were maintained, would similarly continue at a discount from normal parity.

Furthermore, even the very large increase in England's total exports since the armistice,

(Financial Situation, continued on page 91)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 89)

ostly in trade with Continental Europe, went ıly a little way toward correcting the balance gainst her on exchange of merchandise. Dur- g the first two months of 1920 her total ex- orts, at the old conventional valuation of ıe pound sterling in American money, were 579,000,000 greater than in the same months 1919; but her imports also increased $564, 00,000, and, although the surplus of imports as $115,000,000 less than in the same two ıonths a year ago, it was greater by $570,000,- 00 than the excess of imports during the simi- r period in 1914. In trade with the United tates the disparity is even greater. In Feb- ıary of last year our surplus of exports to reat Britain was $153,000,000; last February was cut down to $117,000,000; but the ex- ort surplus in the corresponding month be- ore the war was only $25,000,000. Both the urrency position and the foreign-trade posi- ion must be radically changed before sterling an again reach normal valuation.

THE gold shipments now in progress from England to the United States will serve, p to a certain point, to offset the adverse mer- handise trade balance; but they will not out- eigh it. Under the most favoring circum- stances there is a limit both to the gold and the American securities in England's hands, and that limit is far short of the accumulated "adverse balance" on trade account with America. The actual solution of the matter cannot be achieved until both the adverse foreign trade of England and the depreciated currency of England are brought into line with normal conditions. More than this, it has been a striking fact that, while sterling exchange was scoring its remarkable recovery from the low mark of February, exchange on France and Italy was falling to the lowest pitch of depreciation ever reached.

Limitations on Settlement in Gold

But these considerations merely bring us back to the facts of the situation which confronted the world immediately after the armistice and which have gained rather than lost force by virtue of subsequent events. The problem was then and is now, for the prosperous nations of the world—the nations which possess abundant reserves of capital and, in particular, those whose exports vastly exceed their imports because of the necessities of Europe—to provide the requisite credit for the nations which are struggling to their feet again. It should not be forgotten that, in one way or

(Financial Situation, continued on page 93)

Helping Industries to Grow Great

The Mellon National Bank is one of the foremost financial institutions in the world. It has co-operated in the development of many of the great industries of the Pittsburgh District, and itself has shared in the resulting prosperity.

The facilities of the institution are world-wide, and it can fully meet the needs of the largest customers. It takes pride, however, in having an organization able to render the thorough service to smaller enterprises that assists them to grow into greatness.

Potential prosperity awaits scores of enterprises in the advantageous Pittsburgh District. This bank is always glad to co-operate with enterprises of merit; its experience, organization and ample resources afford an unsurpassed banking service.

Capital and Surplus - - -	**$ 10,000,000.00**
Resources Over - - -	***125,000,000.00***

Mellon National Bank
Pittsburgh, Pa.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SHAWMUT CORPORATION *of* BOSTON

Under the supervision of the Federal Reserve Board

40 WATER STREET
BOSTON

65 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

THE Shawmut Corporation is organized primarily as an acceptance house to facilitate export and import transactions. Direct connections in important centers quicken the transfer of goods, funds and documents to and from all parts of the world.

The Shawmut Corporation offers foreign banking service exclusively to firms, banks and individuals. Acceptances, drafts and bills of exchange will be received for sale, purchase or collection. Information on markets, trade opportunities and commercial credits is available to clients. The Corporation also negotiates investment in foreign bonds and securities. *Correspondence is cordially invited.*

THE SHAWMUT CORPORATION *of* BOSTON

An affiliation of The National Shawmut Bank of Boston

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ROBERT S. POTTER, *Vice-President*
JOHN BOLINGER, *Vice-President*
C. A. LEHMANN, *Vice-President*
FRANK HOUGHTON, *Treasurer*
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Backed by Nature Encouraged by Law

Hydro-electricity is a public utility unshakeably established in California. The laws nurture it, companies and consumers are in accord and demand greatly exceeds supply. Uninterrupted growth in population and unprecedented prosperity are making imperative the further development of California's inexhaustible water supply to furnish the additional hydro-electric capacity needed to keep pace with manufacturing, agricultural and home expansion.

To provide for and protect the future of the hydro-electric companies, their consumers and the investors in their securities, the California Railroad Commission pronounces its governing policy as follows in Decision No. 499:

> "The Commission, in fixing a rate of return, must be liberal. . . . This Commission's policy should be broad and liberal, so as to encourage capital. . . . The Commission should be careful not to permit an inflation of prices in ascertaining the value of the property of a public utility . . . but should be liberal in establishing the rate of return on that value."

Here are the Elements *of* Sound Investment

We have participated in the financing of the strongest California hydro-electric corporations—among the largest in the world. The continuous improvement in earnings and operating conditions of these leading companies has been unimpaired by war and post-war conditions. These companies face the demands of the future with a stronger credit and greater property values than ever. Their securities yield from 6 to 7% and they offer a range of maturities from a few years to half a century.

Any of our offices will be glad to furnish you, without obligation, detailed information concerning them. Write to-day for descriptive Circular 5S.

BLYTH, WITTER & CO.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, MUNICIPAL & CORPORATION BONDS

San Francisco, Merchants Exchange
Los Angeles, Title & Savings Bldg.
New York, 61 Broadway
Portland, Ore., Yeon Bldg.
Seattle, Alaska Bldg.

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another, they are doing this already. American capital has been moving in large amounts into European industrial enterprises. American banking-houses are steadily advertising for sale to American investors the internal loans of European governments.

How are Europe's Imports being Financed Now?

BEYOND even these offsetting operations, however, credit must have been advanced from some quarter, and in very large amounts, to arrange the payment for the $3,800,000,000 out of our total exports to Europe in 1919 which was not paid for in merchandise sent to us from Europe. A considerable part of that "excess of exports" was paid for through the $1,758,000,000 advances made by our government during 1919 to the Allied Powers, chiefly for purchases of food. For the rest, the Federal Reserve Board estimates, in its recent annual report, that "approximately $2,000,000,000 has probably fallen, directly or indirectly, upon the commercial banks throughout this country," and that to these extensive banking credits, virtually extended to European buyers of our products, "is to be attributed in corresponding measure the expansion of banking credit experienced during the year."

Credits of this nature will not serve indefinitely, and it is not in the least desirable that they should. Our government is no longer making such advances. The American bank position does not suggest that the piling up of these obligations on such a scale and in the form of temporary bank loans ought to continue much longer. Every surrounding circumstance indicates that the time is approaching for the enlistment of private capital on a systematic basis commensurate with the needs of European reconstruction. Not many weeks from now a very important conference of delegates from the financial communities which are able to undertake the task will be summoned, probably in Holland, to consider the details of the plan.

The Coming International Financial Conference

THE world is not without information as to the lines on which the question will be discussed. A memorial calling the conference and signed by the leading financiers and public men of Great Britain, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and the United States, was published in February. It set forth, first, that the problem would have to be solved through "relying on inde-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 95)

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HOW THE MID-WEST IS HELPING THE WORLD

The Mid-Western Empire of Production, whose center and business capital is Chicago, is the greatest *grain* market of the world. It has the *cattle*, *hogs* and *sheep* to supply meat to America and a large part of the world besides. Vast supplies of *ores*, easily accessible and the *fuels* to smelt them are here. Colossal *iron* and *steel* and *cement* plants pour out of the district millions of tons of structural materials. *Timber* grown here is converted here by huge mills into billions of feet of *lumber*. *Furniture*, *clothing* and *all other household and personal necessities* are produced here and exported in enormous quantities.

Banking facilities for financing the production and distribution of these products to the ends of the earth are *here in Chicago!*

Our business banking service, foreign and domestic, has kept pace with the ever increasing productive activity of the Great Mid-West.

The CONTINENTAL *and* COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO

RESOURCES MORE THAN 500 MILLION DOLLARS

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 93)

endent action rather than government interention." Among its positive conclusions ras the statement that long-term foreign redit cannot be recognized as "a substitute or those efforts and sacrifices on the part f each country by which alone they can olve their internal problem." Nevertheless, he requisite funds "must be supplied by those ountries where the trade balance and the exhanges are favorable," and, in so far as is posible, the necessary loans should be issued to he public in the lending countries.

But the signatories of the memorial point ut that "there can be no social or economic uture for any country which adopts a permaent policy of meeting its current expenditure y continuous inflation of its circulation," and hat no country can be regarded as a solvent ebtor "that will not or cannot bring its curent expenditure within the compass of its reeipts from taxation." Finally, and by no neans the least essential recommendation, 'for the sake of the world, whose future social nd economic development is involved, Gernany and Austria must not be rendered bankupt." If it is found that taxation cannot rovide the sums stipulated in the indemnity, hen the Commission on Reparations may itself be expected "to take the view that the scope of the annual contributions must be brought within the limits within which solvency can be preserved."

Nothing has yet occurred to indicate clearly what direction any such concerted movement for relief and reconstruction will take. It is not yet certain what will be the nature of the conference, except that it will be participated in by the lending communities alone and not by those which will require relief. This is why not even France or Italy was represented in the signatures to the memorial. No one can say in advance whether such a conference can be made in all respects representative; whether the delegates can agree on a specific plan, or how such plan as might be adopted would be carried out, in relation to the markets or the private investors of the world.

That there will be obstacles to a practicable solution along these lines is certain. A certain curious apathy—largely, no doubt, the result of disappointed expectations, and especially of the public's weariness of the spectacle presented in our own Senate's nine-month hair-splitting controversy—has arisen in regard to the whole question. It would be idle, under such circumstances, to predict exactly how

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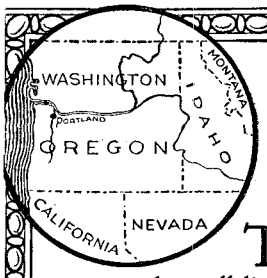

The Pacific Northwest Forging Ahead Irresistibly

THE eyes of America turn to the Pacific Northwest. Since the days of the sturdy pioneers, a great growth has taken place. Development along all lines is now at the highest point in the history of this territory of immense resources.

Agriculturally, commercially, and industrially, present activities indicate a substantial future. Splendid harbors and waterways, highways, rail and ship lines, all contribute toward the expansion which is taking place.

Proud of its progress, confident of its future, the Pacific Northwest invites those of vision and initiative to participate in the opportunities lying within its bounds, and to take advantage of its many natural resources.

The Ladd & Tilton Bank, oldest in the Pacific Northwest, with its more than sixty years of experience, is in a position to advise as to investments in this section.

Send for Series "A" on "Know Portland and the Northwest."

LADD & TILTON BANK

Established 1859 Resources Over $30,000,000

PORTLAND, OREGON

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bonds Reinforced by Greenebaum Bank Supervision

Yield a Liberal Income

THIS BANK PROTECTS YOU

65 YEARS OF SAFETY

CURRENT GREENEBAUM INVESTMENTS

We are now offering several well-secured issues of First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds, to yield 6%, denominations $100, $500, and $1000, serial maturities, 2 to 10 years, each bond reinforced by supervision of this Bank, each bond capable of maintaining our 65-year safety record.

Mail the coupon below to obtain full details of these investments.

GREENEBAUM SONS BANK and TRUST COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

Send details of current Greenebaum investment offerings to

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

15

Greenebaum First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds yield 6%.

A dependable comparison of this yield with that of other securities necessitates an understanding of the conservatism of Greenebaum investments, of their marketability through our banking organization, and of the fact that every bond is thoroughly capable of sustaining our 65-year record for safety.

As a strong, old-established banking house, we are logically situated to help investors derive a liberal income from their securities and gain that complete satisfaction which is the result of investing in bonds reinforced by bank supervision.

Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company

La Salle and Madison Streets

Oldest Banking House in Chicago

RESOURCES OVER $20,000,000

Correspondents in Many Cities

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1st, 1920

State of NEW YORK, County of NEW YORK

Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared CARROLL B. MERRITT, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of the SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit;

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

PUBLISHER: Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. | MANAGING EDITOR: None

EDITOR: Robert Bridges . . 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. | BUSINESS MANAGER: Carroll B. Merritt, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.)

Charles Scribner's Sons . 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. | Arthur H. Scribner . . . 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Charles Scribner . . . 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. | Charles Scribner, Jr. . . . . 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

E. T. S. Lord . . . . . 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: . . . . None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of March, 1920. CARROLL B. MERRITT, *Business Manager.*

T. S. Kemp. Notary Public, Kings County. Kings County Clerk's No. 90.

[SEAL.] Certificate filed with New York County Clerk No. 262. Commission expires March 30, 1920.

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the specific problem for the reconstruction of Europe can be met.

Yet, after all, the controlling consideration is the fact that the problem must be solved and will be solved. It will not be solved by our merchants continuing, for an indefinite future period, to sell goods in Europe without getting European goods or marketable European securities in return. Neither will it be solved through tying up in unliquidated foreign exchange obligations three, four, or five billion dollars more of American bank credit. But on the other hand, nothing is more certain than that the recent European belligerents, where their people continue to maintain an orderly government, will continue to get from America the goods which they absolutely need.

The Question of an Ultimate Solution

IT is a singularly difficult economic situation. Yet, if we reflect on the whole course of the world's financial, industrial and commercial history, we shall have to agree that difficult economic situations have a way of invariably solving their own problems, under the guidance of the experience and instinct of practical business men. Of one fact we may be absolutely certain—that the outside producing and lending nations will be looking on the question of Europe as a producer, a customer, or a borrower with a very different view three, or five, or ten years from now, from that which just now prevails. Occasionally one hears, from a seemingly convinced believer in the hopelessness of industrial recovery, a reference to Russia as the proof of his theories.

But the interesting fact, in regard to prostrate, outlawed, and seemingly ruined Russia is that, by the agreement of every person conversant with the facts, the loanable capital of the whole outside world would be placed confidently at the service of Russian reconstruction, if Russia were to return to a civilized government. Not the least remarkable fact in the phases of sentiment regarding the situation is the quite universal belief of the French people in the ultimate soundness even of the pre-war obligations of Russia which they hold. The other European nations do not possess the immense resources of natural wealth which are stored in the soil of Russia; but they possess the capacity for orderly self-government which her people have not yet shown, and they have the labor and the industrial traditions which made western and central Europe what they were before July, 1914.

How G. L. Miller & Company Create Good Mortgage Bond Investments

SAFETY LIBERAL INCOME SATISFACTION MILLER MORTGAGE BONDS

Fundamentals Which Make Miller First Mortgage Bonds Sound Investments

1. Income-producing Properties
2. First Mortgages
3. Security at Least 200%
4. Non-speculative Properties
5. Serial Maturities
6. Sinking Fund to Meet Payments
7. Trustee's Supervision

A new booklet entitled "Creating Good Investments" gives full particulars. Write for copy.

V. Serial Maturities Protect Miller Investors

All Miller loans on real estate are arranged on a plan of serial maturities, from 4% to 7% of the loan coming due each year.

By a gradual reduction of the loan the security back of the bonds still outstanding constantly increases since the entire property remains under first mortgage until the loan has been fully retired.

Miller First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds yielding 7% are available in denominations of $100, $500 and $1000 at maturities of 2 to 10 years. Current offerings sent on request.

G.L.MILLER & COMPANY, Inc.
15 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga.

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St. Louis Invites Sixteen Industries

A GROUP of St. Louis business men smoked and chatted at their club. The conversation drifted to the one hundred new industries and fifteen million square feet of factory space built in St. Louis during the last two years; the General Motors Company's new $5,000,000 plant; the United Drug Company's $3,000,000 factory, and other new industries representing many millions of dollars and employing more than 14,000 workers.

As they talked, these keen business men began to realize the need of other types of industries to fully round out St. Louis as a well balanced trade center, ready to supply anything that might be called for over its industrial counter. A trade analysis convinced them that a wide market exists in St. Louis for many products not now made in St. Louis.

"The market is here, so why not bring factories here to make the goods?" asked one.

That started something. At a later meeting each man had a list of articles needed in St. Louis territory but bought elsewhere. "We need shoe findings," said a shoe manufacturer. "There's an immense demand here for steel and copper wire," said another. "Machine tools and drop forgings," chanted a third. The final count showed sixteen distinct types of industries needed to fill St. Louis' industrial gaps.

A banker, who had listened attentively, suddenly struck home with a proposition:

"Let's go after those sixteen industries we need. I'll contribute to an advertising fund to bring them to St. Louis. Are you with me?" Within five minutes the fund was well up into the thousands. The municipality became interested and the City of St. Louis duplicated the business men's subscriptions, dollar for dollar.

This advertisement opens the campaign set in motion by those men of vim and vision. Here are the sixteen new lines of industry sought:

Shoe laces and findings
Cotton spinning and textile mills
Dye stuffs
Steel and copper wire
Machine tools and tool machinery
Automobile accessories and parts
Drop forge plants
Tanneries and leather products
Malleable iron castings
Farm implements
Rubber products
Screw machine products
Locomotive works
Blast furnaces
Cork products
Small hardware

Which of the above interests **you?** Would a Mid-West factory help solve your production and distribution problems? A letter will bring you details. Address it to

Director, New Industries Bureau

St. Louis Chamber of Commerce

St. Louis, U. S. A.

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British Government Securities

Purchased at the present low rate of

Foreign Exchange

will show the investor a large increase in capital should conditions return to normal.

Send for Booklet 17-S.R.

Colgate, Parker & Co.

49 Wall Street New York

An Incentive to Save

As the prices of goods and materials advanced bond prices declined. It is believed that the cost of living has reached its peak and consequently it would seem wise to buy high yielding bonds, as both principal and income should increase in value with the gradual return of more normal living costs.

For investment suggestions write for Circular No. B S-82

A. B. Leach & Co., Inc.

Investment Securities

62 Cedar St., New York
105 S. La Salle St., Chicago

Boston Philadelphia Baltimore
Buffalo Cleveland Minneapolis

"INTERNAL" FOREIGN LOANS AND THE EXCHANGES

By Stevens Palmer Harman

BETWEEN bonds issued by a foreign government payable in American dollars and such bonds payable in the currency of the home country—sterling, francs, lire, for instance—there are striking differences, which the investor should thoroughly understand before buying such securities. Price fluctuations, the actual interest yield, and the ultimate redemption value are dependent upon radically different circumstances in the two cases.

Where a foreign government has agreed, as many of them did during the Great War, to pay interest and principal of bonds sold in the United States in dollars, the methods of appraising the value of an issue of this sort are precisely the same as those applying to bonds issued by an American State, municipality, corporation, or the United States Government itself. What are the prospects of repayment at maturity? What are the provisions with regard to taxes on interest payments? How do the bonds compare with others on the market as to price, security, interest yield, and so on? With "dollar bonds," these are the questions with which the buyer has to concern himself.

In the case of an "internal" loan of a foreign government, however, other considerations enter in, the chief of which is foreign exchange. If the bond is one of a British internal loan, principal and interest are payable in pounds sterling; if it is a French bond, the holder will be paid in francs; if an Italian issue, payment will be made in lire; if German, in marks. In other words, the check or coupon which the holder receives in payment of interest will call for pounds sterling, francs, lire, or marks, payable respectively at London, Paris, Rome, or Berlin.

It is true that the United States Mint has established valuations of all these foreign currencies in terms of American money, stating the value of the pound sterling at approximately $4.86⅝, that of the franc and lira at 19.3 cents, and that of the mark at 23.8 cents. These values are based on the relative amount of gold in our own coin and that in the coin of foreign nations. For instance, the British sovereign (the coined equivalent of the pound) contains 4.86⅝ times as much fine gold as our

(Continued on page 101)

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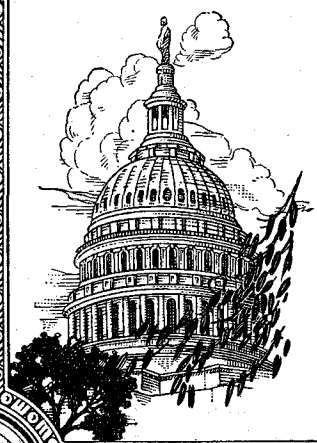
Fifty-One Years Without Loss to an Investor



IN WASHINGTON the spirit of financial adventure does not abide in the shadow of the closely supervising United States Treasury. Investment in our First Mortgage Notes on Washington property is welcomed, therefore, by men and women whose savings or inherited wealth should be placed in securities not subject to the sudden changes and fluctuations of many investments in other parts of the country.

Our 6% First Mortgage Notes should appeal to you because they are safe, offer a liberal return, and are at par every day in the year.

Write for detailed information.

SWARTZELL, RHEEM & HENSEY CO.
SEVEN TWENTY FIVE, FIFTEENTH STREET
Washington, D.C.

Book for 6% Bond Buyers

Contains interesting FACTS for old and new 6% bond buyers.

This booklet is written as a result of 26 years' experience in selling Mitchell-Safeguarded 6% First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds.

Upon request we will be glad to supply you with a copy.

C.C. Mitchell & Co.

69 West Washington St. (*Established 1894*) Chicago, Illinois

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33⅓% Increase in Yield

As recently as 1916 Municipal Bonds sold on a basis to yield around 3¾%.

Today the investor is offered high-grade Municipals to yield around 5%, an increase of approximately 33⅓% over the yield of four years ago.

In its practical application, the increase in Municipal Bond yield is even greater than 33⅓%, since the tax-exemption feature is more valuable than it was four years ago.

Our current list includes many desirable issues which, exempt from both normal and surtax, yield the investor from 4¾% to 5½%.

Write for current offerings

STACY & BRAUN
INVESTMENT BONDS
Second National Bank Building
New York Toledo Cincinnati

Six Percent Farm Mortgages

Secured by first liens on productive farms located in Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi.

The character of these investments is indicated by the fact that most of our offerings are taken by banks and insurance companies.

Detailed information submitted upon request

INVESTORS MORTGAGE COMPANY
R. B. Bishop, *President*
NEW ORLEANS, LA. FORT WORTH, TEX.

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law fixes as the content of an American gold dollar. If, therefore, the coupons of foreign government bonds could be cashed in gold at the treasuries which issued them and this gold sent to America, these coupons, and the bond itself, could experience only slight differences in value as between the American holder and the native holder in his own country. The cost of shipping the gold across the Atlantic would measure the difference between their value here and their value abroad.

As a consequence of the war, however, the banks and treasuries of the formerly belligerent states of Europe ceased to pay gold freely on demand, while practically all European countries, neutral and belligerent alike, declined to allow gold to be exported. With gold no longer obtainable, the value of the pound sterling, the franc, the lira, the mark, and all other European currencies, fell to a low level on the American foreign exchange market. The exchanges of even the principal Allies were depreciated 30 to 70 per cent; that is, a check, draft, or bond coupon payable in one of these countries would sell, in American money, for only 70 to 30 per cent of its pre-war value. As for Germany and Austria, their currencies fell to such a level on the New York market as to be regarded as almost worthless.

Whatever may have been the causes for this precipitate decline of foreign exchange rates, whether it was caused by the heavy balance of trade against Europe or the depreciations of foreign currencies, the effect was to place the internal loans of foreign governments on a totally new footing as far as the American investor was concerned.

In the first place, people in the United States have found themselves in a position to buy foreign securities for a comparatively trifling sum. With German marks selling on the exchange market in the neighborhood of one cent each, for instance, as against a par value of more than 23 cents, it would be possible to buy a German bond of 1,000 marks, selling in Germany at par, for about $10 (though the actual price would be higher, because of bankers' commissions and cost of shipment), as against a cost of $238 if exchange were at par. Similarly, with French francs worth in the neighborhood of seven cents in American money, a 1,000-france bond could be had for a basic price of $70, compared with a par value in our currency of $193.

The spectacle of European government securities at such bargain-sale prices has nat-

(Continued on page 103)

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lowest Prices in a Generation

Rarely if ever before have investors been able to secure high grade Municipal Bonds at such attractive prices as are offered now.

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urally proved a powerful attraction to many investors, and there has undoubtedly been a considerable flow of American money to Europe in payment for these bonds. There is one point, however, that should be kept clearly in mind.

That is, that while the principal of the bond is obtained at very little cost, the actual interest received is on a correspondingly small scale. This is apparent from what has already been said about the depreciated value of the foreign currencies, as measured on the exchange market. When a coupon on one of these foreign bonds falls due, the holder either has to sell it to a bank or exchange dealer for what it will bring, or hold it in the hope of a rise in value. Assuming that exchange rates remained at the same level as when the bond was bought, the investor would receive just 5 per cent in actual funds on a 5-per-cent bond, 5½ per cent on a 5½-per-cent issue, and so on.

It is probable, however, that the principal consideration with those who have bought or intend to buy foreign bonds is the possibility of a rise in the value of exchange, which would automatically cause an increase in the price of the bonds, assuming that they had not meantime declined on the home market. The value of maturing coupons would be correspondingly increased. It will be seen at once that if German marks rise from one to two cents, American holders of German bonds bought at the lower figure would be able to sell out at a profit of 100 per cent. In the same way, a rise in the price of French francs from 7 to 10½ cents might represent a profit on French bonds of 50 per cent, while the actual interest represented by the coupons would also be raised by half.

Just what the prospects are for an increase in the value of the European exchanges, is not in the province of this article to discuss. That is a matter which depends on the broadest economic and financial considerations. For this reason, the investor would do well to make sure that the person whose advice he seeks on this question has some qualifications for expressing an opinion. It is obvious that no matter how low the foreign exchange rates are, it is possible for them to go 25 or 50 per cent lower, or even more.

It cannot be denied, however, that the low level of the exchanges has created a situation which acts as a strong stimulus for the purchase by Americans of foreign government securities. If such purchases are frankly recognized as speculative, and if care is exercised

(Continued on page 105)

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to choose the more promising of the foreign issues, purchase of these bonds becomes perfectly legitimate. More than that, it may help the foreign country involved along the road to economic recovery.

What has been said regarding the speculative character of internal European loans at the present time has been intended to apply solely to the question of exchange rates. It is entirely a different question as to the solvency of the foreign government concerned and its ability to pay its debt at maturity and the interest in the meantime. That, also, is a matter which is beyond the scope of the present discussion. Concerning some of the foreign governments, the question of solvency can hardly be raised even by the most prudent investor. With others, ability to meet their obligations is clearly a matter that will have to be considered. Some of the European states may eventually have to effect a reorganization of their currencies and finances, which will have a bearing on the redemption value of their internal bonds.

Apart from the attractions of a depreciated foreign exchange, American capital has also been drawn to Europe in some cases by the terms of government offerings themselves. Thus, France has put out a sixty-year 5-per-cent loan which provides that twice a year there shall be "drawings," or redemption of bonds by lot. Holders of the bonds drawn get not only the principal but a 50-per-cent bonus in addition. Lucky owners of the bonds that are drawn in the next few years will, of course, make a handsome profit. This applies to American holders as well as to Frenchmen themselves. This loan was quite widely advertised in the American press as being an issue likely to attract American capital.

The question of taxation of foreign bonds and the income derived from them is quite simple. These issues enjoy no exemption from American tax levies, while usually the foreign holder is subject to the same tax provisions as the citizen of the country issuing the loan. The French loan just referred to was exempt from all French taxes. In some instances concessions have been made to foreign holders of European internal bonds, with a view to encouraging the investment of foreign funds.

Buyers of these bonds will do well to keep in mind (though the fact has no immediate bearing on the value of the bonds under discussion) that the issues made during and since the war are of a different type from the majority of European government bonds prior to

(Continued on page 107)

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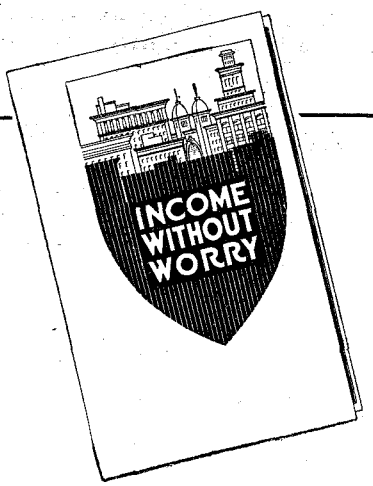

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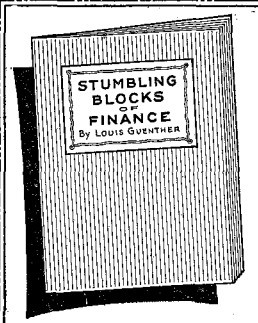

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(Continued from page 105)

1914. While the American investor has always demanded a fixed maturity date in the case of his bond purchases, the English or French holder of government funds was usually content to get his interest regularly, caring nothing about the repayment of the principal. If he wanted to realize on his investment, he sold his bonds in the market. These bonds—the English "consols" and the French "rentes"—had no maturity date. They represented the funded debt. It has been customary, after the termination of a war, gradually to "fund" the debt contracted during hostilities into these permanent obligations. It will be interesting to see how the great mass of bonds issued by European governments during the war will be covered into this more permanent form.

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The Financial Department of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE maintains an Investor's Service Bureau, to analyze securities and supply news, statistics, and relevant information on investments and kindred subjects.

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In order that our service may be sufficiently thorough and personal to be of practical use, a nominal fee is charged. Statistics, facts, and information about one stock or bond is furnished for $3.00 An additional charge of $2.00 is made for each additional security reported on at same time.

Inquiries, accompanied by a remittance, should be addressed to Investor's Service Bureau, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Following are announcements of current booklets and circulars issued by financial institutions, which may be obtained without cost on request addressed to the issuing banker. Investors are asked to mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE when writing for literature.

CURRENT INVESTMENT OFFERINGS

Macafee & Company, Ltd., 5 Copthall Court, London, E. C. 2, Merchant and Investment Bankers, invite correspondence regarding investment in British securities.

A typical offering of the Mortgage Trust Company of St. Louis is the First Mortgage Serial 6% Real Estate Bonds of the Claridge Hotel Company, a descriptive circular of which they will send upon request.

An additional $1,000,000 issue of 7% Cumulative Sinking Fund Preferred Stock is being offered by the H. H. Franklin Manufacturing Co., Syracuse, N. Y., builders of Franklin cars.

Earnest E. Smith & Company, 52 Devonshire St., Boston, are distributing literature on established New England stocks—Sullivan Machinery, Merrimac Chemical, Robertson Paper, Old Colony Woollen Mills, etc.

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(Continued from page 107)

Circular No. BS-77 distributed by A. B. Leach & Co., Inc., 62 Cedar St., New York, provides complete information regarding internal loans of Foreign Governments and the possible profits from investments in them.

Merrill, Lynch & Company, 120 Broadway, New York, have issued a circular on an 8% preferred stock which they are offering at par and accrued dividend.

Monsanto Chemical Works, St. Louis, 7% Convertible Gold Bonds are being offered by the Mercantile Trust Co., St. Louis; a $2,000,000 issue; the security is two and one-half times amount of loan; the Bonds are offered to yield 7¼%.

INVESTMENT BOOKLETS AND CIRCULARS

"Stumbling Blocks of Finance," distributed by The Financial World, 29 Broadway, New York, contains chapters on Manipulation, Danger of Tips, Inflation, etc.

"Snow That Melts Steel," presenting reasons for the success of certain public utilities, and an informative discussion of foreign bond and exchange investments, are the features of the February-March "Bond Topics" published by A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York.

"Interesting Facts about Banking Service in Business" is a new booklet now being distributed by the Seattle National Bank, Seattle, Wash.

"Bonds as Safe as Our Cities," a treatise on Municipal Bonds, explains the relation of Municipal Bonds to the growth and development of American cities, their basis of safety, surety of payment, and high rating. This booklet is published and distributed by the William R. Compton Company, of St. Louis.

Brown Brothers & Company, 59 Wall Street, New York, have issued the second edition of their booklet, "International Investments." Because of increasing interest in securities of foreign countries, this publication is a valuable aid to the investor.

The selection of your investment banker is one of the most important steps to successful investing. Halsey, Stuart & Co., in their booklet, "Choosing Your Investment Banker," emphasize the importance of this selection and state the considerations which should be borne in mind in making it. The booklet will interest those contemplating the purchase of bonds.

"Bonds that Always Pay," describing safeguards surrounding Municipal Bonds, their price stability, ready marketability, etc., is distributed by Kauffman-Smith-Emert Company, St. Louis.

Herrick & Bennett, 66 Broadway, New York, will mail inquirers their circular No. K 109, which explains an investment in bonds of Foreign Governments in terms readily understandable.

"Investment Items": A monthly discussion of Canadian financial conditions. And "Investment Recommendations": A quarterly selection of Canadian investment securities. Published by Royal Securities Corporation, Montreal, Canada.

"Shaffer Oil & Refining Company," "1920 Investments," and "Back of the Investment" are three booklets of interest issued by H. M. Byllesby & Co., Chicago and New York.

Peabody, Houghteling & Company, of Chicago, have issued a booklet describing Pulp and Paper Mill Securities, explaining the record of this type of security, which yields the investor 6 to 6¾%.

"Getting the Most from Your Money" is a booklet describing the Babson method of investment. For a copy write Babson's, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

BOOKLETS ON FINANCIAL SUBJECTS

"The Transportation Act of 1920," with complete index, has been published and is being distributed by the Mellon National Bank, Pittsburg, Pa.

A Quick-Reckoning Income Tax Table aiding the investor to determine the gross yield he must get on a taxable bond to correspond to the yield of a tax free Municipal is being distributed by Stacy & Braun, 5 Nassau Street, New York.

Manufacturers, investors, and others interested in information regarding industrial activities and investment opportunities in the Northwest, may obtain an interesting booklet, "Sixty Milestones of Progress," from the Ladd & Tilton Bank, Portland, Oregon.

Those interested in collective selling and the three main forms of combination under the Webb Law should read "Combining for Foreign Trade," published by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York. This Company has also issued an illustrated booklet entitled "Our Basic Industry," a brief survey of the agricultural industry in the United States and its relation to America's prosperity and financial aid to Europe.

Booklets published recently by the National City Company New York are: "Acceptances"—including the Regulations and Ru ings of the Federal Reserve Board (February, 1920); "Investme Securities" (Monthly)—A list of high-grade investments; "M and Bonds"—An illustrated story of their investment servic "What You Should Know about Investment"—A help to inc perienced investors.

The importance of an American trade base as an aid in buildi up our trade with the Orient is dealt with in a booklet, "The F East," recently issued by the National Shawmut Bank of Bosto Another of the bank's publications explains the use of "Accep ances" by examples covering domestic and foreign transactior Other booklets deal with the Webb Law and the Edge Law.

"Concerning Trusts and Wills"—explaining some of the adva tages of the Trust Company over the individual as a fiduciary handling and conserving trust funds and estates, is being distri uted by the Old Colony Trust Company, Boston, Mass.

Charts of the Fluctuations of Foreign Exchange Rates in 19 are ready for distribution by the First National Bank of Bosto Mass.

Blyth, Witter & Co., 61 Broadway, New York, and San Fra cisco, publish a booklet entitled "Elementary Principles of Sa Investment" which in simple language offers a key to investing f people not familiar with stocks and bonds.

REAL ESTATE MORTGAGE BOOKLETS

A description of the investment qualities of First Mortgage Re Estate Bonds, and an outline of the business methods of G. I Miller & Company, 14 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga., are presente in their booklet entitled "Selecting Your Investments."

"Income Without Worry" is a booklet distributed by Lackne Butz & Company, 111 W. Washington St., Chicago, to explain the First Mortgage Real Estate Bond issues.

The Federal Bond and Mortgage Company, 90 So. Griswold S Detroit, have published a booklet entitled "The Buyer's Guide t Good Investment," which instructs the reader how to investigat analyze, and judge the value of a Real Estate Mortgage investmer offering.

Swartzell, Rheem & Hensey Company, 727 15th Street, N. W Washington, D. C., will send on request their booklet, "Safe Guarc ing the Safest Investment," describing the safeguards they hav placed around their first mortgage 6% notes, secured on propert in the Nation's Capital.

The principles of safe investment, as applied to First Mortgag Real Estate Bonds, are outlined in the booklet "Safety and 6%, which will be sent on application to S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broad way, N. Y., and Straus Bldg., Chicago.

The advantages of buying real estate bonds from a bank are out lined in a booklet entitled "Added Assurance" distributed to in vestors by Greenebaum Sons Bank & Trust Company, Chicago.

A pamphlet entitled "What is a Real Estate Bond?" explain briefly this type of investment security. Sent free on request mad to C. C. Mitchell & Co., 69 W. Washington St., Chicago.

FARM MORTGAGE BOOKLETS

"The Farm Mortgage in Alberta": A limited edition of an illus trated booklet presenting general agricultural conditions in Alberta showing their effect upon farm loans placed there. Supplied upor request to Associated Mortgage Investors, Rochester, N. Y.

"Mortgages Paid in Gold," a booklet describing Southern Farm Mortgages, is distributed by the Title Guaranty & Trust Company Bridgeport, Conn.

"Forman Farm Mortgages and the Forman Monthly Payment Plan," a booklet recently issued by George M. Forman & Co., 11 So La Salle St., Chicago, describes their investment offerings and the partial payment facilities they extend to investors. Sent on request.

"The Science of Safe and Profitable Investing," a Farm Mortgage booklet, is being distributed by Petters & Company of Minneapolis, Minn.

"Secure Investments," a booklet describing First Mortgages on Southern Farms, sent on request to Investors Mortgage Co., New Orleans National Bank Bldg., New Orleans, La.

"The Prairie Provinces—a fruitful field for Conservative Investors" describes opportunities for investments in Canadian Farm Mortgages. Write to Wells-Dickey Company, Minneapolis.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

THE THIRD STAYED BEHIND A MOMENT, BOWED OVER HER HAND AND KISSED IT.

—"Erskine Dale—Pioneer," page 735.

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